

SPECIAL ISSUE 1982

Sports Illustrated

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The No. 1 Player On The No. 1 Team

CAL'S JOE KAPP

Can He Make The Bears Golden?

THE COLLEGE TOP 20

THE DALLAS COWBOYS

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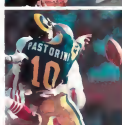
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First Person

by BOB BROWN

A DO-IT-YOURSELF SCOUTING KIT THAT LETS YOU PUT YOUR TEAM IN THE TOP 20

After reading all the scouting reports in this special football issue, it's possible that you still won't have as much information as you'd like to have about your favorite team, particularly if we didn't rank your guys in the Top 20. Therefore we're providing you with this exclusive Second Guessers' Do-It-Yourself Scouting Report Kit. Drawn from our decades of experience in the field and from the thousands of press releases we have received over the years, it will allow you to devise an authentic Top 20-style scouting report of your very own simply by filling in the correct names in the indicated blanks and circling the most appropriate choice offered in parentheses. The result will be so real that you'll be proud to show it to your friends, and it will be suitable for framing. And, best of all, it only takes a few minutes of your time. So take pen or pencil, twist thumb and forefinger, and let's make like Anson Mount.

Last season the (Tigers/Bulldogs/Wildcats/Yetis) unexpectedly turned in a (0-11/11-0/7-4) record, and even better things are expected this year by (first-year/perennial) Coach _____. "I'm just a good old country boy, but I expect we'll do a whole lot better this season," says Coach _____. "but you gotta remember we only put our punts on one leg at a time, so that the cards will fall where they may on any given day. But we've got the intensity to go all the way if we can turn it around and keep the momentum up."

Which pretty much sums it up.

One of those better things Coach _____ was talking about is the return of (Running Back/Linebacker/Defensive End) B.J. Jaybee, who was lost last season because of (a torn-up knee/an F in fluid dynamics/a conviction for receiving stolen goods). Now Jaybee is back in the familiar (maroon and white/maroon and cream/maroon and eggshell) uniform and anxious for the season to start. Jaybee, who's known to the rest of the squad as (Animal/Beast/Hulk) spent the spring (bench-pressing the north side of Alumni Stadium/switching his major to soda counter technology,

which is what he thought fluid dynamics was in the first place/in the county lock-up). When asked about the coming season, Jaybee says, "(Hi, Mom/Wanna see me make a Rocky Road sundae like the one I had to make to get an A on my final?/I don't know what happened. I was just sitting in my dorm room when this big old U-Haul truck pulls up and a bunch of guys I never saw before in my life started unloading 117 24" color TVs, 350 Walkmans and a Pac-Man machine, all in their original cartons.)"

In addition to the return of Jaybee, the _____s will be counting heavily on Quarterback _____. Known as a



ILLUSTRATION BY JEREMY MONTANA

(stand-up/roll-out/air-headed) field general, _____ ranked in the top 20 in the important NCAA (passing yardage/rushing yardage/all-purpose yardage/yardage gained while in the grasp of opposing lineman weighing more than 203.7 pounds but less than 207.8 pounds) category. He also has a 4.6 for (the 40/his average yardage per game/his SAT score). Naturally, he has caught the eye of several pro scouts. Gil Brandt, vice-president of personnel development for the Dallas Cowboys, compares him with (Joe Namath in his prime/Fran Tarken-

ton in his prime/Terry Bradshaw in his prime/Vince Ferragamo in an Alouette uniform). But even with all this attention, _____, known to his teammates as (Rifle Arm/Bazooka Arm/Howitzer Arm/Honky), has put the fortunes of the _____s ahead of his own glory. He says, "(We put our punts on one leg at a time, so the cards can fall where they may/I'm not thinking about a pro career until we beat [Notre Dame/USC/Alabama/Muhlenberg]/Hey man, you got any tickets I can sell?/Take it up with my agent)."

The _____s' kicking game has been bolstered by the addition of _____, a 37-year-old former World Cup soccer player from (Chad/Graz/Gorzky/sz/Vida, Mont.). _____ had never seen a football before showing up on campus last season, and the medical student-cum-kicking specialist, who weighs (87 pounds/89 pounds/91 pounds/seven stone), still isn't all that tuned in to American-style football. When asked to comment on the game, he says, "(Seen never have I such big muffs-as/Gibzaxk wow bywyzyki/ Der Fußball U.S. ist schlecht/See my agent for any piity quotes, you running dog of the capitalist-imperialist press)." Nevertheless, it would seem that by cutting up on campus, this surgeon-to-be may have carved out a new career for himself.

Thus, it looks as if this is finally the season for the _____s. As quotable Coach _____ says, "Looking at the schedule, I can see (disaster/catastrophe/another pink slip) coming my way." The coach has a well-earned reputation for being cautious when it comes to evaluating his team's prospects, but after we (listened to him drone on for a few hours/poured him a few stiff shooters/gave him a dozen Taislats), he let down his guard and told us, "We've got the personnel, we've got the desire, and we've got the incentive to reward all our loyal boosters with exactly what they deserve. I was really touched last year when they showed their appreciation of our program by (giving every member of the starting team a Corvette/coming to every game so twisted they couldn't see the person in front of them, much less what was going on out on the field/planting six dozen Claymore mines in the tunnel leading from the visiting team's dressing room/shooting my dog)."



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As a New York Life Agent, I admit it. \$300,000 of life insurance sounds like a lot of money.

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Say you are age 35, and say you are in top shape and don't smoke cigarettes.

A \$300,000 New York Life term policy would initially cost you under \$400 a year.

What's more, your coverage can be extended all the way to age 70—when your youngsters will be grown and on their own.

So you not only receive a lot of life insurance protection for little money. But you can also obtain it probably for as long as you need it.

Ask me, your New York Life Agent.



“Ask me.”

1982 Mazda RX-7. Just one look

The more you look at the finest sports cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda RX-7.

A close look at its competition only reveals what sports car lovers have known for several years now. The Mazda RX-7 is a truly incredible value.

It's also an incredible sports car in many ways. One that has been thoughtfully engineered—from engine to suspension to aerodynamics to interior comfort—to give you a full measure of the enjoyment and stimulation you naturally demand in a world-class sports car.

And one that offers exceptional performance while achieving impressive fuel economy.

30 21 In August 1981, *Road & Track* magazine selected the RX-7 as one of the 10 Best Cars For the Eighties. Here's what they said:

"In the class for Closed Sports Car, the Mazda RX-7 won on a unanimous vote. ... It's a car that has not only lived up to very high expectations, but gone considerably beyond them. ...

"Its performance is excellent with smooth acceleration from the rotary engine, its handling and braking are hard to fault, it's comfortable on long trips with plenty of luggage room for two people and the price is surprisingly low."

A SLIPPERY SHAPE CONTRIBUTES TO GREAT PERFORMANCE. The RX-7's clean lines were not created for aesthetic reasons alone.

Its sleek exterior was also designed for aerodynamic efficiency, which contributes

directly to its outstanding performance. Months of racing and wind-tunnel testing went into refining the RX-7's slippery silhouette in order to

reduce air turbulence.

As a result, the RX-7 has a very low drag coefficient of 0.34.

The RX-7's superior aerodynamics, together

Use this chart to compare the RX-7 with the rest of the world's four sports cars.

Mazda RX-7 Acceleration Chart	
0-30	2.6 sec
0-40	4.3 sec
0-50	6.2 sec
0-60	8.6 sec

Performance data obtained from Car and Driver publications.



GREAT BALANCE, GREAT HANDLING.

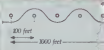
With its front mid-engine configuration, the RX-7 is an almost perfectly balanced car. 51% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And its center of gravity is only 18 inches off the ground.

Put this nearly ideal

weight distribution together with a finely-tuned suspension system, and you have exceptional handling.



Car and Driver magazine drove the RX-7



through a demanding 1000-foot slalom course, with pylons placed 100 feet apart. During this test, the car attained a speed of 55.3 mph. Proof, indeed, that the RX-7 delivers true sports car handling.

More evidence of the Mazda RX-7's

and you'll see its incredible value.

with its smooth, powerful rotary engine, help give it performance that can only be described as thrilling.



THE RX-7 BENEFITS FROM CONTINUAL REFINEMENT.

Since its introduction, the RX-7 has benefited from a number of large and small refinements. Typical of these is an alteration in the design of the spark plug. (See illustration.) The three-electrode plug was re-

placed by one with four electrodes, and the tips were positioned closer to the combustion chamber to help maintain smooth, stable ignition.



Another example of continual refinement can

be seen in the gear-shift lever. It has been shortened by over an inch and moved four inches closer to the driver's hand. This change provides a more direct, short-throw feel as you run through the RX-7's strong 5-speed gearbox.

THE RX-7 COMES WITH ALL THESE STANDARD FEATURES.

- 5-speed overdrive transmission • AM/FM stereo radio with 2 speakers • Power antenna • Steel-belted radial tires • Front and rear stabilizer bars



- Complete instrument panel, including voltmeter, temperature and oil-pressure gauges • Analogue quartz clock • Tachometer • Remote control electric fuel filler door release • Tinted glass • All this and more.

1982 Mazda RX-7 S **\$9695**

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for RX-7 S. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. 30 Est. hwy mpg, 20 Est. city mpg.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for RX-7 S. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (wider tires/al wheels \$350-\$400) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparison scores with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

EXTRAORDINARY RESALE VALUE.

When the RX-7 was first introduced, word spread quickly among sports car enthusiasts that here, at last, was a truly exceptional sports car.

The popularity of the RX-7 is demonstrated by the fact that many models are worth more today than when they were new.

For example, the 1979 Mazda RX-7 S has

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE
	80% 90% 100%
Mazda RX-7 S	118.4%
Datsun 280ZX	86.4%
Porsche 924	82.3%

retained 118.4% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, May-June 1982.

road poise appears when you discover that its roll angle at 0.5g lateral acceleration is only 1.6 degrees.

This is a significantly lower figure than that of ordinary passenger cars.



mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

Reminiscence

by JEREMIAH HARRIGAN

A KID'S DREAM, BEING A PRO FOOTBALL WATER BOY, WAS ONE LAD'S NIGHTMARE

The football hovered briefly in the muggy South Buffalo air and then began its end-over-end descent on the scrawny target on the street below. The target—me—regarded the pigskin as if it were a murder shell heading for a point directly between my terror-filled, 10-year-old eyes. I stood frozen as the projectile fell. I couldn't catch a football to save my life. The ball slammed into the street behind me with a muffled whump. It left a tiny pockmark in the summer-softened asphalt and a gaping hole in the tattered fabric of my self-respect. From that moment on, I knew I'd never have a really satisfying relationship with a football. Yet, in the summer of 1966, when I was 16, I was drafted by the Buffalo Bills.

My father was vice-president in charge of public relations for the team, and it

was he who had obtained for me the equivalent of a two-month, no-cut contract as a water boy at the Bills' summer training camp. I didn't know much about pro ball, but I knew a water boy's duties involved more than water. I'd have to help clean the locker room, lay down miles of yard line and drive brokenhearted rookies to the airport. Another of my chores would be to catch footballs—lots of footballs.

I told my father he was making a big mistake. Why give the job to me, the only 16-year-old within 100 miles who didn't want it? He insisted, and I arrived at camp in Blauvelt, N.Y., encumbered by a sense of despair as heavy and palpable as a tackling dummy.

Passing drills were the worst. A quarterback would take one of about half a dozen balls and sling it to a receiver downfield. Within a few moments, a second receiver was off and reaching for a second ball. As a receiver trotted back to the line of scrimmage, he'd throw the ball to me. I was to catch the ball and add it to my small backlog, which I was then supposed to flip one at a time to the quarterback as he needed them. For most rookie players, this procedure was about as difficult a task as eating lunch. For me, it was a return to the war zone of my youth.

Picture the scene. The quarterback has just thrown three bombs to three streaking receivers. They've made their grabs and are on their way back to the line. En route, two of them simultaneously launch high-flying bombs at me from about 40 yards out. While I'm deciding which one of the incoming missiles to avoid, the third guy ambles within 10 yards of me and looses an underhand bullet at my rib cage. "Yo!" he calls, which I later discovered is receiver talk for "Watch your ass, kid." Off to the left, the quarterback has exhausted his supply of footballs and frowns in my direction. "Hey," he says, which turned out to be quarterback language for "Where the hell are the balls, kid?" Meanwhile, bombs one and two are about to land. I decide to go for the bullet, which shoots painfully through my hands while the two bombs bounce on either side of me. The crowd of several hundred fans on hand sends up a sarcastic cheer. I feel like dying, but I hear some Southern-fried voice shout "Yo" in my direction, and the nightmare starts all over again.

And so it went for the first several

weeks of practice. Kids my own age would see me out on the field with heroes like Jack Kemp, Daryl Lamonica, Billy Shaw, Butch Byrd, George Sames and Tom Sestak. They must have wondered how such a gawky, bespectacled person had ever qualified to run with these superior beings. They knew they could do better, and they were right.

But, gradually, I realized I was getting better. Incredibly, I'd become the squad's best "rebounder." I still couldn't catch airborne footballs, but I'd learned how to snare a bouncing ball on a single hop. It got so that I developed a sixth sense for anticipating how the damn things would bounce, before they landed. This saved me a lot of running around and allowed me to keep the ammo flowing to the quarterbacks.

After a while it dawned on me that the rebounder's skills are unacknowledged in football. I had just decided to elevate rebounding footballs into an art form, when I tried to field a pithout with my solar plexus. Everything suddenly went blue. I don't remember hitting the ground. I opened my eyes to see a very frightened rookie halfback, whose "Yo" I hadn't heard, imploring me to snap out of it. He giggled with relief when I got to my feet. The crowd, amused all summer by my inept cavorting, cheered when I stood up and trotted to the sidelines.

So it had finally happened. I'd been nailed in the gut and had lived to talk about it. I felt weirdly triumphant. I'd experienced football satori. I saw the pigskins for the airbags they really were. Dizzy with new insights, I realized it wasn't too late to overcome my fear of football and become an athlete rather than a target. No longer would I dodge footballs. Starting the next day, I'd catch them and gain a measure of honor.

It's amazing what a little oxygen deprivation can do to obliterate a person's sense of reality. The next morning I got murdered on the field. I was still a klutz. Every time I took a breath, my aching gut reminded me that those bags of air had rock-hard points that hurt like hell. I played dodgeball that afternoon and for the duration of the summer.

These days, I like to watch the Bills play, now that they've recovered from their long decade of decline that began the year I joined the team. But I still avoid the company of footballs. I know we'll never get along.



The new shampoo and conditioning rinse made for you!
A gentle way to extra clean hair that stays cleaner longer!
1982. Your search is over.
For Oily Hair Only is here!



**Your own shampoo.
It's not just a lot of detergent!**

People with oily hair have a different kind of sebum and all the detergent in the world won't change it. But now comes a new kind of shampoo formulated For Oily Hair Only. New FOHO.™ And it's not just a lot of detergent! Instead, a unique compound blended with natural ingredients to control and normalize oily conditions! FOHO shampoo breaks up oily sebum so fast, so fine, the oil is almost instantly dissolved. So it lifts right out of your hair. Gently, very gently, you'll get extra clean hair that will stay cleaner longer!



**Your own rinse. Conditions.
And then vanishes clean away!**

Afraid of lingering conditioners? Now you can condition your hair to full beauty—yet keep it clean. Because the special new FOHO conditioning rinse is an amazing blend of conditioners and natural extracts and dissolving agents. So it does its work beautifully—and then dissolves and vanishes clean away in the rinse-out! For Oily Hair Only. It's yours!

No more limp,
stringy straggles.
No more fear
she's gonna
touch your hair.



**The new
FOHO™
system**

(Now real care for oily hair
And really clean!)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Filter Kings, 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Plains, 22 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.



Take the road to flavor.

RALEIGH

A good rig, a good road, and a good smoke.
Now that's a good morning.







College Football '82

The new season prompts the old question: Who's No. 1? We say it's Pitt and tell you why on page 40 (and we give you a closeup of Quarterback Danny Marino, starting on page 28). But the Panthers aren't the only aspirants to be top cats; indeed, because of a wrinkle in the NCAA rules, this figures to be a singularly competitive and exciting season. It poses other questions: Will Georgia's Herschel Walker, now a junior, be as remarkable as ever? Can North Carolina's Kelvin Bryant, recovered from a knee injury, duplicate the miracles with which he began the '81 season? What's Joe Kapp doing in college ball? Turn the pages—all 52 of them—for a comprehensive preview of the season.

This Year You're Going To See Red

A quietly passed NCAA rule that allowed freshmen to be redshirted in 1978 means 1982 should be a vintage year for upsets

by Douglas S. Looney



We've all heard it so many times that no one really listens when a coach like Arizona State's Darryl Rogers says, "This is going to be one great year for college football. It's going to provide more excitement and great games than we've ever known before." Or when Oklahoma State's Jimmy Johnson says that most coaches he has talked with "feel they have more talent and experience and that the overall quality of the game will be much better." Or even when Penn State's Joe Paterno predicts "more upsets than usual." Come on, Joe, more upsets than last year, when No. 1 teams lost on five of the first eight Saturdays?

But, incredibly, there's a very specific reason why, for once, all this talking up may come to pass, why the college game in 1982 may be better than it ever has been—or will be again until at least 1986. The reason: a rule that slipped through largely unnoticed at the 72nd annual NCAA meeting in Atlanta on Jan. 11-13, 1978. There, against a backdrop of yawns and clinking glasses, a motion was passed that allowed freshmen to be redshirted, something that previously had never been permitted.

Redshirting is the practice of holding a player out of competition for a season without that player losing a year of eligibility. It was first adopted by the NCAA in 1961 to allow an athlete to play his full four seasons even if he missed a year because of injury. But as will happen, this noble intent was soon subverted to serve more nefarious ends. A coach, upon scrutinizing his roster, would find himself overstocked at certain positions. Say he had two flankers of roughly equal talent, and say both were juniors. The coach would then redshirt one junior, thereby ensuring that his team would have at least one good flanker for the next three seasons, instead of two good flankers for two seasons. The redshirt gets to practice like the other players, gets chewed out like the other players, goes to sleep in meetings like the other players and takes his lumps like the other players. He does everything like the other players, except he doesn't play in games. Which is to say, he gets everything football has to offer but the fun. By doing this the player preserves a year of eligibility for later use and presumably not only learns a whole bunch—talk to a few coaches about the pass-blocking ability of an average offensive-line recruit if you want to know what's to learn—but also grows up physically.

Oddly, the rule change was pushed through the convention by Gene Sullivan, then athletic director at DePaul, on behalf of a basketball player, Guard Randy Ramsey. "I didn't tell anyone why I wanted the rule changed," says Sullivan, who's now the basketball coach at Loyola of Chicago. Ramsey hadn't played as a freshman, but he made DePaul's team his second year and ultimately became a starter. As a fifth-year senior, he wouldn't have been eligible for the NCAA tournament, because of a rule, predating the 1961 redshirt rule, that an athlete could play in postseason competition for only three years after his freshman year.

Sullivan told the convention—correctly—that a situation whereby a "player is eligible for regular-season play and ineligible for postseason play" wasn't "logical, sensible or fair."

Sullivan's proposal, to eliminate the old post-season rule and thereby allow an athlete to redshirt in his freshman year, sailed through the convention, and Ramsey went on to have the best offensive performance of his career in the first round of the NCAA tournament his senior season, scoring 16 points against Creighton. "I don't know how Sullivan got it done," says Ramsey, now 27 and working as an assistant sales manager for C. F. Air Freight in Chicago, "but I sure do owe him a bottle of wine."

So, too, do many coaches, especially those canny ones in football who were quick to see how the new rule could be turned to their advantage: Redshirt the freshmen—let them age and improve in the wine cellar, as it were—and still

have them around for four varsity seasons. Nifty. But as happens, it was nifty for just that one year; the NCAA reversed itself on freshmen redshirting at its next convention. The NCAA re-reversed itself at its annual meeting last January, but we'll have to wait another four years to see the fruits of that vintage. The 1978 crop, though, will be ready this fall, and that's why there are going to be a lot of new names in the polls.

Nowhere was the unique opportunity presented in 1978 seized more expertly than at the University of Washington. There, Coach Don James relaxes in his office, scans the boat-dotted glories of Lake Washington just outside his window and tries not to look like the cat who swallowed the canary. In the fall of 1978, James quietly redshirted 21 of his 23 freshmen recruits. This fall, when Texas-El Paso shows up for the season opener in Seattle, 15 of those 21 will be playing key roles for the Huskies, and eight will be starting, not including field-goal and PAT expert Chuck Nelson, twice an All-Conference selection.

"I'd say our weakness is complacency," says James, "whatever position that is." True, if ever a team looked loaded to make a run for a national championship, it's defending Rose Bowl champion Washington (see page 41). Oregon State Coach Joe Avezzano says glumly, "We're all going to be chasing a bunch of redshirts around Seattle. It's going to pay off for them, that's for sure."

In explaining his maximum utilization of the 1978 rule, James says, "We felt it had been an 11th-hour vote, and our consensus was the rule wouldn't last." Right on both counts. But James also was in the enviable position of having the Husky program in good shape, so he felt he could get through 1978 in fine style without using freshmen. After all, his 1977 team had won the Pac-8 title with an 8-3 record,



Some schools don't hold redshirting in such lofty regard.

followed up with a 27-20 Rose Bowl victory over Michigan, and 18 starters were coming back. Washington, it turned out, fizzled in '78, falling to 7-4. But in 1979 the Huskies were 10-2 and beat Texas in the Sun Bowl; in 1980 they went 9-3 and lost to Michigan in the Rose Bowl; in 1981 they were 10-2 and thrashed Iowa in the Rose Bowl. And now comes 1982, the season they've been pointing for.

Naturally, some of Washington's former freshmen redshirts weren't thrilled when James told them they'd be sitting out a season. Linebacker Mark Stewart says, "Getting redshirted as a freshman doesn't build confidence." Nelson says that about the only advantage of James's decision was "I didn't know what I was missing."

James wasn't the only coach to capitalize on the NCAA ruling, though he may reap the greatest rewards if he wins the national championship. At some other schools, mere respectability was the goal, with the bigger dividends accruing in coming seasons, because wins this year could make recruiting easier. At Ole Miss, Coach Steve Sloan will have 10 erstwhile freshmen redshirts on his squad, and five of them will start. Says Sloan, "Redshirts will have more effect this year than at any time in history." Maryland redshirted 12 recruits in 1978; seven will start this year. Baylor redshirted only nine freshmen, but they included punter Ron Stowe and Quarterback Mike Brannan, both of whom figure to be key performers this season. Ohio State's Earle Bruce was at Iowa State in 1978 and he redshirted 18 of 23 freshmen.

Then, of course, there were the perennial powerhouses, which looked upon the rule as a convenient way to warehouse their inventory. Alabama redshirted 19 of its first-year players in '78; 12 are still on the team, and eight will start.

continued



Coaches love redshirting because they can field "mature" players.

Redshirts

But Bear Bryant plays down his decision to hold those freshmen out, saying, "I always think about the year at hand, not the next one." Bryant's outlook parallels that of Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz, who says, "When a guy is redshirted as a freshman, he trades a year when he was green and dumb for one when he may very well be good enough to win honors. Still, I feel very strongly you shouldn't prepare your team for the next coach." Whatever, "Bama Safety Tommy Wilcox, now an All-America, was one of those who sat down, and he describes the '78 season as "painful and boring. We spent the whole fall getting beat up."

If some of the redshirts themselves didn't like having to cool their heels, their exasperation was nothing compared to the frustration, even anger, felt by the alumni who impatient-

will start this fall. Indiana Coach Lee Corso, who seldom has the excess manpower to do much redshirting, recalls the 69-17 drilling he took from Nebraska in 1978. In that game he counted 27 Cornhuskers who were at least 22 years old, compared with seven of his. "I'm not complaining," says Corso. "I'm envious." Everybody is.

Particularly for schools like Indiana, where a winning season isn't automatic, there's a distinct risk in redshirting anyone, particularly unknown quantities like freshmen. The rub is that each redshirt counts against the 95 football scholarships (90 in the Pac-10) that a school can give out at one time. This means that as players move through their eligibility, more and more of those who are marginal won't have their scholarships renewed. A player gets a grant-in-aid for



Coaches of have-not teams saw the freshman redshirt rule as a way to upset the old order.

ly waited for the big turnaround. Thus, some coaches who artfully used the redshirt rule to provide for the future soon found they had no future. Take Minnesota Coach Cal Stoll. Make that former Coach Cal Stoll. In '78 he redshirted his entire 25-member freshman class. Like Washington, his team was coming off a good 1977 (7-4) and an appearance in the Hall of Fame Bowl, and he thought the new rule might be the avenue to even greater success in the Michigan-Ohio State Conference. "Sometimes you have to bite the bullet," says Stoll. "I also felt the university might honor the remaining two years of my contract. I considered it further and thought that while the alumni might become sullen, they wouldn't become mutinous." They did, and Stoll was fired after a 5-6 record that fall.

Nebraska was a noted exponent of redshirting long before the '78 rule: Kansas State Offensive Tackle Doug Hoppock says, "I remember playing the Huskers as a freshman. All their guys had full beards and mustaches. . . I had just barely started shaving." Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne says, "I didn't know what to do about the new rule, so I called a meeting of freshmen and said, 'Those of you who want to redshirt, go ahead.'" Four accepted the offer; two of them

one year, not four; it's renewed annually at the discretion of the coach. Frank Solich, freshman coach at Nebraska, admits the 95 limit is a problem and says, "The big difficulty is a guy who's getting a 3.2 in his classes but is flunking football." Which is why—although every coach in the land denies it—student-athletes are routinely run off football teams.

Then there are those few schools that don't believe in redshirting anybody. Notre Dame is the leading example. Athletic Director Gene Corrigan says, "It's [Notre Dame President] Father Hesburgh's rule. He just doesn't think anybody has a right to delay a student's graduation, and he believes college is a four-year proposition." Stanford doesn't do it either. And at nonbelieving Duke, Head Coach Red Wilson says, "Redshirting is an exploitation of the youngster on the part of the coach and the university administration. College people say that the freshman just entering college isn't mature enough, that the redshirt gives him extra time to adjust to college life. If he's not ready for college, then the high schools shouldn't be letting him out. College is based on four years. If you're paying for your son or daughter to go to college, you jolly well want them to finish in four years. Redshirting is absolutely preposterous."

continued

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Redshirts

The practice, concedes Nebraska's Osborne, "has gotten a dirty name. I think maybe it's because the Big Ten didn't allow it for a long time. [The Big Ten finally voted to permit redshirting in 1973.] It has become symbolic of high-power, high-pressure, shady, big-time football." San Diego State Head Coach Doug Scoville agrees, saying, "I believe players thought of redshirting as the ultimate whipping post, that only the duds and goof-offs were redshirted. Some kids still feel that there is a sort of stigma attached to being redshirted."

Though almost to the man the hundreds of 1978 redshirts hated the idea back then, they love it in 1982. At SMU, Full-

back Charles Drayton concedes, "I probably would have gotten stroked pretty good and ended up gun-shy." At USC, Split End Jeff Simmons says, "It gave me time to get direction. You go to college and it's real exciting to go to bed when you want. And then you find out girls not only can come to your room, they can stay. It's a lot of freedom that many young men of 18 can't handle."

There were a lot of coaches with a lot more than 18 years behind them who didn't know quite what to make of the rule in 1978. This is the year they'll find out what a freshman redshirt can do as a senior, and a lot of them are prepared to get upset about it.

END

A Different Breed of 'Cats



The most inglorious big-time football reputation in the country belongs to Kansas State. The Wildcats have had one winning season in the last 27 and have been shut out 50 times in that span. Over the last seven years, the 'Cats have won six conference games in the Big Eight.

After 21 games without a win in the mid-60s, Kansas State whipped Colorado State in the 1967 opener. The 'Cats got so pumped up by that signal triumph that they went out and lost the remaining nine games on the schedule. Kansas State has tried everything to turn itself around, including cheating. One year the Wildcats signed 43 recruits to scholarships (the limit was 30). Another time players competed in junior varsity games under assumed names. All this got the 'Cats was two devastating probationations during the 1970s. In 1980 the Kansas State press guide was marked down in national judging because there was no page devoted to the school's bowl record; the Wildcats have never been to a bowl.

Anyway, desperate situations require desperate solutions, which is why Coach Jim Dickey jolted not only his players but

also the football coaching fraternity last fall when he announced he was redshirting 18 players—including almost all of his best players, among them eight stunned seniors All-Big Eight Guard Amos Donaldson says, "I thought he was joking when I first heard about it."

Nope, no more jokes at K-State. Dickey simply decided to toss in the towel on 1981 (the Wildcats went 2-9) and pin all his hopes on 1982. Dickey is putting his job on the line, and he says, "A failure this year would be not having a winning season." On the other hand, Chuck Neinas, executive director of the College Football Association, says, "If this thing works, Dickey will have all the have-nots of the nation copying him."

Why did Dickey decide to do such a revolutionary thing? "My mother told me," he says, "that there's never a wrong time to do the right thing." For K-State this is definitely not the wrong year. The 'Cats have seven home games and could win six of them, against Kentucky, South Dakota, Wichita State, Kansas, Oklahoma State and Colorado. And as long as we're talking miracles, should the Wildcats win these six games and then scrape out another victory from among Arizona State, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa State or Oklahoma, they'll be 7-4. That could get them that long overdue bowl bid.

Dickey, whose record after four years at K-State is 12-32, says the idea hit him in 1980, when his team beat Colorado 17-14. "It's probably best to get the bad over early," said Dickey as he walked off the field with Colorado Coach Chuck Fairbanks.

"I'm not sure it's over," said Fairbanks. It clearly wasn't, and Fairbanks has since escaped back to the pros. But Fairbanks' re-

mark got Dickey to thinking. "I'm not much better off than Fairbanks. I've got to come up with some kind of plan to keep us from being a doormat." A couple of weeks ago, Dickey stared across the football stadium, his eyes sparkling, and he said, "I'm anxious to see how it works. A year older doesn't necessarily mean better."

But at least the Wildcats can hardly be worse. And the atmosphere around K-State is positively giddy. Senior Defensive Back Jim Bob Morris wears a shirt emblazoned with I SURVIVED THE REDSHIRT YEAR "It on the front and READY TO KICK ASS "It on the back. Even Dickey sounds uncharacteristically crazed when he lauds one of his players, Linebacker Dan Runch. "He has the shortest fuse of any player I've ever coached," Dickey says. "He'll strike anything that quivers twice."

K-State has never had much talent or depth, and in 1978 Dickey could see his way clear to redshirting only one freshman, Quarterback Darrell Ray Dickey, who's also his son. Darrell didn't like it one bit. Backup signal caller Stan Weber, an '81 redshirt, who was hurt this spring and is questionable for the fall, says, "We're like the kid who was afraid to try in school because it would leave him without any excuses when he failed. We've got the physical confidence now not to be afraid to try."

Before the '81 season Dickey said, "Last year [when K-State was 3-8] we let my wife call a lot of the plays. This year we're not going to." Then the 'Cats went 2-9. Which proves that whether Jim or Inez calls the plays doesn't matter much. Which is the way it has always been in Manhattan, Kans. Now we'll learn whether anything can make a difference.

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He's A Real Pittsburgh Guy

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Don't even bother trying because you can't take the Steel City out of Pitt Quarterback Danny Marino, a hometown hero who has designs on the Heisman Trophy and a national championship for the No. 1-ranked Panthers.

Pittsburgh Quarterback Danny Marino keeps all of his old game plans inside a red plastic milk crate in his room—to remind himself of the good times. In this same milk crate, which serves as an all-purpose file cabinet, Marino has carefully saved up a substantial wad of notes and letters from his father, Dan Sr.—to remind himself of what's really important. In one of those World-According-to-the-Old-Man Epistles, Dan Sr. wrote to his son: "You are the best. You are the most dominating player in college football. Remember, nobody does it better."

Danny looks over the dozen written communiqués from his father, not all borrowed from Carly Simon, and smiles. "He really keeps my confidence up."

It isn't as if 20-year-old Marino suffers from any noticeable lack of confidence.

As Pitt's quarterback for 2½ seasons, Marino has led the Panthers to a 33-3 record, the best in the nation, and became Pitt's ultimate leading pover midway through his junior year. Now, as a senior, he's expected to go that final mile and sprout wings. Which for a college quarterback means producing an undefeated regular season, a bowl victory and, *ra da*, the national championship.

Anything less will be viewed as a calamity, at least around Pitt, so Marino had better stick to destiny's flight plan. In the past, there have been occasions when Danny has nosedived. Most people remember him best for completing that impossible pass to Tight End John Brown with 35 seconds left in last January's Sugar Bowl, the one that beat Georgia 24-20. That was Marino's 37th touch-

down pass of the season; his 34 regular-season TD passes led the NCAA by four over second-place Jim McMahon of BYU. But there are those who recall 23 other passes Marino threw in 1981 to players in the wrong-color jerseys—including two in that same Sugar Bowl game—to lead the nation in that category, too. Among the latter is Danny Marino. "A great quarterback," he says, "doesn't throw 23 interceptions."

Perhaps prophetically, his first varsity pass, thrown against Kansas on Sept. 15, 1979, was an interception. His second nearly was. His third went for a touchdown. For Pitt, not Kansas. It was this kind of coolness in the face of adversity that prompted Rick Troceno, who was then Pitt's starting quarterback, to switch to safety two seasons ago (he was drafted in 1980 in the last round by the Pittsburgh Steelers) and Hugh Green to pin the name "lee" on Marino.

Pittsburgh opens its '82 schedule on national TV against North Carolina (see page 57) on the night of Sept. 9, and Marino could win some early Heisman votes if he has a big game. Let us not kid around: the Heisman competition shapes up as a two-man race between Marino and Georgia's Herschel Walker.

If the Heisman voters are looking for any shortcomings in Marino, as a player or as a person, it could be that he is simply too good to be true. Marino is an All-America hero; he is Big Wheel on Campus; he is Mr. Touchdown (he has thrown for 62 in three years); he is the answer to every NFL scout's dream as well as every maiden's prayer. The former will be proved in next April's draft (he probably would have been the first QB drafted this year had he been eligible; and as for the latter, he is, according to Kathy Daniels, wife of Pitt Offensive Coordinator Joe Daniels, "that big, cute, curly-haired, adorable rascal.")

What Marino definitely is not—Heisman voters take note—is a threat to Rod Stewart, Free Safety Tom Flynn says. "Danny loves the Blues Brothers. He loves to sing. But he's so off-key and so loud, it's like someone screaming over 90,000 people. He says that if he doesn't make it as a pro quarterback, he'll try to make it as a singer. He'd better make it as a quarterback."

What does Danny Marino mean to his

continued

There's no one better at knowing which pass to throw. Danny's just a phenomenal natural talent—everything he touches turns to gold. John Brown



Tight End Brown caught 43 passes from Marino last season as "rebuilding" Pitt went 11-1.

team? The Heisman-type hyperbole is already flowing. Foge Fazio, Pitt's new head coach, says without a pause, "He is the Pittsburgh football team. All he means to us is everything." When Fazio is asked just how good Marino is, he says, "Well, I think Joe Namath was just as great." And former Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill weighs in with, "I played with Namath and Kenny Stabler at Alabama and coached Matt Cavanaugh (now a New England Patriot), and Marino is better than any of them at the same stage in their careers."

For his part, Danny says, "The only reason I play is I enjoy it so much."

Note from Dad: "The game of life is more important than any game."

How Marino got so good is a tribute not so much to his ability as to his upbringing. He was born in Pittsburgh and grew up in the city's South Oakland area, five blocks from the Pitt campus. It's a working-class district, blue-collar, very.

Neighborhood scene. Danny, on his way home, waves to the bus driver ("Hey, Frank") and to Mr. Bottles, and then, "Hey, there's Big Al. Hi Big Al."

"Hey, Big Danny."

"Hey, Big Al."

"Hey, Big Danny, come see us."

"I will, Big Al, I will. Later this week."

"O.K., Big Danny."

"O.K., Big Al."

That's life on Parkview Avenue, five minutes from downtown Pittsburgh, where the practice gridiron for the neighborhood kids often was asphalt and the goals were telephone poles. Make no mistake, Danny grew up in an Orzbie and Harriet house. When he races up the 19 steps to the front door, you expect him to open the door and shout, "Hi Mom, hi Dad, hi David, hi Ricky." It's a house with a lot of love, unashamedly so.

Dan Sr. started writing notes to Danny last year because their schedules made it difficult for father and son to get together. Dan Sr. drives a newspaper delivery truck at night and his all-everything son is so pushed for time that occasionally it's hard for them even to get together on the telephone.

Marino really believes in the notes from his father. "They're not corny, are they?" asks Danny. Come on, of course

I throw better than anybody in college, and

I can throw with anybody in the pros. There, that's what I think. . . . Sounds awful, doesn't it?

Danny Marino



Marino, who kept cool enough to throw an NCAA-best 34 TDs in 1981, is known as "Mr. Ic."

not. They could be, in another context, but not in the white frame house on Parkview Avenue. For what we have here is a family whose members not only care about, and for, one another but also know what counts. Over the fried chicken Dan Sr. is saying, "It's much more important for him to be a good person than a good player."

Note from Dad: "Play relaxed and things will fall into place. On days when they don't, it's not the end of the world. You can't force success."

Keeping things in perspective forged Danny Marino. Today, with All-America written all over him, he is no different from what he was as a freshman playing second fiddle to Troceno. "If I knew how to act like a celebrity, I would," Marino

says. "A lot of people who meet Danny for the first time think he's cocky," says his good buddy John Brown. "Even I thought he was. But it's just the strong self-confidence he has. Now that I know him and his South Oakland friends, I tell him everybody from South Oakland talks loud and points fingers."

It pains Marino enormously when he is asked to assess his own ability. Finally he sucks up his courage and blurts, "I throw better than anybody in college, and I can throw with anybody in the pros. There, that's what I think. That sounds awful, doesn't it?" No, not really. Brown, who caught 43 passes for 530 yards and eight TDs last season, says, "Some of Danny's passes are like bullets; other times, he'll just loft one in. There's no one better at knowing which pass to throw. He's a phenomenal natural tal-

continued

ent." Receivers Coach Joe Naumchik suggests, "Danny knows he has good ability but he figures a lot of people have good ability. The only way I can see to improve him is to give him a ball for each hand."

See, we're talking about perspective. And when it's true that nobody does it better, what's a guy to say? Dan Sr., a Runyonesque fellow with a clarity of vision that reaches a good deal further than 100 yards, says, "The point of sports is just to go out and have fun and see what happens. Then, if you're not successful, you lose interest. A lot of people watch Danny and think how hard it is to do what he does. But that's not true. If you do something long enough, it's not hard."

Danny walked across Parkview Avenue to St. Regis School for eight years. He excelled at sports, although his father

says he was "just another kid playing ball in the street." Unfortunately, grammar-school classrooms didn't hold quite the charm of a spiral into the end zone; in fact, a sixth-grade teacher told Danny's parents that he'd never graduate from high school. Danny's mother, Veronica, cried. Dan Sr. had a somewhat different reaction. "Danny could recall everything on a bubble-gum card but couldn't remember when the Civil War started," says Dan Sr. That deficiency was corrected via earnest conversation between father and son. Today, Danny is a 3.2 student in communications at Pitt.

After St. Regis, Danny walked four blocks farther, to Central Catholic High, where in one game he threw 39 passes (completing 17) in the team's 55 plays. His coach, Rich Erdelyi, says, "He has always had his feet on the ground. He has

never been starstruck with himself."

All along, Marino never ever got in trouble... if you're willing to overlook the pell-mell dashes he was required to make through the neighborhood to escape cops who weren't amused by the underage keg parties held by Danny and his buddies. Spend five minutes with Dan Sr. and you'll understand why Danny wouldn't dare go very far astray. "Kids are kids," says Dan Sr., "and Danny was no different. He'd walk in and leave the door open. I mean, how much athletic ability does it take to close the door? But he was always so cooperative. We'd ask him to do something, anything, and he'd say, 'That's no problem. I'll handle it.' Then he wouldn't do it." The whole family—Dad and Mom, Danny, Cindi, a sophomore at Pitt, and Debbie, 15—laughs.

What's special about Danny is that he's a young man with roots. Pittsburgh roots. He still plays ball down at Frazier Field, a somewhat grandiose name for a patch of hard-packed dirt with a few particularly valiant blades of grass overlooking the idled Jones & Laughlin steel mills, shut down in 1980. Danny Marino is Pittsburgh through and through. "That he chose to stay at home and play football," says Gil Brandt, the Dallas Cowboys vice-president of personnel development, "tells you a whole lot about him." Indeed, it tells you he is a Pittsburgh Guy.

Those are heavy words, as Fazio, another Pittsburgh Guy, explains: "A Pittsburgh Guy carries himself with an air that he knows what's going on. He smiles and has something nice to say about everybody. He can relax on either side of the tracks... but basically is a shot-and-beer guy. A Pittsburgh Guy doesn't see the bad in the town. The factories and the smoke are a thing of beauty and the aroma of steel being made is something great."

Flynn, the Panthers' free safety and punt returner and another of Danny's good buddies, says, "Danny is so down to earth and so human. Everybody puts him on a pedestal and compares him to Nnamdi and Utratis. But I like to refer to him the way he refers to himself—as just another drecked from South Oakland."

Marino toyed with going to UCLA or Clemson, hut, gee, they're both so far

continued

Danny, you ain't never gonna be no better than third on a list of Pitt's alltime greats. First was Marshall Goldberg, then Mike Ditka, then you. Camel Verratti



Verratti delivers the bad word to Danny from his truck cab as Nunzio DeMunco listens in.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLER

Am I counting on Danny Marino? He IS the Pittsburgh football team. All Danny Marino means to us this season is everything.

Fogge Fazio



New Coach Fazio, a former Panther center and linebacker, is another Pittsburgh Guy.

from Pittsburgh. Upstairs in his room at home are jerseys worn by some of the Panther greats (Tony Dorsett, Trocano, Cavanaugh, Green), trophies, plaques, All-America thins and that. But what means the most to Danny are two pictures—one of his high school baseball team, the other of his high school football team. "Those," he says, "are the real memories." Roots. Nothing can mean more than the guys at Central Catholic, including a certificate honoring Marino as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S* Offensive Player of the Week for his performance in the '81 game against South Carolina.

Danny and his father are showing a visitor around the old neighborhood, and as they walk by Schenley Park, a department of public works truck pulls up. Everybody is shaking hands and laughing and telling stories, at which point the truck's driver, Camel Verratti—a card-carrying Pittsburgh Guy—is asked who is Pitt's all-time best player.

"Marshall Goldberg," booms Verratti.

"Marshall Goldberg?" says Danny, laughing.

"Yeah, and after him Mike Ditka. And then you're third, Danny."

"Third?"

"Yeah, and you ain't never gonna be no better than third."

No need to discuss the criteria for the ranking. It's Goldberg, an All-America in 1937 (at halfback) and '38 (at fullback); Ditka, an All-America end in 1960; and Marino. That's what Verratti says, and that's the way it will be. And everybody accepts it in good spirit. Finally Dan Sr. says, "We'll see you guys."

Danny says, "Marshall Goldberg?"

Camel says, "Yeah. Then Ditka. Then you."

Back home an hour or so later, third-place Marino sits and thinks about his ranking, when suddenly something occurs to him. "Hey, Camel didn't even mention Dorsett." The talk quickly turns to where everybody should eat lunch. Danny's first choice is the Original Hot Dog Shop, which he's dubbed "the Dirty O." A guy who wants to go to the Dirty O for a Buzz Burger hasn't gotten completely carried away with himself. Dan Sr. suggests Lusc's and defends his choice: "It's cheaper than McDonald's and you can get filled up and wiped out for \$5." A compromise is Frankie Gustine's, named after the old Pirate second baseman. Once there, Danny sits in a booth and reads a copy of Pie Traynor's 1939 contract with the Pirates, which hangs on the wall. Traynor's salary: \$16,000. "That," says Danny, who'll sign for zillions next year, "is a shame."

Note from Dad: "Who is best is an opinion and opinions don't get first downs."

Question: Would the Pittsburgh Steelers like Danny to succeed Terry Bradshaw when Bradshaw retires? "We would like him very much," says Dick Haley, the team's director of player personnel. "The only thing is, we don't want to do what probably will be required to get him." Which is called losing. Lose often enough and the Steelers could get the first draft pick. Imagine Danny in a Steeler uniform. In sport, it's O.K. to dream. And to hope for luck.

Which brings us to Danny's number: 13. He first got it playing baseball for American Legion Post 663 when uniforms were handed out. The big-size uniforms had numbers 13, 14 and 15. Two older players claimed 14 and 15, which

continued

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left Marino with 13. "I'm not superstitious," Danny says.

"And besides, you're lucky," says his father.

"I ain't been lucky yet," says Danny. Which is not to say he hasn't played it smart. Three years ago, the Kansas City Royals drafted him and tried to sign him for a \$30,000 bonus, but Danny figured his college education would be worth at least that much.

For all Danny has accomplished,

what's important to him is the future—the next pass, the next series, the next game. As Brown recalls, "Ice and I roomed together in New Orleans. The night before the Sugar Bowl game, the hotel gave us a bottle of grape juice and some champagne glasses—so we could pretend. And we made toasts to everything. Danny and I got to talking about the game and I said, 'Wouldn't it be great to throw the winning touchdown?' And wouldn't it be even greater catching the

winning touchdown?" Then, all of a sudden my dreams were answered. There I was injured in five places. I was tired as hell, and it was fourth-and-five on the 33 with 35 seconds left. Our offense is so wide open, you never know when the ball's coming. I blew by my guy and saw Ice release the ball. I was concentrating so hard I didn't even have time to say, 'Oh my God.' All I remember is wishing I wouldn't have been on the bottom of the pile when the whole team went crazy and the Superdome came crumbling down. I had four or five guys on my neck, and my limbs were turned every which way."

Marino makes one exception to his yesterday's-don't-count philosophy. In his dressing-room cubicle is a shirt that reads "48-14." That was how badly Penn State whipped Pitt last November—Marino threw four interceptions—and the reason why the Panthers lost the national championship. Danny sometimes wears that shirt in practice because he thinks it's instructive for him to remember what everyone else wants to forget.

Everybody likes to say that Marino stands 6' 4", but he's only 6' 3½" and 215 pounds. He throws three-quarter motion with a strong, snappy wrist and has a quick release. His mechanics are impeccable. He can throw short, delays, screens and swings or show off his up-the-field arm by throwing 60 yards, laughing. Dick Steinberg, the New England Patriots' director of player development, says, "He can handle it when the receivers adjust the routes, he can see above the rush, he's a leader, he has played in lots of big games and before lots of big crowds. I don't know anything negative about him."

Isn't Marino a trifle slow? "Yeah," says Steinberg. "Just like Ferragamo, Bradshaw, Plunkett and Jaworski."

The only serious knock on Danny—and he's the first to bring it up—is that he still tends to force long passes, a sandlot inclination to go for the quick six instead of the quick six.

Note from Dad: "First downs are the best way to keep momentum. Only go deep when you and your receivers really think it will work. Only take it when it's there."

Everybody puts Danny on a pedestal. But I like to refer to him the way he refers to himself—just another derelict from the Oakland section. Tom Flynn



Flynn (center), Brown and Danny goof at Forbes Field home plate, now on Pitt's campus.

Of course, being guilty of trying to
continued

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Kids are kids. Danny's no different. He'd walk in and leave the door open. I mean, how much athletic ability does it take to close the door?

Dan Marino Sr.



Dan Sr. and mom Veronica are proud of but not awed by their Heisman candidate son.

score touchdowns is a questionable fault in a quarterback. Most college and pro QBs tend to force the short patterns and the curl-ins when the pass gets tough, and the results are often devastating. Flynn, who gets to see Marino in practice from his free-safety position across the line, says "Danny looks at every receiver at least once [Pitt's offense nearly always puts five out, which ensures single coverage], then he will come back and look you off. You can't make a commitment until the ball is in the air, and by then it's too late." Says Pitt's junior flanker, Dwight Collins, "He throws a bullet, an absolute bullet. I just get loose and the ball's there. There's no pressure on me. It's all on Danny."

Predictably, the Pitt backs aren't so keen on the scorcher Manno delivers. Last spring Danny threw one right through the hands of Bryan Thomas,

known as the B.T. Express. In the ensuing huddle, Marino said, "Look, I threw it hard because the scouts are here and I want them to say, 'Hey, that B.T. not only can run, he can catch.'" Thomas looked down at his hands to see if they were still smoking and responded, "But you've got to leave me some skin on my hands, man. See, I use these hands for a little bit of everything."

Manno reads defenses so well—"I'm really trying to become a student of the game," he says—that all his receivers share in the wealth. Last season six Panthers had 20 or more receptions, with Wide Receiver Julius Dawkins and Thomas the leaders with 46 apiece. "If Danny reads things correctly," says Daniels, "every coverage can be defeated." And then Daniels keeps clicking the films back and forth. Danny at his elbow, in a display that shows Marino so smooth he

should get best actor and Pitt best film. "It's a challenge," says Danny in the dark. "But it is fun. Real fun."

Note from Dad: "I thank you are at a point in your career where a defense which is preparing for a game against you is saying to themselves that they cannot stop you."

They can't. As with a runaway freight train, you know there's going to be a wreck, so the best you can hope for is to slow it down. Florida State's Bobby Bowden, whose Seminoles were whipped 42-14 by Pitt last season, thinks of Marino as "a pro quarterback in college, really." Other coaches just try not to think of him. Against South Carolina last season, for example, Marino threw six touchdown passes. The only Pitt record worth having that he doesn't have is most yards in a game. Matt Cavanaugh had 387 against Clemson in 1977; Danny is No. 2 with 346 in the South Carolina game. Barring injury, Marino should easily slide past Dorsett for total offensive yards in a career; he needs only 595 yards.

The only blip on the Marino screen came when Sherrill quit earlier this year to accept a six-year, \$1.6 million contract at Texas A&M. The departure of a man who had guided the Panthers to a 50-9-1 record in his five years as head coach caused concern that Pitt's football program would be in disarray. No chance. Says the school's chancellor, Wesley W. Posvar, "Jackie resigned, we advertised the job, conducted a national search, interviewed, and named Foge. It all took 30 minutes." Fazio, a Pitt assistant since 1977, was the architect of the Panthers' best-in-the-nation defense the last two seasons; Pitt yielded an average of 224.8 yards in 1981, 205.5 the year before. He also was the man who recruited Marino. And a lot of others.

Fazio grew up in Cotaopolis, Pa. (about 10 miles from Pittsburgh) and was an honorable-mention All-America for the Panthers in 1960. He may be new in the job, but he is a Pittsburgh Guy through and through. He understands that milk crate and what its contents mean to Dan Marino Sr. and Junior.

Note from Dad: "If you win or lose, I love you."

END



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College Football/The Top 20

1 PITTSBURGH

Like their quarterback, Denny Manno, the Panthers seem too good to be true. Eighteen of 22 names are unchanged from the starting team that beat Georgia on New Year's night. That concluded the third 11-1 season in a row for Pitt, a school that has won nine national titles but thinks the six years that have passed since its last are six too many.

Pitt doesn't figure to be coming up short just because it has a new head coach. Eight months ago Serafino (called Foge, from a childhood mispronunciation of "fudge") Fazio was Jackie Sherrill's defensive coordinator and casting about for a head coaching job. With Pitt finishing as the No. 4 team in the nation in what was supposed to be a rebuilding year, it didn't seem likely that Sherrill would be leaving, so Fazio looked into the head coach openings at South Carolina and Maryland. He got no nibbles and was just about ready to sign on as the defensive line coach of the Buffalo Bills, when Texas A&M lured Sherrill away. Suddenly, Fazio was the man in charge at the school where he had been an assistant for nine years.

The public's introduction to Foge was his halfhearted pep talk at the '82 Sugar Bowl, which ABC broadcast live. "I didn't give it much thought," Fazio says, "until we got home and recruits started introducing me to their parents and coaches as 'the guy who gave that talk.'" It was personal, spirited, emotional—and typical Fazio. Comparing him to the aloof and introspective Sherrill, Offensive Coordinator Joe Moore says, "If there's something they have in common, I don't know what it is."

After turning seven 1980 starters over to the pros, including All-Everything Hugh Green, Fazio's defense was supposed to be Pitt's weak suit in '81. Instead, it had 54 sacks and led the nation in both rushing and total defense. The Pac-Men are back—Middle Guard J.C. Peluso and tackles Bill Maas and Dave Puzoski, ready to gobble up offensive backs like so many dots. The ends are Michael Woods and Chris Doterman, who had 25 sacks between them. Rich (Conan) Krzyzak and

The Panther schedule means they'll have to win the title the old-fashioned way: They'll have to earn it



Moore counts on Offensive Tackle Covert to lead Pitt's push to No. 1

newcomer Cesar Aldisvert are the most notable linebackers. All-America Tom Flynn, Tim Lewis (tight interception) and Dan Short are joined by Troy Hill in the secondary.

Manno will again fire away to Split End Julius Dawkins, flanker Dwight Collins and Tight End John Brown. Bryan Thomas, who had 46 catches and ran for 1,133 yards, returns at halfback. Those guys can burn you—just ask Georgia—but the key to Pitt's hopes is the offensive line, which allowed just eight sacks of Manno in 1981.

Particularly critical to the success of Pitt's passing game is senior Left Tackle Jimbo Co-

vert, a 6'5", 279-pound English lit major from a steelworking family in Conway, Pa. Most defenses aim their pass rush at the side where the right end isn't. But that's where Covert is. Covert is a natural right-hander. "I tried to switch to a left-handed stance but couldn't get the explosion on running plays," he says. "So I'm kind of awkward, and my left hand is kind of slow." To counter most pass rushers, Covert's right arm snaps back as his left moves to fend off the rusher. That's two motions, one more than a lefty would make. To quicken his motion Covert has been playing racquetball left-handed.

"Nowadays," says Moore, who also works with the offensive line, "Jimbo is so good, it's like watching a clinic film. After a play, I'm never surprised to turn and see Jimbo and his man 10 or 15 yards downfield."

Moore takes credit for a brilliant coaching job on 6'5", 270-pound sophomore Right Tackle Bill Fraile, who was named to the freshman All-America team. "I don't say anything to him but 'good job,'" says Moore. "He's the only kid I've seen who can adjust in a game to things we pick out later in the film. Other guys just stick to what they're taught, no matter what."

At guard are Rob Fada, a 3-6 student in premed, and Ron (Moose) Sams, who experimented with Newtonian principles this summer by consistently slamming golf balls 300 yards in charity tournaments. Tony Mignelli, at center, is the only new face on the line; he replaces Emil Boures, now with the Steelers.

When Pitt was No. 1 in the polls for four weeks last season, critics charged—quite justifiably—that its schedule was lighter than at Notre in '82. The Panthers will have to make it to No. 1 the old-fashioned way. They open with North Carolina on Sept. 9 at Three Rivers Stadium (CBS, 9 p.m. EDT), then go to Florida State and Illinois before meeting West Virginia at home. Later, it's Notre Dame and the grudge game at Penn State. So if the season ends with a 10th national championship, John Housemann will be pleased: Pitt's going to earn it.

2 WASHINGTON

The Washington football team makes you want to cry—tears of joy, if you happen to be a Husky fan. Either because of good fortune (fat chance) or some slick planning (more about that later), Washington seems a sure bet to be in the Rose Bowl for the third straight New Year's Day. Even the always low-key Husky coaches, including the lowest-key of all, Head Coach Don James, are finding it hard to wipe the smiles off their faces. James concedes, "Our chances look pretty good."

Pretty good? The main difficulty for the Huskies' staff is it can't seem to come up with that One Serious Minus coaches of powerhouse teams always find. So far the "best" they've been able to do is to mumble something about a certain lack of depth in the offensive line. Yeah, right. Washington has only four starters back at the five offensive line positions. Pity.

Last year the Huskies surprised everyone by winning the Pac-10. Then Washington went to the Rose Bowl and plowed under Big Ten champion Iowa. The score was 28-0. Returning from that 10-2 squad are 17 starters, eight on offense and nine on defense, and 11 other players who have started at least once. In all, 37 of last season's top 44 are still around. That's depth.

If Pitt should stumble, everything points to a national championship—it would be the first in any NCAA team sport at Washington—for the Huskies. "Everything" includes a schedule that must have been drawn up by Mister Softee. The Huskies open at home against Texas-El Paso, who have a terrific track team but are 6-51 on the gridiron over the past five years. Then come encounters with the likes of San Diego State, Texas Tech, Oregon and Oregon State. Best of all, the Huskies don't have USC on their '82 schedule. See how the lucky get luckier?

Last year, sophomore Quarterback Steve Pelluer was a definite cause for concern. He completed only 47% of his passes, which too often were delivered sideways. But the brainy Pelluer—he has a 3.3 grade-point average in building construction, a program in the architecture and urban planning department that

This team is so loaded with pluses that even its coach can't think of anything bad to say



With Horton at cornerback, James should get a jump on rivals.

accepts only 10 students a year—came back in the spring and was vastly improved. He threw 296 balls in 17 spring practice sessions, connecting on 200—67.6%—and had only five intercepted. "I know how to learn," says Pelluer, "and the main thing I'm learning about throwing is when not to throw. You have to remember that you always get another chance." No wonder Quarterback Coach Ray Dorr says, "Steve has learned so much that I can hardly wait to line him up and see what happens."

A lot, no doubt, because Washington's receivers are among the nation's best. Senior

Flanker Paul Skansi most likely will haul in the 112th pass of his career at Washington sometime around mid-season to become the Huskies' all-time leading receiver. Pelluer will also be throwing frequently to Split End Anthony Allen, who led the Pac-10 in punt returns (11.9-yard average) last year and is 11th on the school's career receiving list. Proof of the depth among receivers is that Split End Aaron Williams, currently 10th on the Husky all-time receiving list, figures to be No. 2 at his position. The Huskies also have a surfeit of classy running backs, led by Jacques Robinson, who last season became the first freshman ever to win the Rose Bowl MVP award, after rushing for 142 yards and two TDs.

On those occasions when Pelluer, Robinson & Co. don't produce six points, the Huskies can turn to Kicker Chuck Nelson for three. He led the Pac-10 in scoring last year (77 points) for the second straight season, while connecting on 16 of 20 field-goal attempts and 29 of 29 PAT tries. All of which Nelson, who has a 3.65 average in business administration—he's been on the conference all-academic team twice and the national team once—intends to improve on. "I'm learning how to kick higher, farther and straighter," he says. "And I'm also working on eliminating worry." Truth is, neither he nor the Huskies have any.

On defense it's more of the same. Cornerback Ray Horton, who has a vertical jump of 33 inches and was a snorter last year on the Pac-10's second-best defense, says optimistically, "I'm just now finding out about my position. Mostly I'm learning aggressiveness, because I've found out those aggressive receivers are trying to kick my butt up and down the field." Inside Linebacker Ken Driscoll, just 5'11" and 213 pounds, who led the Huskies in sacks in '81 with 151, is back too. And Outside Linebacker Mark Stewart, a sure first-round NFL draft choice (who has a 3.3 GPA and has been accepted by the Washington med school), continues to inspire the team with his intensity. Says Stewart, "I want to enjoy the season." For all Huskies, '82 is a year to enjoy.

College Football/The Top 20

3 GEORGIA

He's not great at anything, but he's good at everything," says Georgia Coach Vince Dooley of new Bulldog Quarterback John Lastinger, who replaces three-year starter Buck Belue. Of course, Belue suffered the same faint praise. But Belue, who wasn't picked in the NFL draft, went out and signed a contract to play rightfield in the Montreal Expos' farm system. Lastinger, a junior, grew up with Belue in Valdosta, Ga., and has been his backup at every level since Pee Wee. "I guess I don't have an ego or something," says Lastinger, who's thrown all of 18 passes in the past two years.

If Lastinger—or hotshot freshman passer Jamie Harris of Danville, Va.—doesn't fill fast on his face mask, Georgia will at least match its 10-2 record of 1981. The only other significant loss from an offense that averaged 32 points and 446.5 yards per game last season was Flanker Lindsay Scott, who was drafted by the Saints; he'll be replaced by either sophomore Jimmy Harrell, senior Charles Junior or Gill Rhodes, who caught 60 passes for a year, Golden West of Huntington Beach, Calif., last fall. After opening games against Clemson and Brigham Young the Bulldogs face nothing harder than SEC competition—not including Alabama—against which their four-year record is 21-1-1.

The reason Georgia seems so likely to do well even while breaking in a quarterback is The Tailback, even though The Tailback will sit out those first two games because of a broken thumb. To the relief of Pete Rozelle's lawyers, the covetous USFL and Dooley—especially Dooley—The Tailback, a fellow by the name of Herschel Walker, didn't rush into the NFL as an undergraduate. Says Georgia Offensive Coordinator George Haffner, "I think we were all concerned. . . ." For "concerned" read panicked, suicidal. "You never know when a kid's going to want to go down in history."

It might be a little late to be concerned about that. Walker is already in the history books. His 1,616 yards rushing in 1980 broke Tony Dorsett's NCAA record for freshmen (1,586, set at Pittsburgh in 1973), and his

It is not running down Walker to say that he's far from being the Bulldogs' only star



Foes will find Dooley's D, led by the Inflicter, almost insufferable.

1,891 last fall surpassed the sophomore mark of 1,505 set by Jerome Persell of Western Michigan in 1976. The junior-class record, in case you want to start counting from Herschel's first carry, is 1,875, set by USC's Ricky Bell in 1975.

Walker's blockers will be led by British-born Center Wayne Radloff and 6' 5", 270-pound Tackle Jimmy Harper. Harper has fully recovered from a freak winter accident: His arm went through a door pane and was cut so severely it required about 300 stitches. "It's a big arm," says Haffner.

The Georgia defense allowed only 8.9 points and 72.5 yards rushing per game last season, and eight of its starters are back. Only at noseguard is there concern, at least about openness, because of the loss of Eddie (Meat Cleaver) Weaver; his replacement, Kevin

Jackson, has the face of Beaver Cleaver. Among the veterans are Linebackers Tommy Thurston, last year's leading tackler, and Nate Taylor, a former walk-on whom Dooley calls "the biggest surprise of my career." Taylor is only 5' 11" and 190, with 5.2 nopspeed in the 40, yet he was Georgia's No. 2 tackler in 1981.

Also returning are Defensive End Freddie Gilbert, a quick junior, and Jimmy (The Inflicter) Payne, a menacing pass rusher (12 sacks in 1981) who's caused eight fumbles in the last two years. "I try never to do the same thing twice," he says. "While they wonder what I'm doing, I can get a great big lick in."

Payne has delivered several of his body slams to Clemson Quarterback Homer Jordan, his "best buddy" while the two were growing up together in Athens, Ga. Payne lived just 10 minutes from Georgia's Sanford Stadium, where his father, James Sr., still works as a groundskeeper. "Saturday mornings I'd be up 6, 6:30 to help him carry ice up to the concession stands," Jimmy says. "Then I'd go find myself a seat and settle in for the game." Jimmy is thus a genuine authority on Bulldog football. "Defense goin' to be hell, that's how I see it," he says.

Kicking goin' to be ditto with Punter Jim Broadway (41.1 yard average in 1981) and Placekicker Kevin Butler, whose 19 field goals last fall tied the NCAA record for freshmen. Butler also serves up booming kickoffs: Georgia's opponents returned only 20 of 70 last year, none for more than 28 yards.

To accommodate ABC-TV, the Bulldogs moved their game with Clemson ahead from Sept. 18 to Sept. 6, a Monday night, making it the opener for both teams. Previously it had been the Tigers' opener but Georgia's second game, after Brigham Young.

"It gives us a fighting chance," says Dooley, pleased that the Tigers won't come into the game more fully rested and prepared than his team. However, because Georgia's BYU game is still scheduled for Sept. 11, the Bulldogs now must play two Top 20 teams within 4½ days. "We could end up 0-2," says Dooley. "We're rolling the dice."

4 SOUTHERN METHODIST

Now that SMU is off NCAA probation, it's the Mustangs who'll be handing out the punishment



With James and Dickerson, Collins will put foes in double jeopardy.

More than a few football coaches would sell their souls to be wearing the headphones for the Mustangs. To 48-year-old Coach Bobby Collins the team came as sort of a gift. Ron Meyer, who won the Southwest Conference championship last year with virtually the same team that Collins now commands, moved on to the New England Patriots, and along came Collins, fresh from a smash run at Southern Mississippi. It isn't very often that a coach gets to break into the big league with a veteran team off a 10-1 season. Collins is smart enough, however, to learn from his vets. "Just about every player we have knows more about the SWC than I do," he says. "I'll make a few suggestions, for what they might be worth, and then let the players decide."

Of course, Collins wasn't brought to Dallas for his libertarianism. He was a quarterback at Mississippi State in the mid-'50s under a fellow named Durrell Royal, who later had something to do with shaping the SWC's present image. In his first crack at being a head coach, Collins built up Southern Mississippi's program from something of a powder puff to a powerhouse in six years. Over the last two, the Golden Eagles went 18-5-1 and appeared in two bowl games.

At SMU the building can wait. All Collins has to do is get his team to the games on time. Consider that the backfield, which ranked fourth in the nation in rushing, returns intact, including the two tailbacks who made NCAA history. Eric Dickerson and Craig James, otherwise known as the Pony Express, function like interchangeable engines for the same chassis. In 1981 Dickerson and James became only the fifth pair of teammates in NCAA history to average 100 yards or more each per game rushing over an entire season. Dickerson cracked 100 yards 10 times last year, flashing with 1,428 yards and 19 touchdowns, and should end up in every All-America backfield this year with Herschel Walker. Dickerson's rushing total was the second-best in SWC history, after Earl Campbell's 1,744 for Texas in 1977. James ran for 1,147 yards and nine touchdowns and also took over the

punting duties midway through the season.

If Collins uses the two the way Meyer did, they will start games alternately, then alternate at tailback on every offensive series. Junior Quarterback Lance McIlhenny's responsibility mainly has been to get James or Dickerson the football on the option—and he has performed that job splendidly. But the son of ex-Packer, -99er and -Cowboy Don McIlhenny can also pass when the situation warrants: He threw for seven TDs in 1981.

Elsewhere, the offense is solid—and two-deep—with veterans at split end, tight end and fullback. There are holes to be filled at center and at one tackle, but the likely starters are bigger and stronger than the men they replace. Tackle Brian O'Meara is a senior who goes 6' 7", 247 pounds, and Center Chris Jackson is 6' 3", 260.

The defense, which led the nation in interceptions and allowed opponents a mere 12.5 points per game, is just as robust. Its immovable anchor is 6' 2", 275-pound Middle Guard Michael Carter. Three years ago Carter chagrined America's track and field enthusiasts by accepting a football scholarship to SMU. As a result, he has only had time to dabble in putting the shot; nevertheless, he twice has won both the NCAA indoor and outdoor championships. Unfortunately, injuries—last year, torn right knee ligaments—have kept Carter from fulfilling his football promise. He worked hard over the summer to strengthen the knee, and Collins is convinced that if Carter remains healthy, he'll end up a first-round NFL draft choice. Another Carter, Cornerback Russell, hauled down seven of the Mustangs' interceptions last year and is also SMU's record holder in the indoor 400-meter dash, 47.77. Strong Safety Wes Hopkins, who had five interceptions (four of them in the Houston game), and all-SWC Linebacker Gary Motten, SMU's leading tackler, are also back. Only at left end will the Mustangs be forced to go with an inexperienced player. In fact, the greatest loss SMU faces—that is, if Collins does all right as a replacement for Meyer—is that of a placekicker, Eddie Garcia, drafted by the Green Bay

Packers. Junior Jeff Hurrell will have to fill Garcia's All-America shoes.

SMU has one of the easier schedules of the four SWC title contenders, five relative breezes until it meets Houston in Texas Stadium on Oct. 16. After that the Ponies go to Austin, where they'll be pleased to take revenge on the Longhorns for the 9-7 loss that cost SMU an undefeated season in 1981. The following week Texas A&M comes to Dallas, and the final week finds SMU pined against Arkansas in a showdown that should decide the conference championship. If SMU wins the SWC it could look like a bolt out of the blue. It won't be. The Mustangs were conference champs in 1981, but an NCAA probation kept them off TV and out of the Cotton Bowl. This year they figure to be prime time all the way.

College Football/The Top 20

5 NEBRASKA

During the summer, when all was quiet and serene around Nebraska's football facilities, only one thing was written on the meeting room chalkboard: PENN STATE, SEPT. 25. Nothing more need be written. If the Cornhuskers come away from State College that day with a win over the Nittany Lions, they will have launched a serious run for their first national championship since 1971.

Whether Nebraska finishes No. 1 or No. 30 depends on one player: Quarterback Turner Gill. After the Huskers started off 1981 with a 1-2 record—their worst start in 23 years—Gill, a sophomore from Fort Worth, came off the bench and directed them to seven straight victories.

However, in the 10th game of the season, against Iowa State, Gill suffered what was thought to be a simple bruise on his right shin. It turned out to be complicated nerve damage, and it kept him out of the Orange Bowl game, where the Huskers lost to Clemson 22-15. He then began to develop "drop foot," a paralysis of a muscle in the ankle, and couldn't walk without a brace. He had to undergo two operations, but last spring he was back at quarterback, although he took no live hits.

"I'll be in there in the thick of things this fall," says Gill.

For sure?

"Well, I guess I can't say for sure."

Nobody can. Gill still can't move his big toe, and there is numbness on the top of his foot. With him, oh my. Without him, oh dear. All Gill can do is pass ("I came here instead of Oklahoma because I have an arm and I want to use it") and run and think. Proof: In Gill's seven games the Cornhuskers averaged 35.2 points a game. He reads defenses as easily as Dick and Jane, and to those who snipe that he's a trifle slow Gill says, "I'm just fast enough to get the job done. No faster."

With Gill at the controls, the Husker offense could roll over all. Leading the charge up front is Center Dave Rimington, who last year, as a junior, won the Outland Trophy as the nation's best lineman. Former Colorado Coach Chuck Fairbanks says of Rimington, "He's the most dominating lineman I've seen

The season will pop into place for the Cornhuskers if Quarterback Gill regains sophomore form



Rimington gives Osborne's Big Red a leg up on the opposition.

in college since John Hannah." It's not just that Rimington is strong—he bench-presses 420 pounds—or that he has such good balance: he's also so quick that Coach Tom Osborne can use him as an extra pulling guard. Rimington's assignment on some Nebraska plays is to take out a linebacker—an outside linebacker.

Behind this center of attention are the latest brilliant running backs in a seemingly endless line of brilliant Nebraska running backs. Their names are Roger Craig and Mike Rozier, and they are as alike as two peas in a pod. Craig, with a tad more power, had a 94-yard TD run last year among his 1,060 rushing yards; Rozier, perhaps a little shiffler, had a 93-yard scoring run in there among his 943 yards. Rozier, who last year was fresh from Colleyville (Kans.) Community College,

where he had rushed for more than 1,100 yards, has made great progress in dealing with one of his shortcomings—not listening to his coaches. "We think we know it all," he says, "but we don't." Osborne hopes Craig will make progress in a more tangible area: holding onto the football. He fumbled the ball 13 times last season, and the opposition recovered eight of them. But almost all of those miscues came in the first seven games of '81, and by the end of the year Craig appeared to have gotten a grip on things.

The defensive secondary is iffy, five of last year's seven best players having departed. Secondary Coach Bob Thornton says this year's players are "good athletes," which is what any coach says when he has his fingers crossed. "We can't cover up for them," says Osborne, "so we'll just have to send them out there and see what happens."

Clearly, Nebraska's hopes ride on one player: Gill. Husker coaches and believers are whistling past the Big Eight graveyard when they say there are lots of good guys behind Gill. Truth be told, there is no quarterback on the roster who approaches Gill in ability. What's worse is that one potential replacement, Nate Mason, suffered a sprained ankle that developed calcium deposits. The other quarterbacks on the Husker

roster are Bruce Mathison, a little-used senior, and Craig Sundberg, an untried sophomore. Osborne may have said more than he intended when he noted, "The odds are pretty good that some of your best players are going to be hurt some of the time. But we have three other quarterbacks besides Turner who can compete and possibly win in the Big Eight." Whatever you say, Coach.

Winning in the Big Eight, however, is only part of the loaf around Lincoln. The people are hungry for a national championship. Nebraska opens on Sept. 11 against Iowa, a game that the Huskers will probably win by something like 57-6, since it was the Hawkeyes who upset the Huskers last year. Then comes New Mexico State and then Sept. 25. At that point, the Nebraska season boils down to two words: Turner Gill.

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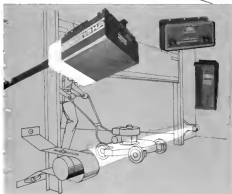
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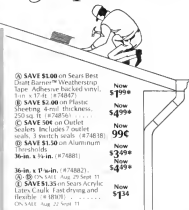
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College Football / The Top 20

6 CLEMSON

Please excuse Clemson Coach Danny Ford for thinking that winning football championships is supposed to be fun. After all, Ford is only 34, and before last season his exposure to championship football came at the knee of his mentor, a fellow named Bear Bryant. What Ford learned as an Alabama assistant for four years is that when you're the Tide, winning is nothing—but fun. But when you're Clemson, well, it's assumed you must have a lot of explaining to do. All through the 1981 season it seemed that people were just waiting for Clemson's bubble to burst. When it wouldn't, they tried to bore a hole through it by alleging all manner of NCAA rules violations. When the Tigers went to the Orange Bowl, they were mostly treated as if they were crashing a Palm Beach cocktail party. Only when the undefeated Tigers up and beat establishment favorite Nebraska 22-15 to complete a 12-0 season were they accepted—if reluctantly—as the nation's No. 1 team. The bitter only made the sweet that much sweeter for Ford and his team.

The NCAA's fist hasn't come down upon Clemson—not as of this writing, anyway—but Ford finds that his team is still being asked to prove that 1981 wasn't some sort of blip on the screen and that the Tigers really do belong at the top. And now, with the element of surprise giving way to the weekly element of revenge, Clemson will feel the pressure even more strongly. "That's part of being a great football team," says Ford. "We're still not in the upper echelon when it comes to tradition." Of course, Ford will see what he can do about that.

One thing is for sure, America won't have to wait until New Year's Day to find out just how real Clemson is. The chance to silence critics will come in the season's first week: a nationally televised Monday night opener against Georgia and Herschel Walker in Athens on Sept. 6. What Herschel and the Dawgs will have to contend with is a veteran defense that was the second-toughest to score on (8.2 points per game), and seventh-toughest to run against in the country in 1981.

That defense is led by All-America Free

*The Tigers will disabuse one
and all of lingering notions that their
national title was a fluke*



Ford and his quarterback, Jordan, are tired of being disparaged.

Safety Terry Kinard (six interceptions, 95 tackles), who has started 34 games since his freshman year. Gone are Tackle Jeff Bryant and Linebacker Jeff Davis, both All-Americans, but a couple of potential All-Americans will be prowling the gridiron. The biggest is Middle Guard William (The Refrigerator) Perry, the 6' 3" 310-pounder who just plain embarrassed Nebraska's All-America Center Dave Rimmington in the Orange Bowl. Perry will again share his position with William Devane, to give Clemson what Ford says "must be the best middle guard tandem in America." Danny Triplet will take over the leadership of the linebacking corps from Davis. Tackle Dan Benish and "Bandit" End Andy Heiden round out the veteran defense, and Dale Hatcher, who averaged 43.4 yards per kick as a freshman last year, is back to

handle the punting for the Tigers.

After the defense got through, Clemson had little trouble moving the football in '81. The offense should be as good this season, despite the loss of All-America Wide Receiver Perry Tuttle (drafted by Buffalo) and four starters from the interior line. The reason is Homer Jordan, the heroic MVP quarterback who so exhausted himself in the Orange Bowl that he required rehydration treatment. Jordan, who ranked 13th in the nation in passing efficiency, completing 107 of 196 attempts for 1,630 yards and nine touchdowns, should become Clemson's all-time passing and total offense leader this year. "Homer has made it to the point where he can be called a great college quarterback," says Ford. "I mean great. He did everything we asked of him last year and made a drastic improvement in the mental aspects of the game."

Clemson didn't have a single senior running back in its 11 formation backfield last season, so all return, including tailbacks Cliff Austin (824 yards) and Chuck McSwain (692) and fullbacks Jeff McCall (457) and Kevin Mack (287). Two tailbacks were redshirted in '81, one of whom, Braxton Williams, a 1,000-yard-per-season rusher through three high school and two jumbo (Butler County, Kan.) seasons, should see a great

deal of action. With Tuttle and Split End Jerry Gaillard, 1981's top pass receivers, gone, the burden is on Split End Frank Magwood (17 catches), Tight End Bubba Diggs (9) and Flanker Jeff Stockstill (4). Another key offensive performer is Placekicker Donald Igwebaite, who came to Clemson on a soccer scholarship from his native Nigeria. Igwebaite made 10 of 17 field-goal attempts, including three in the Orange Bowl, and also started 13 games for the Clemson soccer team that went 18-1 before being upset by Alabama A&M in the NCAA tournament.

If Clemson thinks of itself as a team that belongs among the nation's Top 10, that's because it does. And if Danny Ford has his way, that's going to become as much of a regular event in the fall as the Tiger paws painted on the highways around Clemson, S.C.

College Football/The Top 20

7 ARIZONA STATE

One day last month in Tempe the temperature had just pushed past 113°, which meant it was so hot and dry that your tongue was only wet on one side. But the temperature was just half as high as the football hopes at Arizona State, where Sun Devil fans are giving tongue to predictions like "Rose Bowl." There are about six out-of-state people who buy these prophecies, because Arizona State's offense is hardly one to strike fear in the hearts of its conference rivals. On defense, though, the Sun Devils are going to be hell—and that could well be enough to shock the conference and earn ASU its first-ever all-expenses-paid trip to Pasadena next Jan. 1.

Moreover, the Sun Devils have the good fortune to catch both USC and Washington not only in Tempe but also late in the season, when the offense should be well oiled. By then the Sun Devils could be coming on like gang busters. And not just because of their talent but because of their incentive.

For the first time since late 1979, ASU will be off probation (the school can't appear on TV during the regular season, however) and eligible for a bowl. So what does this mean? Says Coach Darryl Rogers, "I can't answer that until we go to a bowl and find out what we've been missing." Rogers himself is anxious to see what it's like to have a season extend to 12 games. When he coached Michigan State, the Spartans were on probation for three of his four years. Then Rogers moved on to ASU, and the school has been on probation since he arrived. Neither situation was Rogers' doing, but both have given him the reputation of a rehabilitation expert for cheats.

Last season Rogers worked wonders at ASU. Despite the probation status, a leftover from the regime of the controversial Frank Kush, and its depressing side effects—like no TV, no bowl, no nothing—the Sun Devils were 9-2 and led the nation in total offense with 5,486 yards. Rogers is widely considered an offensive whizbang, and that isn't incidental to the Sun Devils' being ranked in the Top 20. For while the Arizona State defense is huge and ornery, the offense gets back only

The Sun Devils may have lost a lot on offense, but they make up for it with a defense that's hellacious



Rogers wants Richardson to ride herd on opponents' passers.

three starters, and not one is a quarterback. The two players vying for that job are Sandy Osceola from Ansonia, Conn., and Todd Hons from Torrance, Calif. Both were redshirted last year. Hons has yet to take a game snap at ASU, which makes Osceola the veteran by virtue of the one game he played in 1979 and the one he squeezed into in 1980. In his career, he has attempted four passes and completed two for a total of 17 yards. "We're inexperienced," concedes Hons, "but it won't take us long to get experienced."

Rogers, for one, hopes not, because the Sun Devils play at Houston on Sept. 18 in a game that could determine the course of their season. The coach thinks Osceola understands the offensive scheme better than Hons, but Hons has quicker feet, which is a big plus behind an inexperienced line. There is a

suspicion that should Osceola, Hons and ASU go clunk, Rogers will turn to a hotshot freshman, Jeff Van Raaphorst from El Cajon, Calif. All too often, as any coach will tell you, dreams of a freshman savior are just that.

Complicating the uncertain picture on offense is the fact that up from, where coaches like to say games are won, ASU is leaky, especially at tackles. The starters probably will be James Keyton and Mike White. The coaching staff figures that neither should play at more than 270 pounds, but both are inclined to pig out and put on their pads at nearly 290.

Ah, but the defense. The heart of it is Outside Linebacker Vernon Maxwell, whom Rogers praises as "truly excellent." But Maxwell sometimes needs motivation, and he does swagger when he has. However, he is rusty and mean, and when the crowd hollers "Here comes Vernon," an opposing back had better be ready for a dent in his day. Anchoring the secondary is All-America Safety Mike Richardson, who's saddled up and ready to ride herd on any receiver in his neighborhood. He has led ASU in interceptions for three years, with a total of 16, as well as in tackles in the secondary. "We're gonna be awful good," he predicts. Richardson, a senior, has seen all the flush-and-dash the Pac-10 can offer, and if he foresees the Sun Devils shutting it down, it's probably best not to argue.

A further plus is Punter Mike Black, who averaged 42.5 yards per kick in 1981. He earned its volunteer Assistant Coach Craig Millhenny with changing the way he holds the ball, from splinting the laces with the first two fingers of his right hand to putting the laces between his thumb and forefinger, which, he says, gives him far better control on the drop. Then there's field-goal kicker Luis Zendejas, a sophomore, who scored 93 points last season. Twice he kicked 14 points in a single game. Both Black and Zendejas seem pressure-proof. With ASU's problems on offense, they will need to make long-distance boos if the Sun Devils are to live up to the swelling hopes that their defense inspires.



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College Football/The Top 20

S MICHIGAN

There's a different mood around the Michigan football team these days. Last year Michigan was everybody's preseason No. 1 pick, and around Ann Arbor the strut was in style. At which point the Wolverines strutted out on the field for their season opener and were blitzed 21-14 by Wisconsin. That destroyed the Michigan season. The Wolverines wound up 9-3 overall and 6-3 in the Big Ten, dreadful by their standards. "This year," says Coach Bo Schembechler, "we're keeping our mouths shut and just getting ready to go out and play football."

And it's fortunate for Bo and his boys that although Michigan doesn't have the talent it did in 1981, the rest of the league is off a few ticks, too. Which probably means Michigan and Ohio State will meet in late November for the league title. Yawn. So what's new?

On offense, the Wolverines have lost six starters, four of them first-team All-Americans. They include Tailback Butch Woolfolk, Michigan's all-time leading ground gainer (3,861 yards), tackles Bubba Paris and Ed Meramby and Guard Kurt Becker. But, as always at Ann Arbor, superior players are ready to step in, most notably 6'3", 243-pound junior Guard Stefan Humphries, who has a ton of ability, though on occasion he's a mite sloppy in the course he takes to reach a linebacker. He's never sloppy in his schoolwork, however. Last spring he racked up A's in principles of engineering materials, biology, organic chemistry and introduction to differential equations. His grade-point average is 3.76, and he's majoring, says Schembechler, in "interdisciplinary medical engineering, whatever that is."

Potentially the most serious loss on offense is that of Tailback Stan Edwards, a classic team player—he would just sit soon block for a TD run as make one—and the Wolverines' ninth most prolific ballcarrier (2,206 career yards rushing). There's nobody around Michigan now who can come even close to matching Edwards' all-around ability. "We'll find somebody," says Schembechler, "and he will be good." Well, maybe. When Schembechler is pressed to name names, however, he talks

Having paid the price for last season's overconfidence, the Wolverines are meeker—but not milder



Defensive standouts Bonine could have Bo's boys sitting pretty.

of "three great freshmen," Eddie Garrett, Dan Rice and Bob Perryman, which indicates the level of desperation at this position.

Tailback will be solidly manned by Lawrence Ricks, a senior from Barberian, Ohio—Schembechler's hometown. Ricks averaged 4.8 yards per carry in 86 tries last season and is quicker hitting the line than Woolfolk, though lacking his predecessor's pure speed. A source of concern is that Ricks has been plagued by hamstring pulls.

At quarterback, Steve Smith, now a junior, returns, and that's very good news. After a dull start in 1981, he came alive and passed for 15 touchdowns and ran for 12 more. He threw for 3,661 yards—the most ever for a Michigan quarterback—and gained 2,335 yards overall. "He can run you," says Schembechler. Indeed, Smith's 4.5 speed can turn a broken play

into a tragedy—for the opposition. And although it had been thought that Smith wasn't up to the task of getting the ball to All-Everything Flanker Anthony Carter, that fear appears to have been unfounded. "He throws hard enough," says Carter, "and he won't be short." That's high praise from Carter, who runs so fast it's tough to catch him even on film. Should Pitt's Danny Marino and Georgia's Herschel Walker be less than amazing, A.C. could become H.W.—Heisman Winner.

Carter—Michigan's designated game-breaker—thinks he can play much better than he has the past three years, when he was merely dazzling. "I'm learning to get the proper depth on my routes," he says. "One thing I've done too much is cut the patterns short. That messes everything up because I need to run just right so I can be in the open when it's time to catch the ball." Carter in the open is one of the special sights in all sport.

Schembechler says Michigan's defense will be improved. That the Wolverines allowed only 13.5 points per game, 23rd-best in the nation in 1981, doesn't prevent Schembechler from pointing out that he thought they were lousy. The question is how the departure of Defensive Coordinator Bill McCartney—he's now the head coach at Colorado—will affect

the troops. But personnelwise, give the Wolverines an A-plus.

The key man on defense is Strong Safety Keith Bonine, an Ann Arbor lad who used to slip under the fences to see Michigan play. Now folks are climbing the fences to see him play. He's a lights-out hitter who made 74 tackles last year and says, "For me to respect myself, I have to make big hits." Bonine admits he's helped by having to practice against Carter. "He maintains his speed while cutting," says Bonine, "and when you play against him, you really improve your backpedal."

But Michigan won't be backing up for anybody this year—certainly not Notre Dame on Sept. 18 in a crucial early-season game to be televised nationally. It's just that the Wolverines will run out for each game, instead of strutting forth.



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College Football/The Top 20

9 PENN STATE

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno often evaluates football recruits by watching them play basketball. "It's a big help," he says. "You can check out a kid's quickness, his balance, reactions, coordination, everything." Paterno was sold on Curt Warner, the Nittany Lions' All-America fullback, four years ago only after going to West Virginia and watching Warner play high school hoops, and Paterno dissuaded Flanker Kenny Jackson from pursuing a basketball career, even as Jackson received offers in that sport from UCLA and Syracuse. Paterno also picked Jackson's brother, Roger, a defensive back, right off the court at Middlesex County College in New Jersey, where Roger didn't even play football. Among other players who caught Paterno's eye while they wore shorts and sneakers are starting Tight End Mike McCloskey, 6' 7" freshman Offensive Tackle Ed Boone and Quarterback Todd Blackledge. Basketball, it seems, has been very, very good to Paterno.

To Paterno's chagrin, however, the Nittany Lions have a case of the shorts this fall at—of all places—guard and center. Guards Sean Farrell and Mike Munchak both went in the first round of the NFL draft and Center Jim Romano in the second. "We've never had such an inexperienced line," says Paterno. With the departure of seven other starters—all of them pro draftees—Penn State will be pressed to equal last season's 10-2 record.

What the Nittany Lions do have is big-play talent. Warner, despite missing 2½ games with hamstring pulls, gained 1,044 yards rushing last season. If he picks up 577 more he will pass Lydell Mitchell as Penn State's all-time leading rusher. "Of all the backs I've had," says Paterno, "only maybe Lenny Moore could do what Curt can." And so outwinding is Warner's backup, Jon Williams, that the Nittany Lions may give up their traditional I formation and play Warner and Williams in the same backfield. "Jonathan is very compact, whereas Curt's kind of long and lean and maybe a step or two faster," says Running Back Coach Fran Ginter. "If either one gets you in the open field, you won't touch him."

After scouring basketball courts, Coach Joe Paterno has high hopes, but the shorts at guard and center



Paterno says that with Warner an unbeaten season is within reach.

Nonetheless, Warner says, "We'll be a passing team this year. For us to go, Todd will have to go." Blackledge, Warner's roommate, is tall (6' 3") and perhaps a bit awkward, but he has what Paterno calls "that great big arm." He's also smart, a 3.81 student in speech communications who until last semester hadn't had any mark less than an A since his second term, freshman year, and who was elected to Phi Beta Kappa last spring. "He's my inspiration. His six straight 4.0 terms are something for me to shoot for," says Warner, himself a B student in speech communications. Warner and Blackledge are the closest of friends, having developed almost identical tastes and opinions though coming from disparate backgrounds.

Warner spent his whole life before college in tiny Wyoming. W Va (pop. 200), a coal-

mining town where he was the only black among 420 students during his senior year in high school. Blackledge, whose father coached football at Princeton, Kentucky, Cincinnati and Kent State, grew up in places like Cincinnati and Lexington, Ky. and spent most of his time around blacks. Often he was the only white kid on the courts in Lexington's inner-city projects. Blackledge was good enough at hoops to be invited to an all-star camp with Ralph Sampson, Sam Bowie and Dominique Wilkins. "I remember Sampson," he says. "I came up to his chest."

Blackledge will be working with some excellent receivers this fall in McCloskey, Gregg Gentry and Kenny Jackson, who's the fastest, most spectacular pass catcher Paterno has ever had. Jackson says he faces his toughest coverage while working out in the off-season with older brother Roger. Such training hasn't hurt Roger, either: he intercepted five passes last season and became the cornerstone of a secondary that's now the strength of the defense. His aggressive, wide-ranging colleague, Safety Mark Robinson, is considered merely the Nittany Lions' best tackler since Jack Ham, the renowned Steelers linebacker. Penn State is a bit short on defensive linemen, but offsetting that is what Defensive Coordinator Jerry Sandusky calls "an abundance of linebacker types." Penn State linebacker types. Don't worry too much about the defense.

Warner, who outgained 1981 Heisman Trophy winner Marcus Allen 145 yards to 85 in the Nittany Lions' 26-10 Fiesta Bowl victory over USC, is going all out after his own Heisman. Last spring, to strengthen his legs "and learn how to run," he participated in track for the first time and did a 10.93 100 meters and a 22.24 200, this summer he worked harder than he ever had, running about five miles a day, lifting weights, catching passes from Blackledge and, of course, shooting some baskets. "This opportunity comes only in a lifetime," Warner says. "You can't just let it pass by." As for this season, he says, "We've got our work cut out for us. But that's one reason I came to Penn State. I love a challenge."

10 NORTH CAROLINA

Senior Tailback Kelvin Bryant of North Carolina—KB, the Tar Heels call him—is a powerful, slashing runner with 9.3 speed, a nose for the goal line and a state full of boosters who are dying for him to win this year's Heisman Trophy. "I just want to play as well as I can," he says softly. "... and be healthy." When Bryant injured his left knee in the fourth game of last season, he'd already rushed for 520 yards and scored an astounding 15 TDs. Devout Carolinians went into bumper-sticker shock: IF GOD IS A TAR HEEL, WHY'D HE LET KELVIN GET HURT?

Actually, North Carolina's injuries last fall went far beyond Bryant's torn cartilage, which kept him out of four games and limited him to spot duty in two others; eight other starters—including Quarterback Rod Elkins, sprained ankle—missed at least one game, too. When Elkins and Bryant both were ailing, the Tar Heels lost 31-13 to South Carolina and 10-8 to Clemson. Those were the only defeats in a season that included a 31-27 Gator Bowl victory over Arkansas. "You torment yourself if you go back to what-ifs," says Coach Dick Crum. "Last year was a great year. It just wasn't meant to be any greater."

Or perhaps the Big Tar Heel in the Sky was saving the best for this season. Bryant, who wound up with 18 touchdowns and 1,015 yards rushing, is one of eight returning starters from an offense that averaged 31.3 points and 415.7 yards a game. Carolina has a corps of fine receivers and such depth at tailback that the reserves, Tyrone Anthony and Elhan Horion, had single-game rushing highs of 224 and 144 yards, respectively, last season. Elkins, a senior, concentrated in spring practice on throwing to secondary targets and reading defenses. "The best thing he does is win for you," says Crum. Elkins' record as a starting quarterback in high school and college is 20-2.

Some say Elkins is best when handing off to Bryant. "We try to get the ball back as fast as possible, just so we can watch Kelvin run with it," says Tar Heel Defensive Back Walter Black. One of 10 children of a Tarboro, N.C. janitor, Bryant was a veritable North Caroli-

Injuries made '81 a what-if year for the Tar Heels. With all hands healthy, this is a should-be season



With Bryant sound again, Crum doesn't have to coach his optimism.

na sports legend while still in high school. He won state titles in the long jump and 100- and 220-yard dashes and once held Dornique Wilkins, this year's first-round draft choice of the Utah Jazz, to six points in a basketball game before fouling out early in the fourth quarter. Bryant's high school football jersey—No. 44—was retired. As a 10th-grader he asked the varsity football coach to return him to the jayvees so he could help his friends win the conference title. "I can't think of a single bad thing to say about him, or anything he's ever done," says Elkins. That's more or less the consensus. Even though Bryant had to share playing time with Amos Lawrence (now with the San Diego Chargers) until last season, he never complained—and he rushed for 1,039 yards, to Lawrence's 1,118, in 1980.

Bryant's running tends to overshadow

the stout play of North Carolina's swarming defense, which last fall gave up only 11.2 points per game, the fifth-fewest in the country. Tackle William Fuller, one of seven returning starters on defense, made 22 tackles behind the line of scrimmage to tie a team record held by Lawrence Taylor, who in '81 was All-Pro in his rookie year with the Giants. Bolstering the Heels' 5-2 alignment are Mike Wilcher, who replaced Taylor as Carolina's "attack" linebacker, and defensive backs Black and Greg Poole. Black, who's so small—5'10" and 171 pounds—that Army once warned him for its 150-pound team, blocked two kicks and intercepted six passes last fall. A business major attending Carolina on an academic scholarship, Black blocked a field goal at Georgia Tech after memorizing the Yellowjackets' snap cadence. Poole, a former running back, is as adept at punt returns as at pass coverage; his 12.0 average was ninth in the nation in '81.

Kicking is Carolina's only concern. Last year the Tar Heels ranked eighth in the country in net punting, this season, without all-conference punter Jeff Hayes, who graduated, they'll be happy with just an adequate job from any of three walk-ons. On placements, Brooks Barwick is accurate—he converted six of eight field-goal attempts in '81—but only at short range. For longer three-point attempts, Crum may turn to freshman Lee Glarims, a 49-yarder at Fike High in Wilson, N.C. Glarims is one of seven Parade All-Americans recruited by North Carolina. The best prospect among them is 6'3", 235-pound Tight End Arnold Franklin of Cantonment, who could start by midseason.

If the Tar Heels kick up and beat Pitt on Sept. 9 in their Thursday night opener at Three Rivers Stadium, they'll almost certainly coast into Clemson, S.C., on Nov. 6 unbeaten. A victory there would put North Carolina in solid position for its first major bowl bid since 1950, with a perfect season and even the national title at stake. The Tar Heels have never achieved either of those last two. For that matter, they've never had a Heisman Trophy winner. All that could change in '82.



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College Football/The Top 20

11 ALABAMA

Now that it has been duly confirmed that 68-year-old Bear Bryant is in a category all his own—the Alabama legislature passed a special law not long ago waiving mandatory retirement at age 70 for him, which presumably will allow him to continue coaching the Crimson Tide well into the next century—Bryant can get back to the business of producing championship football teams.

And Bryant, who made his name wrestling beasts of every stripe into line, from the bear that in fact got him his moniker to Ken Stabler and Joe Namath, has a feisty bunch this year. Still, this season ought to be a breeze after the turmoil of 1981, which included the distraction of Bryant's run to ousting Amos Alonzo Stagg as college football's winningest coach, an embarrassing loss to lowly Georgia Tech, a stunning tie with Southern Mississippi and a 14-12 defeat at the hands of Texas in the Cotton Bowl, after three 'Bama starters had been left back in Tuscaloosa for disciplinary reasons. This season will be a piece of cake—if Bryant can get his charges back on their good behavior, that is. To that end, the folks across the state at Auburn are suggesting that the legion in Legion Field change their cry from "Roll Tide" to "Parole Tide!"

Bryant acted like a tough probation officer during spring practice, constantly making examples of last year's offenders, Running Back Linnie Patrick, Offensive Tackle Bob Czapavec and Guard Gary Bramblett. "We have a chance to be a good team if we use our intelligence," says Bryant. "Last year some of the boys forgot how to be smart. Anybody with a bad attitude won't be around here long."

And Bryant isn't just talking through his checked hat. He has the people—17 of 22 starters back from last year's 9-2-1 outfit, plus Malcolm Simmons, the nation's 10th-best punter in 1981, and Placekicker Peter Kim, who last year tied the Alabama record for field goals in a season (15) and set the career mark (27). The only loss on offense is at tight end—something of a liability for a wishbone team that had the nation's seventh-best rushing offense in '81. Freshman Larry Rob-

After 1981's turmoil, the Bear intends to get back to the business of turning out championship teams



Wilcox hits the books with the man who wrote the one on winning.

erts, who's 6' 5" and 230 pounds, may end up with the job. The middle guard, a linebacker and two backs are the only absentees from a defense that allowed just 12.6 points per game. The heart of that unit is two-time All-America Safety Tommy Wilcox, and Bryant has ample replacements.

Moreover, for the first time in several years Alabama will begin a season knowing who its quarterback will be. Senior Walter Lewis, who has started off and on since his freshman year, is it. "I've matured a lot since I was a freshman," says Lewis, an electrical engineering major who worked last summer calculating energy-consumption patterns for the Gulf Power Company in Pensacola, Fla. "There were a lot of situations I had trouble with, but now I'm able to recognize them. It takes time to learn how to run the Alabama offense. I'm

still learning. Experience is what's important."

Says Bryant, "He still waits too long sometimes before passing off on the option and often decides too early to keep the ball. And he still throws it up for grabs too much... but then some of the pros do too, I guess."

Despite such quibbles, Bryant has such confidence in Lewis and his backup, Paul Fields, that he spent much of the spring teaching the Tide the I-formation, the better to utilize the passing skills of Lewis and Fields and the outside speed of wide receivers Jesse Bendoric and Joey Jones. But 'Bama's bread and butter will still be running out of the Wishbone, and much of its success will depend upon Patrick, an extraordinarily gifted junior who is the best of the 10 returning running backs. Alas, Patrick was AWOL the first day of practice last summer, was suspended from the team before the Vanderbilt game last September for missing a prepractice training-room treatment and made matters worse by going home—a no-no in Bryant's eyes—during his suspension. Then, before the Cotton Bowl, he was in a car that was stopped in which marijuana was being used, although Patrick was not smoking it himself and was not charged. This spring his trouble was his grades, his eligibility teetered in

the balance until he passed the semester's courses. "I'm glad Coach Bryant gave me second, third and fourth chances to get myself together," says Patrick. "I can't accuse anybody but myself of causing problems."

With Patrick apparently straightened out, the problems won't be Alabama's. Instead, it will be poor Georgia Tech, which will have to play a revenge-motivated 'Bama in the season opener, and Penn State, which comes to Birmingham on Oct. 9, that will have to do the worrying. After that Alabama will spell trouble for the rest of the SEC, except for defending co-champion Georgia. Another problem 'Bama won't have is playing the Bulldogs; owing to the rotation of the conference schedule, the Tide will go through the third of four straight years without having to play Georgia—and Herschel Walker.



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College Football/The Top 20

12 ARKANSAS

Lou Holtz spent the summer watching films of his Arkansas Razorbacks, then switching to films of the other Southwest Conference teams, then switching back to flicks of the Hogs, and then scratching his head, trying to figure out how this year is going to go. Holtz couldn't come up with an answer. Finally, he scratched his head some more and said, "Most years you can say, 'Well, the worst we're going to do is this.' Heck, this season I feel like I'm going into finals and I'm not even sure if I studied the right course."

The course for the Razorbacks last spring wasn't so much football as winning football. "There's a fine line between being a good football team and a great one," Holtz says. "It's leadership and having a plan that you believe in so strongly that you're willing to jump on the grenade."

Last year Arkansas led in the fourth quarter of all its 11 regular-season games, which says something. The Hogs lost three of them, which says something else—like, someone wasn't stuffing out those grenades in the winning moments. And though Holtz says that his 1982 team "probably has more good football players" than any other he has coached, the Razorbacks can't depend on the fourth—or any other—quarter getting easier, because the Southwest Conference has never been stronger from top to bottom. "Not only don't I know how good or bad we're going to be," says Holtz, "I do know that we're in the toughest conference in the country."

Things are fine where the offense begins, which is on the line—specifically, the right side, where Guard Steve Korte and Tackle Alfred Mohammed will be working alongside Center Jay Bequette. Korte is the best lineman Holtz has had at Arkansas, and it's easy to see why: He's 6' 2½", 263 pounds and is capable of bench-pressing three reps of 525 pounds each. Arkansas has two quality quarterbacks, senior Tom Jones, brother of the Rams' Bort and a two-year starter until he injured a knee last year, and sophomore Brad Taylor, who came on in the last five games of '81 and ended up as the Southwest Conference Offensive Newcomer of the Year. A

There's talent, to be sure, but is it enough to give the Razorbacks an edge in the Southwest Conference?



Holtz is wrestling with finding the right position for Anderson.

shoulder injury kept Taylor out of spring practice, so Jones was the starter again, but Taylor will be hard to hold back. Holtz has said that Taylor has the quickest release of any quarterback he has ever coached. Reminded that among those was Joe Namath, Holtz says, "Yeah, I know."

What Holtz would most like to find is a running back, a wide receiver and a free safety. He knows he can fill one of those positions with senior Gary Anderson. But which one? As a running back last year, Anderson was the Razorbacks' leading rusher, with 616 yards, and he was also the second-leading receiver, with 26 catches, and the leading punt returner. Twice before, Holtz has wanted to move the 6' 1", 175-pound Anderson to wide re-

ceiver, but on both occasions he was forced to keep him in the backfield and cringe each time Anderson took a pounding. This year Holtz swears Anderson will be a receiver—except of course when he plays running back... or if he's desperately needed at free safety.

Holtz is also looking for a ball-carrying bruiser, or what he calls a "cowbell" back. "That," says Holtz, "is a guy who can carry the ball 20 times a game and shows up to practice on Monday without a lawyer, an agent or a doctor." He hopes his cowbell will be Jessie Clark, a 6' 1", 227-pounder who carried the ball 106 times last year. Twenty per game would double his load.

"You can't possibly hope to have a real good year if you aren't real good on defense," says Holtz. "We have a few question marks, but I think we have a chance to be real good there." Really. End Billy Ray Smith, a magnificent 6' 3½", 228-pound specimen who was one of the four finalists for last year's Lombardi Award, is the key. He's a friendly, easygoing type—he plays guitar and piano and a little softball in the summer—until he gets on a football field. Last year Smith made 50 unassisted tackles. A bout with hepatitis weakened him somewhat this summer, however. Also on the sick list, with mononucleosis, was starting Tackle Phillip Boren. At cornerback are Danny Walters and Nathan Jones, and the strong safety is Keith Burns. All of them high-quality defenders.

One man the Hogs will surely miss is Bruce Lahay, the nation's top field-goal kicker last year, especially because Holtz predicts that at least six games will be won or lost in that fourth quarter. But Holtz also says, "I just feel we'll have that resolved by the time we get going." Perhaps his optimism derives from freshman Ernie Villarreal, who broke all the Carson (Calif.) High School records of former Razorback Placekicker Ish Ordonez.

Meanwhile, Holtz is locked in the projection room, studying every step the Razorback bet players took last year and hoping that Central Casting may have slipped a Jim Brown look-alike into one of those crowd scenes.

B MIAMI

Everywhere around the University of Miami the talk is of a national championship for the Hurricanes this year. And if you believe such chatter, well, there's also lots of choice beach-front property around Miami for sale at \$100 an acre, if you'll buy sight unseen, pay cash and agree to getting the deed in the mail.

Obviously, the thought of a national title for the Hurricanes is utterly laughable, except for one thing: Everything Coach Howard Schnellenberger has said his team would achieve since he arrived on the Coral Gables campus on Jan. 8, 1979 has been achieved. In 1980, his motto was "A bowl is the goal." Miami went 8-3 and to the Peach Bowl, its first postseason appearance since 1967. In 1981, his slogan was "Reaching higher," and the Hurricanes went higher, to 9-2, including a shocking win over then No. 1-ranked Penn State. Had the NCAA not put the Hurricanes on probation for the year, they surely would have gone to a bowl. This year the pre-gawing Schnellenberger's line is "Go for it"—"it," of course, is the national championship.

Come on, Howard, is your team really any good? "They think so," he says. "And in fact, they have a chance to be a very good football team. I predicate that on Jim Kelly." Ah, yes, Jim Kelly, the senior quarterback with the golden arm who already has passed for 4,643 yards, breaking the school record set by Miami's greatest football legend, George Mira. 1961-63 Kelly has established a slew of other marks, including Most Affable. That means the other guys will block for him. When Schnellenberger is asked about Kelly's weaknesses, he sucks on his pipe and then says, "It's hell when a coach has to study on a question like that." After a spell more, Schnellenberger says, "His improvement will be based on how much our coaching improves, because he does everything we ask him."

Kelly himself claims he needs to get better at knowing when to pull the ball down and run, rather than stand interminably in the pocket until he's suddenly involved in a big wreck. And former Quarterback Earl Morrall,

Schnellenberger, a sloganer par excellence, says this is the year for his Hurricanes to "Go for It"



Schnellenberger and Kelly are two good reasons for Miami to cheer.

who coaches the Miami signal-callers, says Kelly needs to improve on his timing so he'll have the confidence to throw at the moment his receiver is open, even with a defensive back nearby, instead of waiting for the receiver to get a step in the clear. And, says Morrall, Kelly needs to have a better idea of what's going on behind him while he's concentrating downfield.

Kelly will have impressive help from a big, tough offensive line. Make that two big, tough offensive lines. The Hurricanes have six 1981 lettermen ready, willing and able for blocking duty, plus three good people who were red-shirted last year. Says Center Don Bailey, "We are intense and we are mean."

Another key returnee is Split End Rocky

Bell, who had an appendectomy early last year and missed two games. He still made 15 catches for an average gain of 23.8 yards—gulp!—and showed a ton of courage on the crossing patterns.

Overall the offense, which set school records for total yardage each of the past two seasons, should be even better this time around.

There is somewhat less to cheer when it comes to the defense, mostly because the two fine tackles from 1981, Bob Nelson and All-American Lester Williams, are gone. To fill the breach, Middle Guard Tony Chickillo, who was second among the Hurricanes in tackles last year with 96, has been shifted to one tackle. At the other tackle will be Fred Robinson, who at 235 pounds is too small except when it comes to his ticker. Says Chickillo, "We ain't going to have the defense we had last year, so we'll have to hustle." There is also concern about the secondary, especially at free safety, where Fred Marion starred for three years. Marion is gone, and neither of his replacements, Eddie Williams and Dave Driehardt, has much experience.

The basis for the pervasive optimism at the U of M isn't so much the Hurricanes' talent, which is considerable, but Schnellenberger's success in getting the players and fans to believe in him and his system. After all, in the '70s the Hurricanes had six coaches before Howard, and none of them got anywhere. You had to knock on a lot of doors in those days to find a Miami fan. As Schnellenberger says, "It's hard to care after 13 years of being terrible." But the fans care once again. The average attendance was 24,000 in 1980, last year it was 39,851.

The Hurricanes open on Sept. 4 at Florida. Make that Hated Florida. Miami has whipped the Gators four years running, including last season, when Danny Miller's 55-yard field goal with 40 seconds left hit an upright and caromed through for a 21-20 win. Florida was not amused. Anyway, if the Hurricanes beat the Gators again and then whip Houston the following week, they could be well on their way to proving that all those optimists in Miami may not be cockeyed after all.

College Football/The Top 20

14 SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI

The first time Reggie Collier went out for football, he did so on the sly. He was 12 then and living with his grandparents, the Rev. Robert and Mrs. Octavia Nance, who objected to the sport on religious grounds. "It's an event of the world," explains Octavia, "and the Bible tells us to rise above those things of the world that lead to temptation." Besides, the Nances feared for Reggie's health. At 6' 4" and 205 pounds, he's lanky now. As an eighth-grader in D'Iberville, near Biloxi on Mississippi's Gulf Coast, Collier could have rented himself out as a TV antenna.

Collier's grandparents eventually allowed him to play football, and the Southern Mississippi faithful praise the Lord. Collier, a quarterback, last season led the Golden Eagles to a 13-13 standoff with Alabama—I WAS THERE WHEN WE TIED THE BEAR read the bumper stickers—a 7-6 victory over Mississippi State, a 9-1-1 record and their second bowl appearance in two years. (They lost 19-17 to Missouri in the Tangerine.)

In a 58-34 defeat of Florida State, Collier ran for 150 yards and completed seven of eight passes before leaving the game with 44 points on the board and enough Heisman ballots in the box to finish ninth. On the season he completed 58.3% of 139 passes and had only four intercepted. Says Coach Jim Carmody, "He's still doing some things wrong out there, but the thing about him is, they turn out right—like missing a hand-off and going around the wrong end for a touchdown." A 4.45 man in the 40, Collier had TD runs of 24, 52, 53, 54, 69, 80 and 84 yards and wound up the only NCAA quarterback ever to pass and rush for 1,000 yards in one season. And he fumbled just once.

Collier also shone this summer as a salesman of men's suits and sportswear at Waldo's "on the Hattiesburg Mall." Says Waldo's manager, Jimmy Gemenhardt, "Collier's pretty knowledgeable about clothes, and he's very alert to the customers. Of course, some of them are alert to him, too."

Counting Collier, who's now a senior, seven offensive starters are back from last year's team, including Flanker Louis Lipps and Split

It's a blessing to Golden Eagle disciples that religious scruples didn't halt Collier's career



Collier will make sure Carmody's first season suits his expectations.

End Don Horn, who averaged 15.8 yards a catch in 1981. Horn, who's only 5' 9", knows that he doesn't fit the poo mold. Thus, over the summer he used the knowledge acquired as a criminal justice major to get a start on a career by working as an intern—in a patrol car—for the Hattiesburg Police Department.

The Eagles will replace tailbacks Sammy Winder, now with the Denver Broncos, and Ricky Floyd, a Cleveland Brown, with Sam Dejanette, a former halfback in Auburn's wishbone offense who transferred to Southern Mississippi because he felt the tailback trapped inside of him trying to get out. The center is Carmody's son Steve, an accounting major who two years ago won an award as the male freshman with the best academic record at the university.

Carmody Sr. was the architect of the Nasty

Bunch defense, which got its name from the disposition of Linebacker Cliff Lewis, now with the Green Bay Packers. At the time Carmody, or Big Nasty, was defensive coordinator under Coach Bobby Collins, who gave no indication of stepping aside. Collins, a native Mississippian, had frequently said, "There are few, if any, jobs that I'd move for." With nowhere to go in Hattiesburg, in February 1981 Carmody signed on as defensive line coach for the Buffalo Bills. Last season the Bills had 14 more sacks than ever before. Then, last winter, SMU's offer of a reported \$100,000-per-year, multiyear contract lured Collins to Dallas, and suddenly Carmody was back at Hattiesburg, this time as the head coach.

Carmody will have nine starters returning from the 1981 Navy Bunch that allowed the fewest points in the nation (8.1 per game). They include Nose Guard Jerald Baylis, Cornerback Bruce (Juice) Miller and Linebacker Greg Kelley, who led the Golden Eagles with 133 tackles in 1981 and was a high school teammate of Collier's. Kelley recalls when Collier decided, with reservations, to be among the first blacks ever to play for the D'Iberville High Warriors. There were no incidents, for which Collier credits Warrior Coach Buddy Singleton. But, Kelley adds, "A lot of it was Reggie himself, the way he is. I know it sounds like I'm making it up, but he has the dignity that always rises above that kind of stuff."

The Golden Eagles will have to prevail against a tougher schedule than they faced last season, when they were ranked as high as 11th. Auburn and Ole Miss replace the likes of Texas-Arlington and Lamar, and the "Bama game" (Nov. 13) has been moved from Birmingham, where the Tide has lost twice and tied once in three years, to Tuscaloosa, where it's undefeated in 18.

But one obstacle in the way of Southern Mississippi football is getting smaller all the time. Collier's grandparents still object to the idea of football, but Octavia will now watch him play on TV. "After all, he's my grandson," she says, "and if I get a chance to look at him, I'm going to look at him."

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College Football / The Top 20

15 TEXAS A&M

We'll be as good as our offensive line," says Texas A&M Offensive Coordinator Pat Ruel. If true, that's unsettling news around College Station, where hopes are extremely high—unrealistically so—following the hiring of Pat genius Jackie Sherrill as the new head coach. Of course, writing out a couple of checks for a total of \$1.62 million to entice a football coach to come and blow his whistle on your field tends to make one fervently believe that it's going to pay off. Big. And quickly.

If Ruel is correct, however, the Aggies may be in for a disappointment. As he concedes glumly, "The offensive line isn't our strength. My job is to turn them around." To this end, he sent all his offensive incoherents a 16-line memo in May, in which he outlined his summer orders for them. One message was repeated 14 times: "Lift weights." Then he added a postscript: "There was a central theme to this letter. Those of you who can demonstrate this theme without verbal exchange are destined for greatness."

Ruel's hopes—indeed, Sherrill's hopes—rest primarily on 6'4" Right Tackle Tommy Robinson, not only the line's best player but also, at 275 pounds, the heaviest. Other starters who have been pumping iron include Tackle Bryan Dausin, 6'4", 274 pounds; guards Greg Porter, 6'4", 240, and Tim Ward, 6'5", 275; and Center Matt Darwin, 6'4", 248. Unfortunately, pass blocking doesn't seem to be their strength, and if that doesn't change quickly, it's going to cause at least a one-season hold in Sherrill's plans for improving the Aggies' fortunes.

To make matters still worse, one of last year's starting guards, Aubrey Ralston, couldn't handle his books and has left school, as has backup Guard Ken Choyce.

The good news is the Aggies' early schedule. Sherrill plays four straight games at home—against Boston College, Texas-Arlington, Louisiana Tech, and Texas Tech. So A&M should be a heady 4-0 when it hits the big guys and the bright lights starting on Oct. 9 in Houston.

The Aggies also play SMU, Arkansas and Texas on the road, a very long and tough road.

The Aggies have bought the coach they wanted; now it's time to get a return on their investment



Sherrill and Guthrie go over the X's and O's on a magnetic board.

partner. An 8-3 year would be wildly cheered in College Station and probably get the Aggies to a bowl of some sort. And as Associate Athletic Director Charley Thornton says, "I've never met a bowl I didn't like." Thornton speaks from experience. Until this year he held the same position at Alabama, which has gone to 23 straight postseason games. Of course, the bowl everyone around College Station really wants to visit is the Cotton, in which A&M has played only once over the past 41 New Year's Days.

Sherrill likes to dream that maybe the Aggies can win them all, but he is more prudent in public, saying, "We're a long way from having a real good football team."

Maybe not quite that far. Quarterback Gary Kubiak seems to have grasped the new Sherrill offensive system well ("At first," he

says, "I didn't know if I would ever get it"), and while he doesn't have a go-deep arm, he is brainy and anticipates well. Last season, for example, he picked apart the Arkansas secondary, completing 19 of 28 passes for 233 yards in a 10-7 loss to the heavily favored Razorbacks. Kubiak also loves the fact that "Coach Sherrill likes to throw on first down," and the quarterback is further enthused that he'll have four or five receivers blazing downfield instead of only two or, in moments of wild abandon, three, as was the case during Tom Wilson's more conservative regime at A&M.

Sherrill employs a pro set, and the thinking is that while Kubiak called audibles some 35% of the time last year, he'll be changing signals in reaction to defensive alignments as often as 70% under the Sherrill take-whenever-they-give philosophy of offense. Quarterback Coach Greg Davis says, "We're going out to win this year, rather than trying not to lose. Last year we didn't rely on Gary being great. This season we expect him to be great—and he expects to be." A plus for Kubiak is the receiving ability that Fullback Earnest Jackson has shown in practice. Jackson has already proved he is a strong inside runner, having gained 887 yards last season, but he must improve his blocking techniques.

Jackson complements the sometimes dazzling open-field running of Tailback Johnny Hector, whose principal shortcoming is the inconsistency of his desire. Says Ruel, "The question is, 'Will Hector be hungry this fall?' If he is, he may be the best running back in the nation."

Altogether, the Aggies get back nine starters on offense and eight on defense from their 7-5 team of 1981. Speaking of defense, sophomore Right Tackle Ray Childress is circumspect, "You can't complain when people brag on you, but I know we have to learn to tackle a whole lot better. That's what football is." The other tackle, Keith Guthrie, says, "We're good, but we're not where we're supposed to be. And we can't rely entirely on the defense. The offense has to do something." Too true.

16 NOTRE DAME

The Golden Dome seems to have lost some of its luster. The Irish were 5-6 in 1981, their worst record in 18 years. And even if that was an aberration caused by Coach Gerry Faust's having been plucked from Modler High School in Cincinnati (where he had gone 174-17-2 over 18 years) and set down smack in the middle of the most tradition-laden college football program in the country, it's hard to see Notre Dame doing any better than 7-4 this season. That holds, no matter how firm a grasp Faust gets on things this time around.

Prudent souls must mark Notre Dame down for a loss against Michigan in its nationally televised Sept. 18 opener, along with defeats at the hands of Pitt and Penn State. And to have a 7-4 year the Irish either must beat USC in L.A. or pull off a home win over Miami. It was the Hurricanes who humiliated the Irish 37-15 in the final game of 1981. Things got so bad at Notre Dame that for the first time in years there was hickering and grumbling in the locker room, the players openly doubting the coach. Their goal ultimately became not winning but getting to the end of the season without embarrassing themselves. They accomplished neither.

Faust says of his 1981 baptism, "I'll never get over it. It makes you take stock." Which he did, and some

of the things that showed up on his inventory sheet weren't to his liking. He fired Offensive Line Coach Tom Backhus, and Defensive Line Coach Bill Meyers left to take a job with Green Bay. Faust replaced Backhus with Carl Selmer, a former Miami head coach and an assistant at Nebraska for 11 years, and Greg Blache, an offensive backfield coach for the Irish last year, takes over the defensive line. Backhus was a longtime friend, and his dismissal immediately took care of Faust's nice-guy image. It also established him as a take-charge type at a time when the most volatile of the Irish faithful were beginning to think they were taken.

Another 5-6 season could give Faust a chance to get into a new line of work, and not surprisingly he's a much more sober and cautious fellow this time around. "Our football

The Irish were 5-6 in Gerry Faust's first year, so there's no place to go but up, and that's where they're headed



To Faust, Duerson is nothing less than a "blue-chip blue chip."

team is a big question mark," he says. "But we're not going to be bad."

No, but the fact that 19 starters return from last year's team isn't the good news it might seem to be. As many as half a dozen of those holdovers won't be starting this fall, including two of the nine returning defensive regulars.

And there's uncertainty at key positions. Junior Quarterback Blair Kiel won the job in spring practice, but Kiel hasn't been an effective passer—he completed only 44% of his attempts last year—and Faust wants to pass a lot this fall. The new quarterback and receivers coach, former UCLA assistant Ron Hudson, is installing a system that, he says, "will give Blair a chance to succeed. There will be shorter routes and more high-percentage patterns. We'll stretch the defense deep and open the windows. We'll scheme and give a lot of

different looks." Most of all, the Irish will have Kiel rolling out much of the time so he can get a better look at his receivers. Nobody is saying so, but there's an underlying feeling that should Kiel falter—even a little—it might be an excuse for replacing him with a heralded sophomore, Ken Karcher.

Whoever the passer is, he'll be helped by senior Tight End Tony Hunter, the leading receiver the past two seasons. Hunter will at last be playing full time in the right position, after having to divide his time between split end and wingback for much of last season in a Faustin experiment that ended up backfiring on the coach.

Tailback Phil Carter, one of the Irish tri-captains, doesn't have a lock on his position, what with junior Greg Bell having played brilliantly in the spring. The offensive line has familiar and talented players on hand, including Tom Thayer, Randy Elbs, Mike Shurer and Mark Fischer, but its depth is dubious. The defensive line must be rebuilt, but that's usually an easier task than doing the same job on offense. The secondary is firmly anchored by senior Strong Safety Dave Duerson, who last year had 55 tackles and two interceptions. Says Faust, "Dave is a blue-chip blue chip, as a football player and as a person." Duerson, who passes off "81

as "just a transition year, that's all," sees nothing but blue sky. He says he's still learning how to be patient. In the past he has often been too anxious to be where the action seemed to be, which meant he was generally too quick to come up and help against the run, only to be stung by a pass. "I never feel that one of those receivers will get past me," he says, "but I guess every good defensive back feels deep in his brain that if a guy does get by you, you can scramble back in time."

Nobody doubts the talent that Notre Dame can put on the field, it's the man standing on the sideline who's still a question mark. Faust is well aware of that and he's not offended by it. "I know what I have to do," he says. "Win." A lot, because around South Bend, a 7-4 year is no cause for great celebration. And 5-6, well, .

College Football/The Top 20

17 SOUTHERN CAL

We'll have a damn good season," says Southern Cal Coach John Robinson. "Count on it." O.K., John, but would it hurt your feelings if we didn't count on it a lot?

Fact is, USC looks as if it might only be good instead of its usual very good. Indeed, when Traveler III, the horse that Southern Cal mascot Tommy Trojan rides, did a pratfall during the Oklahoma game last fall, it may have been a bad omen. Not long after the horse tripped, USC did, too, getting itself banned from bowl games for the next two years because of a scandal involving a coach selling complimentary tickets for players. That penalty might erode the Trojan spirit this fall. Things could get a nice disheartening on the field, too, where the fabled tailback position will be in largely untried hands—and feet—and where former starting Quarterback John Mazur, a sophomore, has been told to take a seat while Sean Salisbury, also a sophomore, moves in as signal-caller.

Truth be told, USC's reputation is in danger of slipping. For although the Trojans have won 12 conference titles over the last 20 seasons and have had four Heisman winners in that span, they have finished third and tied for second in the Pac-10 the past two seasons. By USC standards that represents failure. "We had a good team last year," says Robinson, "but we lost three games. We need people who played satisfactorily in 1981 to play brilliantly in 1982."

What happened last year is that the Trojans' usually swarming defense didn't crowd anybody. Thus, in trying to keep the defense off the field, the offense became way too conservative. It was "See Marcus [Allen] run" and little else. Not that there was much choice, as one member of the athletic department says, "We couldn't pass, which probably didn't matter, because we couldn't catch."

These days Robinson is trying to sell anyone who will listen on the idea that "if you win all 11 games you're pretty good, even if you don't get to play in a bowl." Secondary Coach Nate Shaw is similarly upbeat, saying, "We can win a national championship and get a chance to spend Christmas at home."

The Trojans are ineligible for a bowl game, which could make things rough for regular-season rivals



Robinson isn't stretching it in calling Matthews "one of the best."

Shaw is half right. Among the season's rigors for Southern Cal is an opener on Sept. 11 against Florida in Gainesville, and then a trip two weeks later to Oklahoma. Yet Robinson has never conducted a more no-nonsense spring practice than he did a few months ago, and Noseguard George Achica, the Trojans' defensive anchor, says of the no-bowl business, "Deprivation is a great motivator."

Salisbury, for one, seems to be plenty turned on, perhaps because he's "scared to death" at having been assigned the No. 1 quarterback. In spring practice he showed that he can throw better on deep patterns than Mazur. And he has the right people rooting for him. Says Robinson, "I think his future is unlimited." For his part, Salisbury says

diplomatically, "It's a shame two quarterbacks can't play at the same time. But my idea of playing football isn't sitting on the bench."

At tailback three candidates are vying to supplant Allen. The probable starter is sophomore Fred Crutcher, who has a feel for following his blockers. Close behind are junior Michael Harper, who's the quickest of the three, and sophomore Zep Lee, who's the most powerful.

If the backfield shakes out—the fullback will be the speedy Todd Spencer—all will be well, because the offensive line is up to traditional USC standards. Offensive Line Coach Hudson Houck concedes that his guys "rank right up there with the best we've ever had." Consider: Over the past 18 years, 17 Southern Cal offensive linemen have been first-team All-Americans. The most formidable of the current bunch is senior Week-side Tackle Don Mosebar, a starter for the Trojans since his freshman year. Mosebar agreed when Houck told him earlier this year that he wasn't playing nearly as well as he should be, given his ability. Thus, in spring practice, Mosebar became hell on legs, crashing with a vengeance and finishing off his blocks—something that he'd been lockadamical about—with vigor. And on the other side, senior Strongside Guard Bruce Matthews has suddenly gotten the message that good pass protection means locking out with the legs, i.e.,

spreading his legs so he occupies the maximum amount of turf. Matthews, who has performed ably for USC at every interior offensive line position, should be better than ever.

Split End Jeff Simmons, who makes acrobatic catches with the best of 'em, says, "A player comes to USC because he wants to find out if he's as good as he thinks he is." Too often in recent years the players—and coaches—have not liked the answers they've gotten. All too few of them seem to have taken the view elucidated by Simmons, who says, "There's no better feeling than when a group of people gets together and does something to the best of each one's ability." If that attitude prevails, there will be no pratfalls at USC this fall.

IS FLORIDA

The Gators would like to snap up their first SEC title, but they play a schedule that could eat them alive



Peace needs no cue from Pell to pass. He will come out blazing.

As a three-year starter at tackle and guard for Bear Bryant in the early '60s, Charley Pell knows well what it's like to look into the baleful eyes of a crouching monster. As Pell, now head coach at Florida, states in the schedule facing his 1982 Gators, he should have no trouble recalling when he was dug in against some behemoth from Auburn or Mississippi. Florida opens with Miami and closes with Florida State, and everything in between, as Pell puts it, "is the Burma Road."

"There are a lot of don't dos in the coaching book written as law," sighs Pell, who is charged with gaining the Gators' first-ever SEC championship, "and in 1982 we violate more of them than any group I've ever been associated with. You do not schedule two teams like Miami and Southern Cal back to back. You do not schedule Mississippi State and LSU back to back. You do not schedule Auburn and Georgia back to back. You do not play Kentucky in Lexington in November. And you do not have three open dates. We've got all those things."

Besides the imposing schedule, which seems designed to keep impact for a 76th straight season Florida's record of never winning all its games, the Gators face other obstacles. Among them, filling four glaring holes in a defense that was the best in the SEC last season; operating without a proven punter or placekicker; and finding a running game to complement the tested quarterbacks and receivers. "We've got some real worry spots," says Pell, who nevertheless scooped up four of the top-ranked high school running backs in Florida—John Williams of Palatka, Leon Pennington of Oakland Park, Neal Anderson of Graceville and Joe Henderson of Winier Garden.

Sorely missed by the defense will be All-America Tackle Dave Galloway and Nose-guard Robin Fisher, they have graduated to the NFL (St. Louis and Miami, respectively). Gone, too, is Alonzo Johnson, an outside linebacker who was outstanding as a freshman but is sitting out the year on disciplinary action. The fourth loss was Strong Safety Kyle Knight, who suffered a concussion in an

auto accident and had to give up football.

When Pell took command of Florida at the end of the 1978 season—after leading Clemson to a 10-1 trip into the nation's Top 10—his immediate priority was the signing of large and talented linemen, a quest now completed. The Gators' front wall averages 250 pounds. "We've got people who can play the line, but they all are as green as a guard," says Pell, showing that he at least read the chapter on self-deprecating preseason remarks in the coach's guide.

While the offensive line might still be learning its trade, a lot of mistakes will be made up for by Wilbur Marshall, a junior linebacker with All-SEC credentials, which take into account his 11 sacks in 1981.

Another bright spot in the defense is the secondary, which is talented, experienced (only Knight is gone) and deep, if not altogether hale. Vito McKeever and Victor Bradley will be testing knees after surgery, and Ivory Curry, who was also the Gators' leading kick returner, was operated on in mid-June for an obstructed bowel.

"How they come back is very important," understates Pell, "but we could start the most experienced secondary we've ever had."

The Gators have hung up 8-4 and 7-5 records the past two seasons by playing pitch-and-catch with great success and have all the folks who can provide them with more of the same. Pell is in the luxurious position of having just one but three talented quarterbacks. Last year's starter, Wayne Peace—intelligent, poised and weighing in at 220 pounds—has played only 17 games but already is No. 3 in Florida career total offense, behind John Reeves and Steve Spurrier. Senior Bob Hewko is equally adept at moving the team, but his playing time has been sorely limited by injuries. No. 3 is Roger Sibbald, redshirted last season after knee surgery, who will also do the punting.

Florida's shortcomings on offense the last few seasons have been that, other than Fullback James Jones, Pell hasn't had anybody who could run with the ball. Last season Jones was the second-leading rusher in the SEC, far behind Georgia's H. Walker (617 yards to 1,891). Florida may have found a tailback to provide the dash to go along with Jones's hard-nosed slashes. Lorenzo Hampton took off the redshirt he wore last season as a freshman and showed in spring practice that he has both the talent and the speed to keep opponents from keying on Jones. Pell also hopes that at least one more ready-to-play tailback will be found among the four gifted freshmen.

"We'll be tested to the seams," says Pell. "Our concern is how quickly our freshmen can help us. With our schedule, we'll have to drive hard in preseason, reach a peak early and then meet the challenge of maintaining that over a long period of time." *Whe*

College Football/The Top 20

19 BRIGHAM YOUNG

Steve Young, Brigham Young's junior quarterback, wants all of America to get two things straight right now. First off, it's no big deal to be a great-great-great-grandson of Brigham Young. "It's kinda cool, I guess," Young says. "I'm proud of my heritage, sure. But you've got to remember I grew up in Connecticut, where everybody's related to somebody on the Mayflower. Nobody back there ever made the connection."

Besides, didn't Brigham Young father most of Utah? "Well," Young says, laughing, "he did have more than 20 wives. That makes a lot of offspring."

There. That's settled. No big deal. The second point: "I am not Jim McMahon." Young says. "Nor do I want to be Jim McMahon." Fair enough. Although McMahon, the second quarterback chosen in last year's pro draft (by the Chicago Bears), isn't a bad role model. In his two-plus years as a starter at BYU, he set 55 NCAA records and tied another in passing and total offense. But don't remind Steve Young.

"I'm always asked what it's like to follow all the great BYU quarterbacks—Gifford Nielsen, Marc Wilson and of course, old McMahon. I'm always asked if I'll be better than McMahon. The answer is yes. I'm always asked if I can fill his shoes. No—Jim's a 10, I'm a 12."

"Look, I'll probably never set 55 NCAA records, but that doesn't matter. As long as the team goes 12-0, I'll be happy."

Well, that's settled. Young has a right to gripe. He's tired of comparisons—"Marc Wilson was taller than me, McMahon and I, size-wise and style-wise, are very much alike." He's also tired of the "natural" story angle. "I just want people to get to know me," he says.

Coach LaVell Edwards says once people get to know Young, they won't forget him. He runs like a halfback and thinks like a scholar. He also has a strong arm—he's a lefty—and a keen ability to read complex defenses. Ah, Jim who?

New Quarterback Coach Mike Holmgren says Young has another quality that will put

If any team can sustain the loss of a passer like Jim McMahon without missing a beat, it's the Cougars



Edwards, Young and the QB's great-great-great-grandfather.

him right up there with the best of them. "He's a perfectionist," says Holmgren, a USC quarterback during the O.J. Simpson days, who comes to BYU after 11 years of high school coaching in San Jose and San Francisco and, most recently, a year at San Francisco State. "Steve is possessed with the need to be the best."

So, quite apparently, is Edwards. Featuring McMahon, All-America Receiver Danny Punter and Tight End Gordon Hudson, the BYU offense led the nation in scoring last year (38.7 points per game). That was the third straight scoring title for the Cougars. And BYU has been No. 1 in passing five of the last six years (356.9 yards per game). Ed-

wards, 86-32-1 for his 10 years at BYU, isn't about to settle for anything less. Nor is he planning to surrender the WAC title, which the Cougars have won the past six years.

Young's main target will be Hudson, who has set NCAA records for most catches in a season (67) and yardage (1259) by a tight end in a single game. Hudson was ranked fifth in the nation with those 67 catches for 960 yards and 10 TDs last year. And he's only a junior. At wide receiver are Scott Collier (15.5 yards per catch) and Neil Balholm (15).

And what BYU can't do in the air it can with its generally overlooked ground game. Tailback Scott Pettis (94 carries, 499 yards), a former high school valedictorian who's now a premed major, and Fullback Waymon Hamilton (96 carries, 394 yards) are the starters, but junior college transfers Eddie Stannett and Casey Tuamalu will see frequent action.

On defense the Cougars list all-WAC Linebacker Kyle Whittingham but have experience up front with starting tackles Mike Morgan (6' 4", 260 pounds) and Chuck Elum (6' 4", 272), the biggest players on the team. The defensive backfield consists of Tom Holmoe, Mike Jensen, Kevin Walker and Greg Peterson, premed majors all, who have experience in cutting opposing offenses down to size. Two years ago Holmoe led the conference in interceptions with seven. Punter Mike Mees has a 40.9-yard average, and Placekicker Kurt

Ganther set an NCAA record two years ago for PATs made (64 of 71).

The most noticeable change at BYU will have nothing to do with its wide-open style of play, or even its players. After opening the season on the road against Nevada-Las Vegas, followed by Georgia, the Cougars return to Provo to unveil the enlarged BYU Stadium. A \$13 million expansion project has increased its seating capacity from 33,000 to 66,000, making the stadium the biggest in the WAC and enabling BYU to lure top teams to Provo. "That means twice as many people will be able to watch us," Young says, "and they'll never have any excuse for not knowing who—or what—I am."

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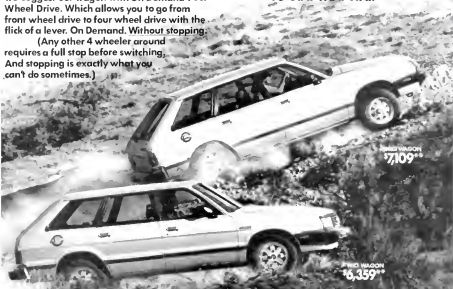
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College Football/The Top 20

20 TEXAS

Robert Brewer, the Texas quarterback, has a confession to make. "All right, I admit it," he says. "When I was little, I rooted for ... Oklahoma." Say it isn't so, Robert! "Hey, I was an impressionable kid."

But Robert, what the devil could have been more impressive to a son than the fact that his father, Charley, was a Longhorn quarterback from 1953 to 1955?

Oh, your Uncle George was in the starting backfield with Durrell Royal at Oklahoma in 1946 and '47 and in the season opener in '48.

And that's why, come showdown time between Texas and Oklahoma each year, L17 Robert inevitably found himself on the wrong side of the fence with some relative. Finally, his exasperated dad had had enough. "When I was about 10, Dad and I played some serious games of catch in our front yard in Dallas," Brewer says. "He pumped me full of Texas football stories, and I started to come around. It's funny, because now I'm such a Longhorn fan that even the Dallas Cowboys don't come close—and they're America's Team. Bigger than America? That's big. It's probably unapologetic, too."

Not in Texas. When Brewer graduated from Richardson High School and found himself with only a handful of scholarship offers, he drove to Austin and convinced Coach Fred Akers that he deserved a shot at playing for the Longhorns. It wasn't until the final four games of last season—after 2½ years of sitting on the bench—that Brewer finally got the chance. Taking over for an injured Rick McIvor in the second half against Houston, he led the 'Horns to a come-from-behind 14-14 tie and then to wins over TCU, Baylor, Texas A&M and Alabama (in a 14-12 Cotton Bowl upset). He completed 12 of 21 passes against 'Bama, scored on a 30-yard draw play and was selected MVP.

McIvor's shoulder injury came just in time—for Brewer, that is. "If I hadn't played last year, I would have quit," he says. "I was miserable. Football had been my self-worth. Those first two years I drank, partied, chased women—anything to forget my predicament. I felt I was letting my parents down, especially

There are too many new faces to satisfy the longing for a national title that pervades Longhorn country



Brewer, option quarterbacks, of Akers' acquisitive dad, DeAyala.

my dad. Finally, I put things into perspective: Texas football isn't bigger than God."

But it's still pretty big. So big that Akers, who was 10-1-1 last year, has won an SWC title (1977) and stands 4-1 against Oklahoma, still doesn't feel all that comfortable sitting in Royal's old chair. He bombed miserably with boosters last season when the Longhorns, riding the crest of a No. 1 ranking and four straight wins, including a 34-14 drubbing of Oklahoma, got annihilated 42-11 by Arkansas in their game in Fayetteville. "We were numb," Brewer says. "It was a weird day—dreary with tornado warnings. It was like everything was in slow motion."

Akers has 34 returning lettermen this sea-

son, but among them are only four offensive and three defensive starters. Gone are All-America Defensive Tackle Kenneth Sims, the No. 1 pick in the '82 NFL draft, Offensive Tackle Terry Tausch, Tailback Jam Jones, receivers Lawrence Sampleton and Donnie Little, and Punter John Goodson. In all, 19 Longhorns signed NFL contracts. Gone also are two of three linebackers, five of six interior linemen and the entire defensive secondary. Things were so thin that Texas had too few players for a spring game, and Akers is still holding tryouts for punners.

Key returns are defensive ends Kiki DeAyala, Eric Holle and Ed Williams, Linebacker Jeff Leasing, Defensive Back Jerry Gray and Offensive Guard Doug Dawson; also, Raul Allegre, the walk-on soccer-style placekicker from Torrance, Coahuila, Mexico via Shelton (Wash.) High and the University of Montana, who led the 'Horns in scoring last season—70 points on 25 of 26 PATs and 15 of 25 field goals.

Akers expects major contributions from tailbacks John Walker, who rushed for 714 yards while spelling Jam Jones in '81, and Mike Luck, who is switching from fullback. Both are heavyweight backs—204 and 200 pounds respectively—in the best Texas tradition. In game-breaking situations, however, both Akers and Brewer will be looking to a junior midweight. Senior Wide Receiver Herkie Walls goes only 153 pounds, but he is the fastest man on the squad (he ran a 10.29 100 for the Texas track team in the spring) and established his credentials as a Big Play man in the Cotton Bowl, where his third-down, 28-yard reception kept the Longhorns' winning TD drive alive. Walls' diminutive size does not prevent him from being used as a ballcarrier. Texas will occasionally take advantage of his speed by springing an end-around play.

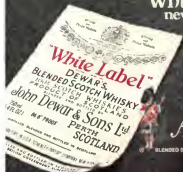
Brewer, though, remains the designated savior. "I'm excited," he says. "No Texas quarterback has made it through a whole season as a starter since the mid-'70s. I've got a chance to be a real leader. I've waited a long time for that."

CONTINUED



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This Is A Rush Hour You Can Enjoy



Speeding in congested areas? Reckless diving? Guilty to a man are the ballcarriers on these pages, representative of a bumper crop of rushers. At the top of the defenders' most-wanted list is Georgia junior Herschel Walker (right), who's not only big (6' 1", 222 pounds) but has world-class speed. He has gained 3,507 yards in two years. Linnie Patrick of Alabama (above) weighs only 175 but averages 5.5 yards per carry operating out of the Tide's wishbone.









Kerwin Bell gained 1,141 yards and all-conference honors as a Kansas freshman in '80. Torn ligaments ruined '81, but Bell is rarin' to go again this season.

Kevin Nelson, first cast as a cornerback at UCLA, has run for 1,364 yards in his two years. The 5' 10" 191-pounder scored five TDs against Arizona State in '81.



Curt Warner, who gained 1,044 yards in '81, "is in the same class as Lenny Moore," says Penn State Coach Joe Paterno. He's 6 feet, 198 and a top kick returner, too.

Eric Dickerson, 6' 3", 215 pounds, averaged 129.8 yards a game for SMU while alternating in the Pony Express backfield with Craig James (104.3-yard average).





College Football

Oklahoma just plain came unstruck in 1981. The Sooners led the nation in rushing offense (334 yards per game), but they fumbled an astounding 52 times and ended up with their worst record (7-4-1) since 1970. Kelly Phelps will direct the never-a-dull-moment Sooner wishbone. He was injured for the last half of 1981 but completed only 33% of his passes when he was healthy. Stanley Wilson ran for 1,008 yards as a fullback but has asked Coach Barry Switzer to move him to halfback. There's a vacancy there because Buster Rhymes is sitting out the season for taking stereo equipment from a teammate's room (Cornerback Elbert Watts, who was also involved in that incident, transferred out of school). Among the other bulkcarriers is a Sims (Fred, no kin to Billy), two Ledbetters (Welden and Jerome, no relation to each other) and a Dupree (Marcus, a freshman and a second cousin to Billy Joel). On defense the Sooners were defenseless in '81 but could be tough if Tackle Rick Bryan and Linebacker Jackie Shipp have supervisors.

Oklahoma could make the Top 20 if it wipes the butter off its fingers, but Kansas' fate seems to be out of its hands already. The NCAA spent most of the summer on an inquiry into the Jayhawks' program, including former Offensive Coordinator John Hadl, who reportedly offered two recruits up to \$30,000 to become Jayhawks, and Tailback Kerwin Bell, who turned out to have been academically ineligible to play football in his freshman year (1980, when he ran for 1,114 yards. Bell tore the ligaments in his right knee in the third game of 1981), but Quarterback Frank Seurer still led the Jayhawks to an 8-4 season. After hanging fire while the NCAA reviewed his transcripts from high school, Bell is back in good graces—and good form—and ready to play. However, Kansas may yet be put on probation because of the recruiting payouts. No decision had been made as of this writing.

The Jayhawks' pass defense, ranked No. 4 in the country in '81, features Cornerback Rod Deneen and Free Safety Roger Foote, but the star of the Jayhawk defensive show is another foot—that of Punter Bucky Scribner. He averaged 43.8 yards on 75 punts last year and placed 20 of them inside the opponent's 20-yard line.

Missouri expected to rebuild in 1981. Instead, the Tigers went 8-4, beating Oklahoma (19-14) for the first time since 1969, opening Southern Miss (19-17) in the Tangerine Bowl and ending the season ranked No. 19 in *SF*'s poll. Only six starters are back from a defense

Best of the Rest



Switzer is all dolled up with athletes like Bryan.



Punting Wilson at quarterback was Truman work.

that allowed fewer yards per play (3.4) than any team except Texas, but among them are Safety Kevin Potter and Cornerback Demetrius Johnson, the hero of the Oklahoma game with a fumble recovery, an interception and a rundown to save a touchdown.

The Tiger offense has a game-breaker in James Caver, a split end and punt and kickoff returner, who averaged 16.1 yards a catch in '81. Caver played junior high football in Hanau, West Germany before his father, James, an Army first sergeant, was transferred to Wayneville. Mo. James Jr. paid his way to Missouri for two years but earned a scholarship with a 52-yard pass-run for a TD in

the '81 opener against—sorry, Dad—Army.

It's Year Two A.P. (after probation) at Auburn, and the War Eagles look ready to take off. Or perhaps they already have. Space shuttle astronauts Ken Mattingly and Henry Hardfield, both Auburn grads, earned Tiger jerseys (numbered 58 and 54 for their respective years of graduation) with them in Columbia, and at launch time Mission Control bade them well with the words "Godspeed and War Eagles!" Auburn has eight home games (including the first six in a row), 15 returning starters, a likely All-American (Donnie Humphrey) at defensive tackle—and, best of all, a No. 1 quarterback. After shuffling four quarterbacks throughout his first year as head coach at Auburn, Pat Dye has settled on junior Randy Campbell to run the wishbone.

The real good news is that Auburn won its in-state recruiting battle with the Bear for the first time since 1968, signing the top three running backs in Alabama—Tommy Agee, Alan Evans and Vincent (Bo) Jackson. The latter is a state decathlon champion and baseball star from McCallie. He was picked in the second round of last June's baseball draft and offered \$200,000 by the Yankees, but he turned out to be just another Jackson who got away.

Head Coach Mike White has turned Illinois around—from 3-7-1 in 1980 to 7-4 in '81—with a pack of junior-college transfers (18 in '81) and a passing attack developed during White's coaching years at Stanford and Cal and, most recently, as an assistant with Bill Walsh's 49ers. There are 10 new jacks on hand to fortify the Illini offensive line and defense, though the efforts of Defensive Tackle Mark Butkus (Dick's nephew), gave up 70 points to Michigan last year.

But the key to the Illini fortunes is Quarterback Tony Eason, who came from a run-oriented J.C. American River College in Sacramento, in 1980, took a redshirt year behind Dave Wilson and last season was the No. 4 passer in the country. He completed 248 of 408 (61%) for 3,360 yards—tops in Big Ten history (Mark Herrmann of Purdue held the previous single-season mark of 3,212). Eason, who set nine Big Ten and 10 school records, including most touchdowns in a season (20), has even been the subject of a hit song around campus, *Champaign Tony*. White calls his Illini offense the *Flare-Flood*, because that's what the receivers do—flare out and flood a zone. And it works. Nine Illini receivers had 15 or more receptions in '81.

The last time Ohio State went into a season unranked was 1979, when a sophomore quar-

continued

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College Football / Best of the Rest

terback named Ari Schlachter led the Buckeyes to 11 victories and to within a yard of a national title in the Rose Bowl. Except for the spot left by Schlachter (he's now a Colt), the Buckeye offense is deep and strong, with the likes of Joe Lukens at guard, Tim Spencer (who ran for 1,217 yards and 12 touchdowns in '81) at tailback and Gary Williams (50 catches for 941 yards and six TDs) at split end. Then there's the great unknown: Sophomore Mike Tomczak led a pack of six quarterback aspirants in the spring, but, says Coach Earle Bruce, "The job is wide open."

Unfortunately, the same applied to Ohio State's defense in '81. The Buckeyes ranked next to last in the country in pass defense (136th out of 137 schools) and gave up more than 30 points on four occasions. After the close call (31-28) against Navy in the Liberty Bowl, Bruce fired his defensive coordinator and two assistants. Marcus Marek, a two-time All-Big Ten middle linebacker, will make another attempt to hold the Buckeye ground. Marek's 148 tackles in 1981 was tops among OSU defenders for the third straight year, his career total now stands at 394. Still, it stacks up as a down year in Columbus, but then again, the last time...

"I heard the thump," said UCLA Place-kicker Norm Johnson, "and I knew it was over." USC's George Achica had raised his left hand and batted down what would have been a last-second winning field goal, and the Bruins lost 22-21 to end the regular season at 7-3-1. Then came a 33-14 loss to Michigan in the Bluebonnet Bowl, which was followed by the off-season loss of three assistant coaches. Coach Terry Donahue has fired 17 assistants in his seven UCLA seasons.

With 15 starters returning—including junior Tailback Kevin Nelson, who missed five games in '81 because of ankle and knee injuries but still gained 883 yards and scored five touchdowns—UCLA should be able to cut its losses in '82. Other key players are Tom Ramsey at quarterback, Cormac Curney at split end and Irv Eastrin at defensive tackle—each scheduled to start for his third season. After facing the likes of Michigan (Sept. 25) and Washington (Nov. 6) on the road, the rematch with George Achica's left hand will be on Nov. 20. Note: That game, along with all UCLA home games for at least the next five years, will be held in the Rose Bowl. The Bruins moved from the L.A. Coliseum after 52 years because they didn't want to share that turf with the NFL Raiders.

Houston's most fearsome player, 6'6", 263-pound second-year All-America Offensive Tackle Maceo Fifer, has the unfearsome



New offense intended, says Bellard to Young.



Humphrey's surety for destiny. He'll do for Dye.

nickname Bunny. His mother dressed him up as a rabbit one Halloween, and the inevitable nickname stuck. The Cougars have seven other offensive starters returning, but they still might be shy of the runners—particularly sticky-fingered runners, in view of the 39 fumbles Houston lost last season—they need to get their veer in order. Houston can count on junior Quarterback Lionel Wilson, who passed for 1,225 yards and ran for 65 more to lead the Cougars to a 7-4-1 finish. The defense, which last season ranked third nationally, giving up an average of 235.6 yards per game, has six starters back, including Cornerback Blutch LaCroix, a promoted senior with a 3.2 grade-point average who was No. 3 in the country with seven interceptions at 10 games.

Mississippi State Quarterback John Bond spent last summer harvesting catfish with his dad on a farm in Greenwood, Miss. It's one sign of the times that the Bond way to skin a cat is by using a machine imported from Germany that heads, guts, skins and fillets 3,000 catfish an hour. That's efficiency. It's another sign of the times that MSU Coach Emory Bellard, the father of the wishbone, spent last winter developing an offense to make the Bulldogs' passing game more efficient. "We've always thrown a lot of passes," says Bellard. "It's just that they've always been backwards, on pitches." His creation is as yet unnamed. It's a triple-option, of course, but it puts four receivers out on most plays. Among those pleased with the new scheme are Split End Glen Young, who runs a 4.37 40 and led the nation in punt returning with a 16.2 average but caught just 19 passes, and 6'5" Tight End Jerry Price, who hauled in 18 hauls and claims to have hands big enough to palm two basketballs. Big deal? That's two in one hand, at once. The reason for the offensive emphasis at Mississippi State is that the defense, ranked No. 6 against the run in '81, lost five starters, including Linebacker Johnnie Cooks (to the Colts) and Tackle Glen Collins (to the Bengals). Back is Mr. Sack Defensive End Billy Jackson, who amassed 31 sacks in two seasons.

Tennessee Linebacker Mark Burns designed and sold T-shirts. Middle Guard Chris Wampler kept souvenir shops supplied with official Fair knives, and Center Scott Heard charmed the kiddies in a Pac-Man costume.

It was World's Fair time in Knoxville, and the Vols were only doing their part—30 in all had summer jobs with the extravaganza. Now it's time for them to do their part to live up to the promise shown last year. It was a young Vol squad that allowed 87 points in its first two games, then came on to yield an average of 17.8 and win eight of the last 10, including the last-ever Garden State Bowl, 28-21 against Wisconsin. The defense gets back eight players, including 6'5", 260-pound Tackle Reggie White, who blocked three extra points in '81, but will miss Panty Jumper Colquitt, who averaged 43.8 yards a boot.

Wally Gault steps in at split end for Anthony Hancock, the Chief? No. I pick Gault, a world-class high hurdler (he was a member of the 1989 U.S. Olympic track team) and a 10.10 man for 100 meters, had better than a 21-yard average on both pass receptions and kickoff returns. In his honor, the offense, which averaged 23 points a game after scoring just seven in those first two contests, was dubbed "Orange Lightning."

CONTINUED

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a Michelob Beer bottle. The hand is positioned with the thumb pointing upwards in a 'thumbs up' gesture. The bottle is covered in condensation droplets. The label on the bottle is partially visible, showing the words 'MICHELOB' and 'BEER'. Above the main label, there is a smaller, partially obscured label with some text. In the top left corner, a bottle cap is shown floating in the air.

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College Football / Conferences

ACC

After nine years as coach at the U.S. Naval Academy, George Webb has moved to Virginia, where he's counting on outstanding Offensive Tackle Dave Sullivan to provide some peace and quiet for the Cavalier quarterbacks. Last year they threw 24 interceptions while the defense picked off only 15. There's hope on defense, too: Safeties Pat Chester and Sean McCall are back after last season's injuries.

Duke's 1980 team was long on brains—it's seniors winning the CFA graduation percentage award (21 of 25)—but short on wins, going 2-9 on the field. The '81 Blue Devils were less cerebral but got four more wins. It was the first winning season for Duke in seven years. Moral? Bring on quarterbacks who can pass footballs as well as courses. The returning duo of Ben Bennett and Ron Saly accounted for 2,333 passing yards in 1981.

Look for some flashy offense at Maryland, where Coach Jerry Claiborne (now at Kentucky) was replaced by Bobby Ross, the offensive backfield coach at Kansas City last year. North Carolina State's offense is led by Tailback Joe McInosh, who rushed for 1,190 yards last season as a freshman.

SPOILER: In 1980 Georgia Tech used Notre Dame, then No. 1, en route to a 1-9-1 record. In '81 the Yellow Jackets upset No. 2-ranked Alabama 24-21 before losing 10 straight.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
CLIFSMON (12-0)	10-2
NORTH CAROLINA (10-2)	9-3
DUKE (6-5)	6-5
MARYLAND (4-4-1)	6-5
NO. CAROLINA ST. (4-7)	6-5
VIRGINIA (1-10)	5-6
WAKE FOREST (4-7)	5-6
GEORGIA TECH (1-10)	3-8

Big Eight

Oklahoma State's linebacker, Mike Green, hits hard. How hard? Suffice it to say he once broke his own face mauling three times in practice. Green and Noseguard Gary Lewis are the gristly heart of the unit that ranked No. 9 in the nation in total defense and helped the Cowboys win seven games. Seventeen starters are back overall joined by, among others, Larry Rouch, who set an NCAA freshman record for field goals with 19.

Iowa State has six starters returning to its offense, but none of them is named Dwayne Crutchfield. His replacement at tailback is Harold Brown, who ran for 2,100 yards at Joliet (Ill.) Junior College.

BUFFALO BRIEFS: Just after Colorado signed up 15 J.C. players to help do something about its calamitous record of seven wins in three years, first-team Wingback Walter Stanley was expelled for trying to sell textbooks that he had on loan from the athletic department. Then Defensive End Mark Morgan and Guard Lee Dudick were booted for selling a history exam. After Chuck Fairbanks fled to the USFL in June, one of new Coach Bill McCartney's first acts was to dismiss No. 2 Wingback Kevin Bowman and Safety LaMear Landrum for allegedly trying to sell a small amount of marijuana.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
NEBRASKA (9-2)	10-2
KANSAS (8-4)	8-4
MISSOURI (8-4)	8-4
OKLAHOMA (7-4-1)	8-4
OKLAHOMA STATE (7-5)	6-5
KANSAS STATE (2-9)	6-5
IOWA STATE (5-5-1)	6-7
COLORADO (3-8)	2-9

Big Sky

Two seasons ago rookie Coach Dave Kragthorpe took over an 0-11 Idaho State team and turned the Bengals into a winning (6-5) squad. Last year they won the Division I-AA national championship with a 34-23 victory over Eastern Kentucky. As masterful as Kragthorpe is, Idaho State has lost too much to repeat—including Mike Machurek, I-AA's No. 1 passer with a 69% completion average, who was drafted by the Detroit Lions. Boise State, on the other hand, has 16 starters returning, including 6'5", 225-pound Defensive Tackle Michael Bourgeois. The decisive battle for the Big Sky title figures to be Boise State vs. Idaho State on Nov. 20.

Idaho led I-AA in rushing and total offense and set a single-game record for total yardage (703) against Simon Fraser. (The Vandals won 52-7, one of three times they scored more than 50 points.) The Cincinnati Bengals drafted Russell Davis, who ran for 345 yards against Portland State, but Idaho still has Ken Hobart, the No. 4 passer in I-AA.

AFTER HOURS: Along with the Ohio Valley and Yankee conferences, the Big Sky adopted the tie-breaker last fall, in which each team gets a chance to score from the 15 in four plays. It was resorted to twice, and Weber State was in both games. The Wildcats won (24-23) when Northern Arizona missed a punter after, but lost to Idaho State (33-30) on a field goal.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
BOISE STATE (10-3)	10-1
IDAHO STATE (12-1)	9-2
NEVADA-RENO (7-4)	8-3
WEBER STATE (7-4)	7-4
MONTANA (7-3)	6-5
IDAHO (3-8)	5-6
NO. ARIZONA (4-7)	3-8
MONTANA STATE (3-7)	2-9

Big Ten

A warning to Michigan and Ohio State, to Minnesota and Illinois, too. Beware of Wisconsin. The Badgers opened the 1981 season by beating Michigan, ranked No. 1 at the time, for the first time since 1962. They went on to defeat Ohio State for the first time since 1959—and earned themselves a bid to the now defunct Garden State Bowl. Most of the team—including All-American Noseguard Tim Krumrie—is back.

Purdue's hopes rest on Scott Campbell, the nation's No. 6 passer last year (he threw for 2,686 yards and 18 touchdowns), while 1981 Rose Bowl representative Iowa is depending on a punter. The Hawkeyes lost nine defensive starters and the No. 1 and 2 quarterbacks after their first winning season in 20 years. The man they'll be calling on all too often is Reggie Roby, who averaged an NCAA record 49.8 yards a punt. Michigan State is in the midst of a rebuilding program—again. Not helping the Spartans is the fact that their two non-conference games are against Notre Dame and Miami.

AND COUNTING: Northwestern's 31-game losing streak is the longest in college football history. The best chances for a break come early, against Miami of Ohio Sept. 18 and Northern Illinois Sept. 25.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
MICHIGAN (9-3)	10-1
ILLINOIS (7-4)	8-3
OHIO STATE (9-3)	7-4
WISCONSIN (7-5)	6-5
PURDUE (5-4)	6-5
MINNESOTA (4-5)	6-5
IOWA (8-4)	5-6
INDIANA (3-8)	4-7
MICHIGAN STATE (5-4)	3-8
NORTHWESTERN (10-11)	1-10

continued

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College Football/Conferences

Ivy League

Asked for the most significant statistic of Dartmouth's 1981 season, Coach Joe Yukica replied, "Frank Potomello's birth date." After No. 1 Quarterback Rick Stafford was hurt, sophomore Potomello led the Big Green to five wins in six games and a share (with Yale) of the Ivy title.

Dartmouth lost most of its defense, but the Elis lost almost their whole starting team, three of whose members were picked in the NFL draft. One who was not, free-agent Quarterback John Rogan, was in the Jets' camp as of this writing. The draftees are Linebacker Jeff Rohrer (the Cowboys' No. 2 pick), Wide Receiver Curt Grieve (Engles) and Rich Dams (Dolphins). In all, 18 starters are gone from the Eli team that did in Navy (23-19) and was done in by Princeton (35-31). In New Jersey they still Rave On about Bob Holly's 501 yards passing and four TD passes that day. With Holly no longer Ivy (he's trying out for the Redskins), the Tigers' top player is Offensive Tackle Jon Schulteis, a preacher's son who plays the organ in the Keansburg (N.J.) Pentecostal Church.

CONFUSED IN CAMBRIDGE: One premise behind Harvard Coach Joe Rescic's multiflex attack is that constant movement is the best way to disrupt a defense. Last winter the Yex disrupted Harvard. Twenty-seven Crimson seniors signed a letter to Rescic that blamed the Yex for their 5-4-1 season.

'81 RECORD	PREDICTION
DARTMOUTH (6-4)	7-3
YALE (9-1)	6-4
HARVARD (5-4-1)	5-5
CORNELL (3-7)	5-5
BROWN (3-7)	4-6
PRINCETON (5-4-1)	4-6
COLUMBIA (1-9)	2-8
PENNSYLVANIA (1-9)	1-9

Mid-American

Three years ago, when it was decided that a bowl should be created matching the PCAA and MAC champions, a site was readily available—Fresno State's brand-new Bulldog Stadium—but not a name for the bowl. A contest produced the catchy Never-Going-to-Make-the-Poll Bowl. However, the stand California Bowl won out. Last December's first edition, between Toledo and San Jose State, came down to the final 15 seconds, when the Rockets' Tony Lee made a 41-yard field goal for a 27-25 win.

Both Bowling Green and Miami have most of their starting teams back, but Miami is a star tailback short. Returning to the Falcons is Bryant Jones, who rushed for 1,051 yards. Not returning to the Redskins is Greg Jones (1,134 yards), who graduated. Toledo comes back strong, featuring Tailback Arnold Smiley, who averaged 165 yards rushing in his last four games. At defensive end is Darryl Meadows, who made two interceptions and scored touchdowns on a fumble recovery and a blocked punt.

WHAT, NO B.D.? Freshman Terry Zonker will be trying out for the Toledo varsity, unless, of course, the finals of the George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Open stretch into the season.

'81 RECORD	PREDICTION
TOLEDO (9-3)	6-2
BOWLING GREEN (5-5-1)	8-3
MIAMI (8-2-3)	7-4
CENTRAL MICHIGAN (7-4)	7-4
OHIO (5-6)	5-6
KENT STATE (4-7)	5-6
WESTERN MICHIGAN (6-5)	5-6
BALL STATE (4-7)	5-6
NORTHERN ILLINOIS (3-8)	3-7
EASTERN MICHIGAN (0-11)	2-9

Mid-Continent

Eastern Illinois put together a winning season just barely, the Panthers were 6-5 and took the conference title last year, despite giving up 49 fumbles and 25 interceptions. Coach Darrell Mudra is confident the Panthers won't be dropping the ball when it comes time to decide this year's title. And Mudra knows how to go about curing a team's ills. In 1959 he took over a 1-9 Adams (Colo.) State, and the team went 8-1 the next year. In 1963 he moved to 0-10 North Dakota State, which won 10 games in his second season. He has also made winners of Arizona (1968), Western Illinois (1969) and his present project, Eastern Illinois. The Panthers were 1-10 in 1977, the season before Mudra arrived. In '78 they went 12-2 and won the Division II title. For his career, Mudra is 146-65-2. EIU's most likely offensive line averages 6'2" and 255 pounds; the defense is anchored by End Keith Wojnowski, a 6'2", 230-pound senior from St. Anne, Ill.

Western Illinois' leading tackler is Linebacker Pat Boyers, nicknamed the Urban Plowboy because he grew up in Chicago but has worked the past few summers on farms. He spent this summer as a supervisor on a corn detasseling crew.

A FEW GOOD MEN: According to Head Coach Pete Rodriguez, WIU is the only university in the world with the nickname Leathernecks.

'81 RECORD	PREDICTION
EASTERN ILLINOIS (6-5)	6-5
WESTERN ILLINOIS (5-6)	5-5
NORTHERN IOWA (5-6)	5-6
S.W. MISSOURI ST. (3-5-2)	3-8

Mid-Eastern

The day of reckoning for the Rattlers of Florida A&M is Oct. 23 in Orangeburg, S.C., when they meet the Bulldogs of South Carolina State, the defending conference champ. SCS made it to the I-AA playoffs largely on the strength of a stout defense that gave up only 1.7 yards per rush. What's more, sophomore Defensive Back Barney Bussey topped the division in punt returning with an average of 18.2 yards.

But Florida A&M, which went 12-1 as a non-conference team in 1978, had lost to SCS by a single point, 16-15. That was despite Noseguard R.C. Eason's two fumble recoveries and five sacks, one for a safety. A&M was right behind the Bulldogs in rushing defense (2.1 yards a carry) and just a point—a single point again—back in scoring defense. (The Rattlers allowed 10.6 a game, the Bulldogs 9.6.) In all, nine of the Rattlers' defensive starters return. Which defense is more stalwart will determine this year's conference title.

WHITE SHADOW: Two years ago Delaware State lost to Portland State 105-0. The Hornets are improving quickly under Joe Purzycki, who became the first white head coach at a historically black college when he was appointed in 1981. At the time 17 players quit the team, "but now," he says, "I'm accepted just as a football coach." And a bright one . . . Portland State is no longer on the Hornets' schedule.

'81 RECORD	PREDICTION
FLORIDA A&M (7-4)	10-1
SO. CAROLINA STATE (10-3)	8-2
BETHUNE-COOKMAN (7-4)	7-4
HOWARD (6-6)	7-4
DELAWARE STATE (2-9)	3-7
NO. CAROLINA A&T (3-8)	2-9

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College Football / Conferences

Missouri Valley

Forgive Drake Linebacker Dave Loring for being a bit touchy in last year's Southern Illinois game. After all, the Bulldogs' 7-0 record had been tarnished the week before by Tulsa (59-6). As Southern Illinois lined up for a punt, one of its Saluki mascots (a real dog) got loose from its trainer and ran up to Loring in the huddle. Startled, Loring took a poke at the pup and vent his scampering to the sidelines. Drake went on to win 22-17. Led by Fullback Amero Ware's 1,353 yards rushing, the Bulldogs finished out the year 10-1 and tied with Tulsa for the conference championship.

Tulsa lost two quarterbacks, but Skip Ait, says Coach John Cooper, "is the best leader type we've had here since Dave Rader." Cooper is also bullish about Cornerback Brent Dennis, a business major with a 3.3 grade-point average, who intercepted three passes in 1981.

The best player in the conference may be Wichita State Quarterback Prince McLuskons III. He threw for 1,725 yards and ran for 765 more out of the Shockers' option I in '81.

ONE FLEW OVER Illinois State Coach Bob Olski is a devotee of visualization and the power of positive thinking. As a result, Dr. Joseph Turini, a psychologist from Phoenix, occasionally meets with the Redbirds. Illinois State is, of course, situated in the town of Normal.

(81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
TULSA (6-5)	8-3
DRAKE (10-1)	7-4
WHITIA ST. (4-6-1)	6-5
SO. ILLINOIS (7-4)	6-5
WEST TEXAS ST. (7-4)	6-5
ILLINOIS ST. (3-7)	5-6
INDIANA ST. (5-5-1)	4-7
NEW MEXICO ST. (3-8)	3-8

Ohio Valley

For the third year in a row, Eastern Kentucky made it to the Division I-AA national championship game, where last year it lost to Idaho State 34-23. Most of the EKV team returns, including the tailback Terrence Thompson, who ran for 1,237 yards. Tennessee Tech Coach Don Wade says of EKV's stockpile of talent, "The Humane Society should intervene to stop the slaughter."

Youngstown State counters with 5'8" Tailback Paris Wicks. He picked up 1,363 yards rushing and led I-AA in scoring with 17 touchdowns. The Penguins have 21 of 24 starters back, including their kicking specialist, Paul McFadden, and figure to boot the Colonels out of first place.

For a fast-moving offense, look to Murray State Quarterback (Instant) Winston Ford, who named in high school for producing "instant" touchdowns late in the game. This summer he produced bubble gum—at a Oostros factory in Memphis. On defense the Racers feature Cornerback Ronald Hopkins, who blocked two kicks and had four interceptions, and Noseguard Rodney Lofton, who made 14 tackles for losses. **SPEAKING OF OR** On Oct. 10, Eastern Kentucky held Middle Tennessee to minus 43 yards rushing, largely owing to nine sacks by EKV. In college football, unlike the NFL, sacks count against rushing rather than passing yardage.)

(81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
YOUNGSTOWN STATE (7-4)	9-2
E.A. KENTUCKY (12-2)	8-2
MURRAY STATE (7-4)	7-4
MIDDLE TENNESSEE (6-5)	6-5
TENNESSEE TECH (6-5)	6-5
AKRON (5-5)	5-6
AUSTIN PEAY STATE (5-5)	5-5
MOREHEAD STATE (1-9)	2-8

Pac-10

While USC, Washington, UCLA, and Arizona State tend to command most of the Pac-10 attention, let's not forget last year's Cinderella team, Washington State got its first bowl bid in 51 years, and barely lost in the Holiday Bowl (38-36) to BYU. But graduation decimated the Cougars, and even with Tailback Tim Harris back the Cougs will have difficulty winning more than six games.

Who's really the No. 1 college quarterback? Is it Danny Marino (page 28) of No. 1-ranked Pitt? Or is it John Elway of unranked Stanford? As of the end of the 1981 regular season they had nearly identical career completion averages (59%) and nearly the same career passing yardage (2,615 for Marino and 2,674 for Elway). Marino has thrown more touchdown passes (34 vs. 20), but he has also thrown more interceptions (21 vs. 13). About the only thing Elway has that Marino doesn't is George Steinbrenner's autograph on the bottom of a Yankee contract—and \$140,000 of Yankee money.

FREE THE PACIFIC THREE! You can watch USC's Nov. 27 game against Notre Dame on TV because the deal was arranged before the probation ax fell. The Trojans can't, however, go to a bowl. Arizona State and Oregon end their year of NCAA sanctions in December, so they can't appear on TV in the regular season. But they can go to a bowl.

(81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
WASHINGTON (10-2)	10-1
NORTHERN CAL. (9-3)	9-2
ARIZONA ST. (9-2)	8-3
UCLA (7-4-1)	7-4
STANFORD (4-7)	6-5
WASHINGTON ST. (8-3-1)	6-5
ARIZONA (6-5)	5-6
CALIFORNIA (2-9)	3-8
OREGON (2-9)	2-9
OREGON ST. (1-10)	2-9

PCAA

"Based on the success of my son at Stanford," says San Jose State Coach Jack Elway, "it's obvious I was an overachiever when I got married." Elway the elder is too modest. Since his arrival the Spartans are 22-11-1, having upset such highfliers as Baylor (then, 1980, No. 4 in the country), Cal and—*it hurt him to do it*—Stanford. Eleven San Jose players signed pro contracts last spring. (Notably Running Back Gerald Willhite, Denver's No. 1 pick), but Steve Clarkson is back to direct the offense. "He'll be one of the five best quarterbacks in the country," says Elway, who faces one of those five best on Sept. 18 in Palo Alto.

It's UNLV's first season in the conference. No one, not even Jim McMahon, topped Sam King's 3,778 passing yards in 1981, but King's gone. Coach Harvey Hyde had two unexpected losses on top of that. Split End Jim Sandusky, with 68 catches in '81, and Tight End Jeff Spek, who caught 54 balls, both transferred to San Diego State.

The fate of Pacific hinges largely on the strong arm of Paul Berner, a juco transfer, stepping in at quarterback.

THE JOY OF STUOY Playbooks are in demand at Long Beach State. Not those of the 49ers—they're relying on 20 junior college transfers to pull them out of a tie for the cellar—but those kept by the students of last spring's course "Psychology of Sex," who were required to keep "playbooks" of field trips to modern sitcoms, bars and clubs.

(81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
SAN JOSE ST. (9-3)	8-3
UTAH ST. (5-5-1)	7-4
PACIFIC (5-6)	6-5
FRESNO ST. (3-6)	4-5
ST. JAVIER (13-0)	5-7
NEVADA-LAS VEGAS (6-6)	3-8
CAL ST.-LONG BEACH (2-8)	3-8

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College Football / Conferences

SEC

"Your mission, should you decide to accept it," said Kentucky Governor John Y. Brown to George Allen when he offered Allen the head coaching job at Lexington, "is to beat Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Auburn, . . ." No wonder Allen said no thanks. The Wildcats had their fourth losing season in a row in '81, and Fran Curci was fired. The new coach is a dutiful alum, Jerry Claiborne, who was 77-37-2 in 10 years at Maryland. You get the impression that Claiborne is under a bit of pressure to win, but he won't do anything of the sort this season. Sorry, Guy.

The nemesis in the LSU athletic department offices fortunately hasn't carried over to the football field, where the Bengal Tigers will start 22 veterans. Senior Quarterback Alan Risher will lead the Tigers' charge.

In two years Vanderbilt has gone from 1-10 to 2-9 to 4-7, largely because of Quarterback Whit Taylor's passes. His aerials placed five Commodore receivers in the top 50 last season. MISS YOU: John Fourcade left Mississippi for the British Columbia Lions of the CFL after surpassing virtually all of Archie Manning's Ole Miss career records. Fourcade completed 445 of 819 passes for 5,412 yards. The Rebels play six bowl teams this year. John, won't you please come home!

(BY RECORD)	PREDICTION
ALABAMA (9-2-1)	10-1
GEORGIA (10-2)	9-2
FLORIDA (7-5)	7-4
MISSISSIPPI ST. (7-4)	7-4
ALBURN (5-4)	7-4
TENNESSEE (8-4)	7-4
LSU (3-7-1)	5-6
VANDERBILT (4-7)	5-6
MISSISSIPPI (4-6-1)	3-8
KENTUCKY (3-8)	2-9

Southern

A paladin, for those new to the Southern Conference, is 1) a champion, 2) an outstanding protagonist of a cause or 3) an athlete at Furman University—if you capitalize the P. Tailback Stanford Jennings is all of these. Last season he gained 1,168 yards on 197 carries and along the way had 24 receptions and threw a touchdown pass of 37 yards against Western Carolina.

And fitting the first two definitions is Linebacker Melvin Rucker of Virginia Military Institute, who has made 299 tackles over two years. Quarterback Kelly Ruber and most everyone else is back from VMI's 6-3-1 team, but that record may be deceptive. VMI's schedule was ranked easiest in Division I-A. The Keydets—along with the rest of the conference—are now in I-AA.

Chattanooga has switched from a veer formation to a wishbone. Junior Fullback Danny Westfall will not have to adjust. He transferred from Alabama just a season ago. The Moccasins have the home advantage for the Sept. 25 game with Furman; it should decide the conference.

CITADEL NIGHT FEVER: Noseguard Jim Eitan has squared up his wilder years as a teen-ager in Brentwood, Long Island with the regimen of The Citadel. A tattoo on his left biceps reads SATURDAY NIGHT IS ALL RIGHT FOR FIGHTING; a more recent tattoo on his right biceps says DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

(BY RECORD)	PREDICTION
FURMAN (8-3)	8-3
UT-CHATTANOOGA (7-3-1)	7-4
THE CITADEL (7-3-1)	7-4
VMI (6-3-1)	6-5
EAST TENNESSEE ST. (6-5)	5-6
WESTERN CAROLINA (4-7)	5-6
APPALACHIAN ST. (3-7-1)	4-7
MARSHALL (2-9)	3-8

Southland

McNeese lost the Southland title to Texas-Arlington by a single point (21-20) in 1981. It won't happen again. Seventeen Cowboys are back, including the two top players in the conference: Quarterback Stephen Starring (488 yards rushing, 1,218 passing) and Tailback Buford Jordan, a 6' 2", 220-pound junior whose 18 touchdowns put him No. 4 in scoring in Division I-A.

"The whole world gets to find out on Oct. 2 in Birmingham which of the two coaches from the Fordyce, Ark. area is best—Bear Bryant or me." So says Arkansas State Coach Larry Lucewell, who hopes his brainy quarterback can stem the Tide. Tim Langford, a premed student with a 3.92 grade-point average, will run the offense that had the country's fewest passing yards (41.3 a game) and the second-highest rushing-attempt average (62 per game). Buna had 64) and, according to Lucewell, kept the defense on the field for fewer snaps than any other team in the nation.

FORM 1040A (REVISED, NOTE NEW SCHEDULES): The Southland traded Louisiana in the off-season. Southwestern Louisiana, the alma mater of Rafael Septien, Ron Guidry and Andrew Toney, dropped out of the conference so as to remain in Division I-A, while the rest of the conference went to I-AA. Northeast Louisiana and North Texas State, meanwhile, joined up.

(BY RECORD)	PREDICTION
MCNEESE STATE (7-3-1)	8-3
ARKANSAS STATE (6-5)	7-4
TEXAS-ARLINGTON (6-5)	6-5
LOUISIANA TECH (4-6-1)	5-6
N.E. LOUISIANA (5-6)	5-6
LAMAR (4-6-1)	4-7
NORTH TEXAS STATE (2-9)	3-8

Southwestern

Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson, 63, is three wins away from No. 300. His record is 297-98-13 for his 40 years at Grambling, but last season (6-4-1) was the Tigers' worst since 1969. Count on a dose of Truismine poisoning to return Grambling to form. A certain first-round pro draft pick, Wingback Truismine Johnson, who does the 40 in 4.3, had a 17.9-yard average on 43 receptions last fall, despite a regular diet of (double coverage from teams that had seen him in action the year before (13 touchdown receptions). "He's a game-breaker," says Robinson. "You don't need to be Phi Beta Kappa to know that."

Alcorn State lost four of its first five games, then came back to win four of the last five. Returning are star linebackers Marion Expose and Darnell Toy, Quarterback James McFarland and Halfback Gregory Jones.

Jackson State won the SWAC title on the strength of Division I-AA's No. 3 rushing and overall defense. The heart of that unit—linebackers Calvin January and Mario Kinksey—returns, but the Tigers lost seven starters from the offense.

PROAPHERNALIA: A total of 197 Grambling alumni have played pro football. Twenty former Jackson State players and 18 from Grambling are currently in the NFL.

(BY RECORD)	PREDICTION
GRAMBLING (6-4-1)	8-3
ALCORN ST. (5-5)	7-4
JACKSON ST. (9-1-1)	6-5
TEXAS SOUTHERN (4-6-1)	5-6
MISS. VALLEY ST. (4-6-1)	4-6
SOUTHERN (3-8)	3-8
PRADRE VIEW A&M (2-8)	3-8

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College Football/Conferences

SWC

After a rebuilding season in '81, Baylor has 16 regulars hungry for some more glory and a schedule that serves up Houston, SMU, Arkansas and Texas at home. Junior Halfback Alfred Anderson moves into the running-back spot left vacant by Walter Abercrombie, the Steelers' No. 1 pick, but Coach Grant Teaff needs more people like Split End Gerald McNeil to make it back into the SWC first division. At 5'7", 137 pounds, McNeil wasn't a starter a year ago, but he came on to catch 44 balls for a 16.9-yard average.

For the first time since 1966, Rice will play in dark blue pants and helmets. The sartorial inspiration was provided by TCU, which, in 1980, donned the purple helmets of its glory days and beat Texas Tech for its lone win of the season. Then, last year, the similarly clad Horned Frogs upset Arkansas. In addition to its uniforms, TCU can call on Split End Stanley Washington (49 receptions) and John Thomas, the No. 3 punt returner in the nation, with 14.4 yards a pop. MEET JOHN DOE: Texas Tech can't help but dominate the conference in exotic cognomens. Confronted with Offensive Tackle Pat Hincir, the defensive unit of tackles Hassan Arbubakar, Willie Reynveld, Linebacker Kerry Tecklenburg, Safety Greg Iseral, and Cornerback Greg Womble, their opponents will be spellbound.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
SMU (10-1)	10-1
HOUSTON (7-4-1)	9-2
TEXAS (10-0-1)	8-3
ARKANSAS (8-4)	8-3
TEXAS A&M (7-5)	7-4
BAYLOR (5-6)	6-5
RICE (4-7)	4-7
TCU (2-7-2)	3-8
TEXAS TECH (1-9-1)	2-9

WAC

Here's the wild and woolly WAC, starting from the ... well, bottom, where it isn't all that wild. In fact, it's downright predictable, thanks to Texas-El Paso. Over the past decade, the Miners have a 14-58 record, the worst in all of major-college football. And then there's Colorado State, which last season lost all of its 12 games.

When New Mexico played Brigham Young two years ago, the Lobos blitzed Jim McMahon on almost every down, for six sacks and a 25-21 win. New Mexico has been blitzing ever since, and nobody does it better than Linebacker Johnny Jackson. Last season he had 14 sacks — as a freshman.

After a season of teaching his imported-from-BYU passing attack to San Diego State, Doug Scovill has decided that it's so simple, that maybe a freshman can run it. Some observers expect a recruit from La Mesa, Calif. to replace Matt Koffler (now with the Buffalo Bills). The great hope is named, aptly enough, Jim Plun.

THIS AIN'T NO PARTY. The Colorado State-Wyoming game on Sept. 11 in Fort Collins may not be crucial to the conference championship, but if it follows precedent, it will be decidedly emotional. Four years ago, for instance, the Rams didn't show up at Hughes Stadium until the Wyoming captains were already at midfield for the coin toss. Only then did the Rams pour out of a bus and run down through the stands, onto the field. Wyoming's bench took offense, and a dormitory brawl ensued.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
BRIGHAM YOUNG (11-2)	10-1
WYOMING (8-3)	10-2
HAWAII (9-2)	7-4
SAN DIEGO STATE (6-5)	7-5
NEW MEXICO (4-7-1)	6-5
UTAH (8-2-1)	6-5
AIR FORCE (4-7)	4-8
COLORADO STATE (0-12)	2-9
TEXAS-EL PASO (1-10)	1-11

Yankee

Rhode Island Coach Bob Griffin expected his Rams to be punting quite a bit in last season's opener, with defending I-AA champ Boise State. So he devised the punt that isn't. The first two times URI faced a fourth down, Steve Cuzzo, a second-string punter with a strong arm, took the snap like a punter and made a kicking motion like a punter. Only he didn't punt. He lobbed a pass toward the waiting Broncos returner, who got in the way of the Rhode Island "receivers" and was called for pass interference both times. The Rams were deceptive, but the Broncos were decisive, handing URI a 33-8 loss.

The Rams, led by junior Quarterback Dave Grimisch and Defensive End Dennis Talbot, rose from a 2-9 record in 1980 to share the Yankee title and a berth in the I-AA playoffs. The Massachusetts game decided the title in '81, and a should again (Oct. 2 in Kingston, R.I.). The top Minute-man is Tailback Garry Pearson, who rushed for 1,026 yards in nine games.

New Hampshire may have the line (average weight 245 pounds), but Boston has the runner—Gregg Drew, who averaged 125.7 yards a game to win the I-AA rushing title.

GRIN AND BEAR IT. Lorenzo Bowser of Maine gained 1,622 yards as a sophomore in 1980. As a junior, he became a wing T halfback under the Black Bears' new coach, Ron Rogerson, and amassed only 432 yards. With just an "average" year, Bowser could dominate the conference.

('81 RECORD)	PREDICTION
MASSACHUSETTS (6-3)	7-3
RHODE ISLAND (6-3)	6-5
NEW HAMPSHIRE (7-3)	6-4
BOSTON UNIVERSITY (6-5)	5-5
CONNECTICUT (4-7)	3-8
MAINE (3-7-1)	3-8

Independents

West Virginia isn't the type of place where people like to ask for favors, but the Mountaineers got one anyway in the form of Quarterback Jeff Hostetler, a transfer from Penn State and the answer to problem No. 1 in Morgantown: How do we replace Oliver Luck, the 5,765-yard passer, Rhodes scholar candidate and No. 2 pick of the Houston Oilers? No one quite believed West Virginia was for real in '81, until the Mountaineers mauled Florida 26-6 in the Peach Bowl to finish with a 9-3 record. The defense (No. 3 against the pass in '81) is led by Outside Linebacker Derry Talley, while on offense, Hostetler's main target will be All-America Tight End Mark Rauh.

Bowden College, loser of four out of five games to start the 1981 season, figured it was time to look ahead and gave a freshman quarterback named Doug Flutie a chance to settle in. He engineered four Eagle victories in the last six games and ended the season ranked No. 9 in the country in passing efficiency with a 54.7% completion average. The Eagles have a potential All-America in Defensive Tackle Junior Poles, but they start the season with two toughies—at Texas A&M and at Clemson. Good luck, Flutie.

"We weren't hungry after Notre Dame. We filled our bellies. We got fat." That's what Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden had to say after the Seminoles' "Otoberfest," a remorseless stretch of four games last fall that seemed to have been scheduled by someone in Gainesville, not Tallahassee. The Seminoles lost to Nebraska (34-14), beat Ohio State (36-27) and Notre Dame (19-13), then lost to Penn (42-14). This rugged state took its toll, though, and FSU lost its final three games. Bowden will rely on the Allen boys again. No relation to Marcus or to each other, the two halfbacks are Greg, who set an NCAA single-game record by gaining 417 all-purpose yards

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MIDAS

College Football/Independents

against Western Carolina, and Billy, who averaged 5.2 yards per carry. The defense should return to form with Alphonso Carriere (6' 6", 250 pounds) at tackle.

Look for improvement at Tulane. The Green Wave opened 1981 with four losses, then came on to win six of seven games. The final triumph was only Tulane's third win over Louisiana State in 33 years and was by the largest margin (48-7) ever (CULTURE 48-AGRICULTURE 7, said the bumper stickers). Fourteen starters are back, plus Wide Receiver Robert Griffin, who sat out 1981 with a knee injury after catching 45 passes in 1980. Mike McKay, a transfer from Santa Monica Junior College, is the quarterback.

Only Herschel Walker returns with more career rushing yardage than Virginia Tech's Cyrus Lawrence. He gained 1,403 yards last year, hiking his total to 3,415. Army Halfback Gerald Walker, the Cadets' leading rusher for two years, needs only 726 yards to surpass the team record of 2,957 career yards set by Glenn Davis from 1943 to 1946.

"I don't think my name is accurate," says Gary Tranquill, the new coach at Navy. "I think I'm more to the other extreme." The Midshipmen's schedule, which includes Arkansas (Sept. 18), Notre Dame (Oct. 30) and an opening game against Virginia and Coach George Welsh (who guided the Middies to a 55-46-1 record in his nine years at Annapolis), may drive Tranquill batty.

South Carolina also has a new coach. He's Richard Bell, who got his promotion after seven years as a Gamecock assistant to Jim Carlen, who was let go. His best player is Defensive Tackle Andrew Provenza, who had six

puns deflections and an interception to go with his 157 tackles in 1981.

During Memphis State's 1-10 season, Head Coach Rex Dockery refused to give interviews to a reporter from the Memphis Press-Scimitar. The Tiger coach responded to the requests of Wallace Dockery, who writes a weekly column about MSU sports, with sayings like "A husband should be allowed to eat his breakfast in peace."

TRUE DIVISION I-A STAT: According to the NCAA, the three toughest schedules in 1981 all belonged to independents—in order, Penn State, Temple and Boston College. Other independents making the tough guys club were Miami of Florida (No. 5), Florida State (7), Pitt (9), South Carolina (12), Syracuse (13) and Cincinnati (22). Temple responded by dropping Georgia from its '82 state and substituting BC. Syracuse is standing pat, while Cincinnati is shooting for the top in '82 by adding Florida State, Miami and Alabama.

DIVISION I-AA: All that stood between Lehigh and the I-AA playoffs last season was Lafayette, its partner in the "mosh-played" rivalry in college football; they've met 117 times since 1884. Lehigh had beaten Lafayette 32-0 in 1980 and 11 times in the last 13 games. But the Leopards upset the Engineers (10-3) and Lehigh stayed home after two straight years of post-season play. Now the Engineers face a rebuilding year, while Lafayette, which finished with a 9-2 record, comes back strong with Running Back Rodger Shepho, who had 1,280 yards rushing, and six starting returnees from I-AA's No. 3 defense against scoring. That defense features Middle Guard Tony Green, who stands 5'11" and weighs 240 pounds.

Colgate had a 7-3 record, thanks to freshman Quarterback Steve Calabro, who played the position for only two years in high school. Looking toward the Red Raiders' meeting with Syracuse on Oct. 30, a 91-year rivalry that was resumed only last year after a 20-year hiatus (Syracuse had won the previous 11 games when the series was suspended in 1961), Coach Fred Dunlap promises, "The sun will set Maroon, not Orange, on that day."

Lefty Rick Scully is the quarterback at Delaware, which led I-AA in scoring with 34.1 points a game. His immediate predecessors—Jeff Komlo and Scott Brunner—both play in the NFL. With 18 starters back—10 of them from the defense that allowed just three yards per rush in '81—the Blue Hens should make it to the playoffs for the seventh time in 10 years.

Tennessee State went 9-2 and gained the I-AA playoffs behind the passing of Brian Ransom, who was No. 2 in I-AA in passing efficiency with a 59% completion average and 2,873 yards. The Tigers have 15 starters back, but the best news is that Coach Big John Merritt is in good health. Merritt, whose 215-64-9 record puts him behind only Eddie Robinson and Bear Bryant on the list of winningest active coaches, was treated last November for an erratic heartbeat, diagnosed as being caused by hypertension.

Ivy PRETENDER: Last fall Holy Cross came within a point (a 29-28 loss to co-champion Yale) of the de facto Ivy League title. The Crusaders were 4-1 against the Ivies, beating Harvard (33-19), the other co-champion Dartmouth (28-0, Brown (34-24) and Columbia (14-7).

Small Colleges

Southwest Texas State, situated in San Marcos, 30 miles south of Austin on I-35, isn't the state's most renowned school, but it's one of the fastest-growing, with 15,500 students, and counting. Among other things, it's the alma mater of President Lyndon Johnson, and it's the only school in the state boasting a spring-fed river running through its campus. It won the Lone Star Conference title last year and then went on to its first-ever Division II championship. And it shows no sign of slacking off. The Bobcats have seven starters returning on both offense and defense, most notably All-Conference Linebacker Cyril Friday, Receiver David Vela (44 catches, 971 yards, 11 TDs), and soccer-style Placekicker Neal Neuhoff, who made 70 of 71 PATs. But the Bobcats, who ranked first in the nation in scoring offense (37.5 points per game), have to hope that senior Ron Jacoby can replace Quarterback Mike Miller, the school's leader in career total offense (6,249 yards), a nominee for a Rhodes scholarship and a 12th-round draft choice of the Kansas City Chiefs. (He was offered a contract after the minicamp, but decided that pro football wasn't for him.)

The Bobcats' season will come to a head on Nov. 13 when they meet conference rival Abilene Christian. The Wildcats retain 18 starters from a squad that went 8-2 last season, but among the missing are Quinton Smith, ranked 13th in the country among receivers, with 49 catches for 863 yards and seven TDs, and All-Conference Offensive Tackle Kris Hansen. However, Abilene Christian is set at quarterback with the aptly named Loyal Profit, the Freshman of the Year in the conference last season for this kind of Profiteering: 139 completions in 272 attempts for 2,306 yards and 16 TDs. Profit's prin-

command

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College Football / Small Colleges

cupal target will be Steve Parker, the reigning Division II high hurdles champion (best time: 13.63). Center Grant Fessel (6' 7", 260 pounds), who has a 3.52 grade-point average in pre-dent, anchors the offensive line.

In the East, Shippensburg State (12-1) has proved that Pennsylvania football doesn't mean just Penn State and Pitt and that Danny Marino isn't the only quarterback in the state who sets records. Red Raider Quarterback Tim Ebersole, the No. 3 passer in the nation and ECAC Division II Player of the Year in '81, completed 130 of 217 passes for 1,851 yards and 20 TDs. He also rushed for 326 yards and seven TDs. Ebersole will again have Ed Noon (46 catches, 816 yards, 12 TDs) as his favorite target. Noon also rushed for 199 yards and even posed for a touchdown. In addition, he's a three-time Pennsylvania Conference triple jump (48' 9") and two-time long jump (24' 6") champion. Set your watches: Third-and-10 is Noontime. Coach Vito Ragazzo, who was named Division II Coach of the Year in 1981, loses five starters on defense, but he'll still have the last laugh. The Red Raiders have their leading tackler back, a 6' 2", 210-pound senior who had 150 stops. Name: Richard Pryor.

It was no laughing matter when the Northern Michigan Wildcats (11-1) got on their plane to their Division II semifinal playoff game at Southwest Texas, and star sophomore Quarterback Tom Bertoldi got off. He went back home for an appendectomy. Bertoldi had completed 164 of 331 passes for 2,454 yards and 15 touchdowns and was third in the nation in total offense. Backup Steve Preston did the best he could but the Wildcats lost 62-0 to Southwest Texas. Thirteen starters have graduated, but Fullback George Works, the leading scorer in the nation last

year with 126 points (all on touchdowns) and 210 carries for 1,049 yards, is among those returning, is, of course, is Bertoldi.

It didn't take long for mania to build in Carrollton, Ga. (pop. 14,078). The prelab program at West Georgia College, which was undefeated in its inaugural Division III regular season—the first for the school since it dropped the sport in 1958—has all 22 starters back. The Braves started from scratch in '81. After students voted to allow the program to be funded by activity fees, tryouts were scheduled, 300 players showed up, and Coach Bobby Pate said "O.K. you made it" to 115 of them. Uniforms were ordered, home games were played at the local high school stadium and a nearby McDonald's catered press-box meals. Quarterback David Archer, who transferred from Georgia where he was a defensive back, completed 54 of 129 passes for 958 yards and nine TDs and rushed for eight more and will lead the Braves again.

Widener College (13-0), the defending Division III champion, comes off its first undefeated season in 27 years. It has the best winning percentage in college football the past 10 years (.95-9, .913). But the Pioneers have a long row to hoe, having lost 13 starters. At least, virtually the entire offensive line returns, which will mean smooth sailing for star Running Back Jerry Irving (1,137 yards on 183 carries and 11 TDs).

Dayton (12-2), the 1980 Division III champ and one of its big powers—some say it's too big, because the Flyers were a Division I school until six years ago—will have to fill holes at defensive tackle, end and linebacker, but its offensive backfield is back intact. Quarterback Jon Vorpe (105 of 207 for 1,629 yards and 10 TDs),

Tailback Greg Bazany (101 carries for 423 yards despite slitting out nine games with a broken ankle) and Fullback Tom Huer (86 carries for 321 yards and 15 TDs).

Tight End Pete Metzelaars (6' 8", 240 pounds), who was Mr. All-Everything at Washoe—40 catches for 603 yards and five TDs last season, athletic and academic All-America in football and basketball, MVP of the Division III-champion basketball team and possessor of the highest career field-goal percentage (72.4%) in NCAA history—is now Mr. All-Gone. Quarterback David Broecker will try to pick up where Metzelaars left off, and he might be able to do it. Last season Broecker passed for 1,041 yards and nine touchdowns and rushed for 432 yards and four more TDs. He's also a dean's list student in economics.

Alfred (N.Y.) University (10-1) has suffered only two losing seasons in 18 years. The Saxons expect to excel once more, thanks to one of the best defenses in Division III. In three games last year, Alfred held its opponents to minus yards rushing. Overall, the Saxons allowed an average of just 65.6 yards rushing while winning all 10 regular-season games before losing 13-12 to Monclair (N.J.) State in the first round of the playoffs.

The man whose toes spelled the difference in that game, Dan Deneher, returns along with 14 starters to the Indians, who went 10-2 last season. Deneher, who's No. 1 in his Marine Reserve class, made 27 of 32 PATs and 15 of 25 field goals and set school marks for most field goals and most points for a kicker in a season.

In the NAIA, don't look for the Arkansas Tech Wonder Boys, the South Dakota Tech Hard-rockers, the Washburn (Kans.) Ichabods, or the Montana Tech Orediggers to make the playoffs, although if they did it would be headline writers' heaven. In-

stead, look for the defending Division I champion Elon Fighting Christians led by Quarterback John Bangle and All-America Linebacker Stanley Tootoo, to prevail again. And keep your eye on Moorhead (Minn.) State, which is situated two miles from Fargo, N.D. in a football hothead. Three nationally ranked colleges (Moorhead State, North Dakota State and Concordia College) and three top high schools (Moorhead, Fargo Stanley and Fargo South) are located in the Twin Town area. Moorhead State's Dragons (10-1-1) are paced by Quarterback Dennis Eastman (106 of 209 for 1,618 yards and 17 TDs), Running Back Jerry Allen (1,252 yards on 227 carries and eight TDs), Tight End Gregg Veldman (15.9 yards per catch) and Flanker Mike Howard (34 catches for 705 yards and 10 TDs). The 6' 3" Howard also started on Moorhead's basketball team, which went to the '82 NAIA playoffs. Offensive Guard Pat Cox, who has a 3.7 GPA in geography, holds the offensive line together. Six starters are gone from the defense that recorded six shutouts—five of them in a row.

In Division II, defending co-champions Concordia (Minn.) and Austin (Texas)—the title game ended in a 24-24 tie—are both in rebuilding years. Findlay (Ohio), the national champion in '79, has 16 starters back and will be well tested in the tough Hoosier-Buckeye Conference. But the battle for the national title figures to be a holy war between the Lutherans—Pacific and Cal.

Scouting reports for the Top 20 teams. Best of the Rest, Conference, Independents and the Small Colleges were written by N. Brooks Clark, Jill Lieber, Douglas S. Looney, Craig Neff, John Paparek and Pat Putnam.

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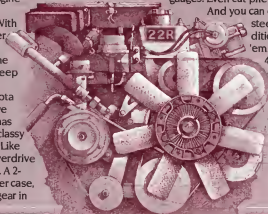
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This Time He Wasn't Joking

Beano Cook, who's worth a laugh a minute on network row, seriously lobbied CBS higher-ups to go after college football. Result: ABC shares coverage and Beano's on ABC

When Beano Cook, the newest member of ABC's college football announcing team, was the Pitt sports information director, he got a call one day from a woman asking for a copy of the Panthers' football roster. "But lady," Beano replied, "there are 120 guys out for the team right now. You really oughta wait three weeks, till we make the cuts and are down to 75 or 80 kids. Otherwise, it's really a waste of your time."

The woman, however, was adamant. She needed the roster. Pronto. "But why?" Beano asked, dreading the hours it would take to round up the name of every tackling dummy clattering up the practice field. "Because," she said, matter of factly, "I want to sleep with everybody on the Pitt football team."

Beano gasped. "Well," he said, clearing his throat, "in alphabetical order, starting at guard . . . Cook, Beano."

That's Beano, a very funny man and arguably the country's leading authority on college football. To Beano, it's the only game. When Bowie Kuhn announced he was giving the Iranian hostages lifetime passes to major league games, it was Beano who said, "Haven't they suffered enough?" And it was Beano who best summed up Don Shula's abilities: "Don Shula is such a great coach, he could even win in the Big Eight."

While working in CBS's sports publicity department, where he was from 1977 until early this year, Beano occasionally interrupted his stream of one-liners to persuade network higher-ups to bid for the rights to college football, an exclusive preserve of ABC since 1966, as part of a split-network package. Beano unabashedly proposed such a scheme to his friends on the NCAA television committee, and in no time Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports and News, got wind of Beano's plot. But it never unfolded. In 1977 ABC shelled out \$120 million for

exclusive TV rights to all regular-season NCAA games from 1978 through 1981. However, when ABC began to discuss a new contract with the NCAA last year, the NCAA made it clear that when Beano had talked, the NCAA had listened—if not acted.



Beano: madcap maven of NCAA football.

Dollars aside, the NCAA has never exactly been in love with ABC. In 1965 Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, awarded ABC exclusive rights to college football and at the same time asked the network to promise it would never televise pro football. When ABC's lawyers advised Arledge against making any such promise, Byers was miffed and then stunned when Arledge announced the creation of *Monday Night Football* in 1969.

Byers was still fuming later that year when ABC and the NCAA were deep in

negotiations for the college football package. Blowing up at Arledge at one point. That prompted Arledge to tell Byers, "I've just given you the Man of the Year Congeniality Award. You beat out Charles Manson 3-2." That same year Byers attempted to exclude ABC from college football. He submitted what was considered an outrageous financial proposal to ABC at a meeting in a Chicago hotel room. Byers later flew to New York City, where he offered NBC the same deal in a secret confab in a hangar at J.F.K. Byers' best-laid plans went awry, however, when ABC, which had first refused rights, agreed to the NCAA's terms.

During the 1981 negotiations Byers' main gripe was that Arledge didn't attend; in fact, Arledge entrusts much of ABC's sports negotiations to Senior Vice-President Jim Spence. During their meetings Byers railed at the ABC representatives. "Sixteen years means nothing!" he screamed, sticking a finger in the face of Charlie Lavery, ABC's vice-president for sports programming. "I've been negotiating contracts since before you guys were in diapers," he snapped at Spence and the ABC attorneys. Indeed, Byers' mood was so hostile that Eddie Crowder, the Colorado athletic director and a longtime member of the NCAA's TV committee, apologized to Spence and other ABC executives.

In any case, this fall ABC will share coverage not only with CBS but also with superstation WTBS, which is based in Atlanta and can be picked up by 80% of the nation's 5,370 cable franchises. For the NCAA and its member schools, the split-network package means more money—\$131.75 million from both CBS and ABC over the next four years and \$17.6 million from WTBS over the next two years. A national game on CBS or ABC will be worth \$550,000 to each school, up from \$300,000 in 1981, and a regional ap-

pearance will bring more than \$300,000, up from \$211,500. For appearing on WTBS, a college will receive \$175,000. (Schools belonging to conferences must share their take with other members.) The NCAA also increased the number of appearances a school can make in a season from five to six. The bad news, though, is that the NCAA also hiked the number of commercial minutes per telecast from 21 to 26.

For viewers, the split-network package means more games—half again as many as ABC provided last season. ABC and CBS each will air games on Saturday afternoons. Last April, with a schedule in hand and the potential barn burners in mind, the two networks divvied up the Saturdays into "control dates." Each Monday, representatives from CBS, ABC and the NCAA will participate in a conference call. The network holding that week's control date gets first crack at the game it wants, the 12 o'clock or 3:30 E.S.T. kickoff time slot, and the choice of going national or regional with its telecast. Then the other network picks, and the process continues until ABC and CBS have made all their selections. When they have finished, WTBS gets to choose from among the leftovers, but with one major restriction: It can show no schools that appeared nationally the previous year and no more than four that were on twice regionally. Get ready to watch a lot of Vanderbilts on WTBS.

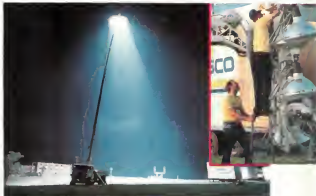
For Beano the new TV deal means another job. When CBS got part of the NCAA football package, he suggested to his superiors that he had the name of the perfect person to put in a blazer and co-host the telecasts from the network's headquarters in New York: Cook, Beano. In no uncertain terms, Beano was told, "Sorry, but you're not going to be Beano the Greek." Deeply hurt by CBS's attitude, Beano cleaned out his desk, called his old friend Arledge and now will be, well, Beano the Greek for ABC. Joining him in the studio will be Jack Whitaker, another recent CBS defector, and Jim Lampley.

Just what does splitting college football mean to CBS and ABC? CBS, which last year began airing NCAA basketball, has a chance to become the dominant

network in college sports. No network has ever had both sports. On the other hand, losing exclusive rights to college football was a severe blow to ABC. In the past the network always seemed to put all its energies in the fall into *Monday Night Football* and rely on Keith Jackson's popularity and Frank Broyles' folksy commentary to get through Saturday afternoons. Now, with competition, ABC will have to beef up the studio portion of its college broadcasts. That's Beano's mission. Arledge isn't about to settle for being No. 2. Says one network insider, "The competition will be brutal. If ABC loses the ratings, they'd better put bars

towns," says Ray Savignano, director of operations for CBS Sports. "ABC knows the stadiums and how to get in and out of town in game traffic. We know the NFL stadiums. They're set up for broadcasts, and the NFL TV schedule is set ahead of time. Many college stadiums aren't equipped for TV, and we may have to build camera towers and import camera carts and forklifts."

The schools, too, will have to make adjustments. For instance, those in the East and Midwest that host late-afternoon games in stadiums without lights will have to rent mobile high-powered lights on cranes. But even with all the prepara-



To keep TV games from ending up in the dark, schools can rent mobile lights on cranes.

on the windows of the 28th floor at the ABC building because there will be mass suicide."

CBS's prime concern will be the logistics of producing college and pro games on the same weekend. On Nov. 6 and 7, for example, CBS could televise a total of 13 pro and college games. CBS owns five production trucks and has three more on hold. Getting from, say, a Saturday game in Fayetteville, Ark. to a Sunday game in Tampa isn't easy.

"ABC already has a leg up on us, just because they've been to all the college

tion that has gone into the '82 college football season it's quite possible that fans won't know whether they're watching ABC, CBS, WTBS—or even cable. Says Kevin O'Malley, CBS's executive producer of college sports, "ABC didn't invent college football, and we're not going to reinvent it. What it comes down to is we're a nation of event watchers. People just want to see the most meaningful game. And, if that week the biggest game is USC vs. Notre Dame, people will watch whoever carries it."

Even Beano.

Surprise Marriage Of The Year: Joe Kapp And Cal

The Golden Bears' rookie head coach has been a brawler and a litigious sort, and he had never coached at any level, but his mastery of the game as a Viking and his love of Cal, which he had taken to a Rose Bowl in 1959, made him an astute choice

by Ron Fimrite





Last Dec. 5, University of California Athletic Director Dave Maggard, a man of exemplary personal habits who is, by all accounts, as sane as the next college administrator, hired Joe Kapp as the new football coach at Berkeley. No one had faulted Maggard for cashing in the mild-mannered Roger Theder. Kapp's predecessor, not quite 48 hours after the Golden Bears were thrashed 42-21 in their annual Big Game with Stanford. The loss to Stanford—always intolerable—left Theder's team with a 2-9 record for the '81 season, the worst in 19 years for a school that had scarcely distinguished itself on the gridiron the past quarter century. No, it was sadly apparent that Theder, a fine gentleman who had hewed scrupulously to the student-athlete line espoused at Berkeley, had to go. But Joe Kapp? The old Minnesota Vikings quarterback? Kapp, the brawling roughneck

whose only football experience over the past dozen years had been in the courtroom? Kapp, who had never coached the game at any level—high school, college or pro? Kapp? What on earth did he stand for? Tequila, that's what. And a punch in the snoot. Some inspiration for young men—students at one of the country's finest universities—who might well represent the future of their beleaguered generation and ours as well.

The coaching community was predictably outraged by Maggard's decision. And it was quick to inform him so. "To some coaches, it was simply heresy," says Maggard. "One called me and gave me a lengthy recitation of his personal credentials—graduate assistant coach, high school assistant, high school head coach, college assistant, college head coach and so on. 'And you,' he finally shouted at me, 'you go out and hire a guy who hasn't

coached a down' " That's not entirely true. Kapp did coach a pickup alumni team to a 68-7 loss to the Cal varsity six years ago, even taking the field himself in Levi's and tennis shoes for a series at quarterback (he completed a pass, handed off once and was sacked). And he had helped out as a volunteer from time to time at both Cal and Laney College, a two-year school in Oakland where many of his old friends teach and coach.

Nevertheless, Maggard was obviously breaking all the rules. For a man to become head coach at a major university, even at one whose football team would have trouble staying out of the Ivy League cellar, he must first pay his dues. He must serve time in a darkened cell with a film projector, ruminating on post patterns, Cowboy defenses and the like; he has to hit the recruiting circuit, humbling himself in the company of arrogant

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON



In spring practice Kapp gave the Bears plenty of X's and O's from his collection of playbooks and tried to stoke a Kapp-style fighting spirit.

teen-agers and grasping parents; he must suffer in servile silence as an aide to some minicomp who doesn't know an X from an O before he finally gets to have a blackboard of his own, maybe some 15 or 20 years after his first coaching job. Take Bill Walsh. Now he paid his dues. He had coached for 20 years, beginning at the high school level, and was in his mid-40s before he ever became a college head coach (at Stanford), and he was 47 when he finally became head man of the 49ers in the NFL. Who can begrudge Bill Walsh a Super Bowl victory? The other coaches don't much care for his being a genius, but they have to admit, dammit, that he paid his dues. All Kapp has paid lately is his attorney.

The image was all wrong, too. A Cal coach must at least seem professorial, the sort of guy who can trade Hegelian dialectic with the best of them at the Faculty Club, even if he hasn't a clue what he's talking about. The late Pappy Waldorf was the perfect Cal coach. In his time (1947-56), he was called the Wise Walrus, partly because of his impressive bulk and partly because he sounded as if he could put the kids in Philosophy 6A to sleep as quickly as any of the tenured pipe smokers. Actually, Pappy was a spellbinder, a basso profundo of sesquipedalian speech who could make a game with Oregon State sound like a Punic War. And Pappy took the Bears to three straight Rose Bowls, a feat comparable in Berkeley now to transforming funky Telegraph Avenue into a suburban shopping mall. That the Wise Walrus could drink any sports-writer extant under the Holiday Inn piano bar was discreetly ignored. Pappy was perfect. Kapp? Well, what do you do with someone who defines the exquisite art of passing as "grabbing the old seed and flinging it."

But Maggard didn't waver from his resolve. To accusations that he had lost his marbles, he patiently replied, "Want and see." Maggard, who went to Cal with Kapp in the late '50s, knows his man. "Certainly Joe doesn't fit the image of the big-time coach," he says, Joe doesn't even fit his own image. People who think of him as a wild man don't know the compassionate, intelligent, sensitive person he is. Sometimes it takes the unusual guy to get something done. And Joe definitely has a unique quality about him."

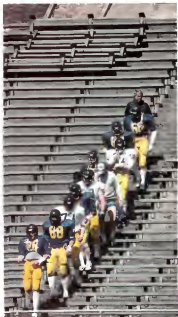
Kapp, for his part, simply tuned out all

the cutty crepehangers, donned his 25-year-old Cal letter jacket (it still fit), his sweat pants and cleats and started working 18-hour days. He put life into spring practice and did his level best to instill confidence in players who associated putting on their shoulder pads with losing. Cal football players were no longer "kids," they were "young men." That's what Pappy used to call them. If Kapp's experience was in question, he answered with his enthusiasm, which is boundless, exhausting. He doesn't oversee his players from the remoteness of a tower; he's with them—a head popping into a huddle, a pair of hands reaching in behind the center, another pair of cleated feet clattering along cement walkways to the practice fields.

Maggard is right. Kapp is unique. And he isn't what he has always seemed to be. The brawler is an eager learner who reads Jack London and Hemingway and Steinbeck and treasures his degree from Cal more than any championship ring. The free-lancing quarterback is a canny theorist who has built his own reference library of playbooks and coaching principles gathered in Canada and the NFL. The ligant is a man of unshakable principle. The nomadic warrior is more loyal to his alma mater than the daffiest pennant-waving Old Blue. The tough guy is an incurable softy. The pub crawler is a stickler for detail. And no one could possibly have more loyal friends.

"Joe Kapp is the most extraordinary person I've ever met in sports," says Bob Steiner, who was the sports information director at Cal for 11 years and is now director of public relations for the Los Angeles Forum. "I don't know anyone whom people respond to the way they respond to Kapp. Maybe the university should be as proud of him as it is of any nuclear scientist. With him, they took a guy who was willing to learn—who had no educational background to speak of—and they made him into an educated person, someone who goes well beyond sports in his range of interests. I think what we have here is the best of the university returning to the university."

"There's not a phony bone in Joe's body," says his former Cal teammate, Jack Hart, now a vice-president of Levi Strauss & Co. in San Francisco. "His enormous love for Cal is genuine. This is more than a job to him. He's multidimen-



Kapp is behind his "young men" all the way.

sional. He goes into things to experience them totally. He's completely involved. If I were ever to have brain surgery, I would hope that the surgeon would have the same sort of dedication to his job that Joe has to his. My oldest son is named Joe. What does that tell you?"

"I've never known a more team-oriented man than Joe," says Pete Newell, Kapp's basketball coach at Cal and now a talent consultant for the Golden State Warriors. "There is nothing synthetic or plastic about him. It's hard to put into words the magnitude of his leadership."

Indeed, it's probably time for Kapp and Cal to be reunited. The public response to the football team in recent years has been tepid at best. Cal grads, like their cross-Bay nephews from Stanford, tend to spend more time boasting of their school's academic standing—10 Nobel Prize winners on the Berkeley faculty, the highest-rated graduate school, according to the American Council of Education—than of its prowess on the gridiron. Berkeleyans are much more proud than embarrassed that the student

continued



The odd couple at Berkeley: Maggard, the straitlaced athletic director, and his new coach.

revolution of the '60s began (with the Free Speech Movement of 1964) on their campus. There is much less talk among Cal people than Stanfordites of spirit and mystique, but the bonds to alma mater are just as strong. And the campus, which rolls down from the Berkeley hills almost to the Bay, is beautiful, with its stands of redwood and eucalyptus and rippling Strawberry Creek. Cal people may be cool, but they care. Joe Kapp fits in.

Kapp is a tall (6' 2½") man with long limbs and large hands. His once coal-black hair is silver now, and his speech is husky, precise, almost like that of someone whose second language is English. He has a bit of Anthony Quinn's Zorba the Greek in him, although the resemblance isn't quite as strong as some would have it. Kapp's face is fuller, his features smaller, save for the luminous hazel eyes and the paintbrush-black eyebrows. His mother, Florence, is Mexican; his father, Robert, is German. The ethnic mix, Kapp feels, has much to do with the soft-hard duality of his nature. "When I wake up in the morning," he says, "the German in me shouts, 'Achtung!', let's get go-

ing!' Then the Mexican in me says, 'Muñana' . . . and I roll over and go back to sleep."

In truth, the Mexican mother was the German in the family. The father, an alcoholic (since recovered), was "the free spirit in every sense." Kapp was born on March 19, 1938 in Santa Fe, N. Mex., but the family moved two years later to the San Fernando Valley, then to Salinas, "Steinbeck country," a hundred or so miles south of San Francisco, and finally to Newhall in Southern California, where Kapp went to high school. Joe was the oldest of five children. In high school he was a star in both basketball and football, but he entered Cal, in 1955, on a basketball scholarship. "I had a scholarship left," says Newell, "and Pappy didn't. If he had had one and I hadn't, he would have given him one. We both wanted him."

Kapp's offices are in temporary quarters above the weight room at Memorial Stadium. He will move to a more spacious suite down the hall when renovation of the 59-year-old stadium is nearer completion. Kapp's office walls aren't decorated with photographs of himself in

action, but with pictures of the Rose Bowl and with Rose Bowl memorabilia, reminders to players and visitors alike that his team has a goal.

On this day he is fingering a dark blue helmet on his desk, part of a proposed new uniform. On the helmet is pasted a bear claw in gold that is similar in design to the horns that adorn the Minnesota Vikings' headgear.

"I'm not so sure about the claw," says Kapp (the bear claw logo will eventually be discarded), "but I know one thing. Our uniforms are going back to the old Pappy Waldorf navy blue—Cal blue, not that pussysfoot blue they've been using here the past few years. It's a matter of presenting a strong image." He laughs at the mention of the fateful word, image. "Oh yes, my image? Well, what can I do about it? I think it's an honest image, although stories do get embellished. Somewhere therein, as they say, lies the truth. But you've got to have a sense of humor about these things. What can I tell you? I live my life honestly and straight ahead. I just keep coming."

Jennifer Adams, Kapp's secretary, calls out to him from an adjoining office. "Dave's on the phone." "Dave who?" asks Kapp facetiously. He leans back in his chair and cradles the phone between his neck and shoulder while he bounces the helmet on his lap. "David, what's up? Yes, I know all about it. Meet you at lunch." There is a crisis Maggard and Kapp must discuss, although it's pretty much out of their control now. Kapp had adopted as a virtual protégé a black junior college tailback named Elton Veals, who had signed a letter of intent to enter Cal. But Veals's grades hadn't been good enough. Kapp persuaded him to change junior colleges and switch to a solid academic course so that "even if he can't make it in here, he'll at least have gotten himself some kind of an education."

To his gratification, Veals had done well in his new school, well enough so that by attending summer school he might yet be able to crack Cal's difficult admission requirements as a "special action student." Kapp had written an impassioned letter on Veals's behalf to the Special Action Committee, which is composed in part of faculty members with little interest in football. "We can build on his sense of responsibility," Kapp wrote. "We can enhance his

continued

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Joe Kapp continued

chances of becoming a whole person—educated, open, worldly and giving.” Veals’s own letter to the committee nearly brought tears to Kapp’s eyes. “I know I will have to work extra hard,” Veals had written, “but I want to make Cal proud of me by getting a degree.” Neither letter said much of anything about football.

“Joe has approached this whole Veals thing with a missionary zeal,” says Bill Cooper, a new Kapp assistant and former Cal teammate who had been a coach, a teacher and an administrator in high school for the past 22 years. “I know that cynics will find it hard to believe that he means what he says about helping a smart, disadvantaged kid to get the kind of education we offer here. After all, Elton is a fine football player [3,054 yards rushing in two jaycee seasons] who can help us. But you have to know Joe and where he came from to know that he wanted that young man to experience this place. He knows what that means. So do I. I’m back here mostly because of Joe, but I’m also here to pay this university back for my athletic scholarship.”

Kapp had learned that very morning that the heavily recruited Veals, whose family lives in Baton Rouge, La., had decided to forgo summer school and enter Tulane, closer to home, in the fall. The Cal letter of intent wasn’t binding, it seems, because Veals had not yet enrolled or even been accepted at Berkeley. There remained, in fact, the chance that he wouldn’t be admitted despite Kapp’s efforts on his behalf. Kapp was deeply disturbed, but he has confronted enough adversity in his own roller coaster career to accept this latest setback.

He bounces out of his office, descends a long flight of stairs to the parking lot and heads for the Faculty Club, a redwood building below a grassy knoll that is all but hidden by a grove of trees. He nods to passersby, smiling bravely as he plunges onward to commiserate with his boss. An elderly gentleman halts his progress. “I’ve been here since 1923. Mr. Kapp,” the man says, gripping the coach’s elbow. “And I just want to tell you how thrilled I am that you’re back.”

“I’m just as thrilled,” says Kapp, putting the man on the arm. The encounter proves to be a restorative. Kapp’s step is springier.

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he says. "People said Joe Kapp couldn't make it, either as a student or a player. I had to start from some place, you know. I was first taken here when I was 14 years old by my junior high homeroom teacher, Palmira Brunelli. I'd never seen anything like it—me, a poor little half-Mexican from Salinas. But there we were in Strawberry Canyon, Memorial Stadium. The Bears came on the field in those dark blue uniforms—they beat Missouri that day—and I was hooked. 'What do you have to do to get here?' I asked Miss Brunelli. I took college preparatory courses from then on. Went to summer school to get the last 11 I needed. I mean, nobody in my family had been to college before. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I got to meet a man like Glenn Seaborg [the Nobel Prize-winning chemist]. I'd go down to Rohlfue's for coffee and someone would point out to me that there was a communist sitting over there. I'd go over and talk to the guy. Hell, I'd never met a communist before. They're all here—communists, liberals, conservatives, you name it. I'd get hammered at the stadium on Saturday, then get up aching on Sunday and go lie out on the Berkeley pier watching the sailboats pass, knowing that Jack London sailed on that Bay, went to classes right here. Hey, life here is rich. Rich, I tell you. I want to share that experience with people who've never known it. A young man like Elton is starting from way back. But, as I say, you've got to start from somewhere. It depends on what quarter you want to win. Me, I always wanted to win that last quarter."

Kapp was always tough. Because of football he had too little time left to become more than a reserve in basketball at Cal, even though that was his better sport in high school. But he was the team's enforcer. Newell recalls a game against USC in which Earl Robinson, the Cal captain, who was one of the few blacks then playing basketball in the Pacific Coast Conference, was deliberately shoved after a play by a USC center. Newell had advised Robinson to behave as his baseball namesake had done 10 years earlier—with restraint in the face of provocation. Kapp seethed on the bench. "At halftime," Newell recalls, "I was prepared to deliver my mumbo jumbo when I noticed that Joe wasn't in the

continued



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locker room. After a few minutes he showed up. "There was something I had to do, Coach," he told me. No other explanation. I was mad as hell. Halftime was almost over and I hadn't even given my speech. Well, the game had been close until then. But we just killed them in the second half. People kept telling me how brilliant I was afterward, asking me

isn't a passing formation. It requires its quarterbacks to scuffle along the line, either keeping the ball or lateraling it to a trailing back, a forerunner of the wishbone. Kapp ran 92 yards for a touchdown against Oregon in 1958, his senior year, and led the then Pacific Coast Conference in rushing with 616 yards. To everyone's amazement, the 1958 Beas won

tackle, though he weighed barely 180) and the Cal line, beat them 38-12 in the Rose Bowl. "I remember it was a beautiful day," says Kapp. "Because I spent most of it lying on my back looking up at the blue sky." Willie Fleming, Iowa's star halfback, later Kapp's teammate on the British Columbia Lions in the CFL, remembers the game for something else. "In that Rose Bowl game, I'm in the end zone after scoring and I see this madman running straight at me," he says. "It's Kapp all right. He grabs me by the jersey and says, 'We're gonna kick your ass.' I tell him, 'Hey, there's five minutes left and we're way ahead.' But he said that with such conviction, he had me believing we were in deep trouble."

There was something else significant about that Rose Bowl game: Cal hasn't played in one since.

Kapp made two All-America teams in 1958 and won the Pop Warner and Vost awards as the best football player on the Pacific Coast. But the NFL savants were obviously not impressed with his passing statistics—64 completions in 114 attempts for 775 yards and only three touchdowns—and he wasn't drafted until the 18th round, when the Redskins called out his name. Kapp was stung by the slight, and in his heart he declared war on the NFL. It was a war that lasted somewhat longer than the Napoleonic conflicts and not quite as long as the Thirty Years' War.

Kapp spurned Washington, which never really made an offer anyway, and signed with Calgary of the CFL. He quickly established that his meager college passing stats were misleading by completing a league-leading 196 passes for 2,990 yards and 21 touchdowns in 1959, his rookie year. Kapp passed for 3,060 yards in 1960, and after a contract hassle that would seem insignificant in comparison with future Kapp-employer disagreements he was traded to British Columbia. The Lions were 1-13-2 in Kapp's first year. Two years later he had them in the Grey Cup game for the CFL championship. And in 1964 he led them to the title. Kapp had prospered in Vancouver, investing in real estate, but he had proved himself in Canadian football, and he longed to show the NFL a thing or two. By now, even the most intransigent of NFL scouts seemed convinced that Kapp could quarterback an NFL team.

continued



At a quarterback meeting, Kapp is flanked by Pete Stafford and Gale Gilbert (wearing cap).

what I had said to inspire the team. Then I found out what happened. After the first half ended, Joe had gone over to that center and told him, "When the fight starts, you better be looking for me because I'm coming for you." The rest of the USC guys just sort of hung back. They knew about Joe. Somehow, they just weren't ready to play that second half."

Kapp didn't box at Cal, but he worked out with the boxing team, and his coach, Eddie Nemir, said he thought Joe could have become a collegiate heavyweight champion had he worked at it. He reserved his fighting spirit for football, which he played as if it were a Pier Six brawl. As a sophomore, Kapp quarterbacked the 3-7 Bears to a 20-18 upset of Stanford and its All-America quarterback, John Brodie. Waldorf, whom Kapp idolized, resigned after that crowning victory, and with him went Cal's straight T formation. Pete Elliott, a believer in the split T, replaced Waldorf. The split T

the conference championship and went to the Rose Bowl. Virtually the same team had finished the previous season with a 1-9 record. This one went to Pasadena principally because of Kapp's ferocious determination.

"Joe could convince you that you could do anything," says Hart, who as a running back was the team's other offensive threat. "When we were playing UCLA we desperately needed a good kick, and our regular punter, Wayne Crow, was hurt, so I had to do the kicking. It wasn't a good situation, but Joe never blinked. 'Jack's gonna kick it down there close,' he said just like that in the huddle. 'So let's cover, O.K.?' Me, kick it close? Well, I'll be damned if I didn't kick the ball out on their one-yard line and we won 20-17."

But the Kapp charisma could carry the thin blue ranks only so far. Iowa, "running a freeway" over Pat Newell (now a successful lawyer, then Cal's starting



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In 1967, the year after the AFL-NFL merger, some teams were looking north for talent, among them the Houston Oilers, who reportedly offered Kapp \$100,000 to join them for 1968, the year after his contract with the Lions would have expired. Kapp agreed, assuming that the discussions were confidential and the agreement perfectly legal. When he returned to Vancouver, he found that the CFL had suspended him indefinitely and that NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle had voided the Houston agreement, ruling that the Oilers had no right to negotiate with a player still under contract with another team. Kapp was a man without a country to play football in.

In desperation, he turned to John Elliott Cook, a semiretired San Francisco attorney, then nearing 70, who had represented John Brodie in his dispute with the merged hierarchy over an agreement Brodie had signed with the Oilers during the AFL's premerger raids on NFL quar-

terbacks. Cook established in court that Brodie was entitled to the \$750,000 the Oilers had agreed to pay him and then some, even though he didn't jump leagues. Brodie had been Cook's only athlete client, and the aging lawyer was not at all anxious to take on another one. But Kapp sought him out in his Lake Tahoe retreat and importuned him so vigorously that Cook, admittedly taken with "the boy's candor and charm," took the case. Threatened with another potentially disastrous day in court, the NFL backed down. Kapp's contract was finally awarded to the Vikings, who had also been bidding for him. The Oilers were reprimanded, and British Columbia was reimbursed for the loss of its star quarterback. Kapp signed a three-year contract with Minnesota for the same reported \$100,000 per season Houston had offered.

In eight seasons in Canada, Kapp had passed for 22,725 yards and 136 touch-

downs, and he remains to this day the third-leading all-time CFL passer. But the NFL had to be convinced, and Kapp went about establishing his credentials in his customarily direct way. In his first offensive series in an NFL game, against the Rams, he addressed his opponents—who were leading 23-0 and laughing—across the line of scrimmage just before the snap from Center Mick Tingelhoff: "—you, Rams, and —you too, Deacon [Jones]! Let's see how good you are." Kapp's courage and unflinching confidence quickly won over his new teammates. Here was a quarterback who seemed to enjoy contact as much as any middle linebacker. "Other quarterbacks run out of bounds," said his coach, Bud Grant. "Kapp turns upfield and looks for a tackle to run into." One memorable Kapp collision occurred in the NFL title game of 1969. With the Vikings safely ahead of the Browns, Kapp decided to run with the ball when he couldn't locate

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a receiver. In his path was Jim Houston, the 240-pound Cleveland linebacker. Houston hit Kapp a lick, and after a mid-air flip, Kapp landed flat on his back. He got up. Houston didn't.

"Joe was a hitting quarterback," says Cal Assistant Coach Ernest (Pokey) Allen, who was Kapp's teammate at Vancouver. "The other players appreciate that. It's hard not to be motivated by somebody like that. As a defensive back [and sometime quarterback], I rated quarterbacks by what they did after an interception. If they went for the tackle, they earned my special respect. But you can count on the fingers of one hand the ones who did. Actually, I can't think of anyone but Joe. And he went for that tackle with a vengeance."

In the '69 season Kapp quarterbacked the Vikes to the Super Bowl. Though he was dended for his wobbly passes, he tied an NFL record that year by throwing for seven touchdowns in a 52-14 rout of

the defending NFL champion Colts. The wobble, says Kapp, is attributable to his habit of hastily grabbing "the seed" anywhere he could get hold of it, not necessarily with his fingertips on the laces. Kapp and the Vikings were the darlings of the '69 season. It was Kapp who coined the team battle cry, "Forty for Sixty"—40 players for 60 minutes, and with Kapp as the topkick, the Vikes seemed more like a commando unit than a football team. They finished the regular season 12-2, the losses coming in their first and last games, and they buried Cleveland 27-7 for the league title. Kapp was voted the NFL Player of the Year in five different polls and was selected as the team's Most Valuable Player. At a banquet Kapp started the celebrants by rejecting the award. "There is no one most valuable Viking," he said, citing the team's one-for-all, all-for-one credo.

Kapp also became the answer to a trivia question: Who is the only player to

quarterback a team in the Rose Bowl, Grey Cup and Super Bowl? Of these, alas, the Grey Cup would be his only win. The underdog Kansas City Chiefs trounced the Vikes 23-7 on Jan. 11, 1970 for the AFL's second straight Super Bowl win, and Kapp suffered a shoulder injury late in the game after being tackled by the Chiefs' Aaron Brown. He was a battered loser, but he won the admiration of his conquerors. "He's a sorry passer and really not a great quarterback," said Chiefs Defensive End Jerry Mays, "but he's a great leader. I hated to play against him. You felt his presence no matter where he was, on the sidelines or on the field. He'd look at you and challenge you with his eyes. When I think of him, I think of his eyes."

Super Bowl IV was virtually Kapp's swan song as a player. He and the Vikings couldn't agree on a new contract, and on Cook's advice, Kapp held out. He finally signed as the NFL's equivalent of a free

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agent with the Patriots for three years at \$200,000 a year—at least he thought he did. Even though he did not report until well into the season, Kapp took a fearsome beating behind a porous Patriot line in 1970. At one point, he says, he was asked to serve as player-head coach, an offer he declined. As it was, the Patriots went through two coaches, Clive Rush and Johnny Mazur. Of Mazur Kapp now says, "He went to Notre Dame, was an ex-Marine and he smoked cigars. Any one or even two of those things you can live with, but not all three."

At the conclusion of that dreadful season, Kapp was informed that the contract he had signed was merely a "pro tempore" agreement to play one season. In order for him to continue to play with the Patriots, he was told, he must now sign an NFL standard player contract. Kapp sent the standard contract to Cook, who advised him not to return it because it seemed clearly unconstitutional. Besides,

as far as Cook was concerned, Kapp already had a legitimate contract, many of the provisions of which the standard contract would negate. On July 16, 1971 Kapp was ordered out of the Patriots training camp. He sat out the entire 1971 season. On March 27, 1972 he filed an antitrust suit against all 26 NFL teams, asking damages from each one for forming a "group boycott" and depriving him of his right to earn a living. Kapp was 34 at the time, an age when many NFL quarterbacks are in their prime.

On Dec. 20, 1974 Kapp appeared to win a major victory when U.S. District Court Judge William T. Swegert in San Francisco issued a "summary judgment" which found that the standard contract and the NFL's reserve system were "patently unreasonable and illegal." One of Kapp's attorneys, Moses Lasky, forecast damages for his client in excess of \$10 million.

The trial to determine damages for Kapp began in Judge Swegert's San Francisco court on March 2, 1976 before a jury of two men and four women. One floor above, Patty Hearst, a bigger drawing card, was on trial for bank robbery.

The Patriots held that Kapp had never intended to play another season with them, that he had decided, in effect, that it would be less injurious to his health to get his money through the courts than by earning it dodging blitzing linebackers. One of the six lawyers opposing Kapp, Joseph Alton, the former mayor of San Francisco, who would later marry Patriot owner Billy Sullivan's daughter, Kathleen, described Kapp to the jury as entertaining a "little dream of avarice."

Still, Judge Swegert instructed the jury to consider the NFL's standard contract illegal, even though it had been agreed upon by the players association. On April 2, 1976 the jury deliberated for not quite six hours and then found that

continued

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Kapp wasn't entitled to damages. Not \$10 million, not one dollar. "We got our tails kicked," said Kapp afterward, his career in ruins, his crusade unrewarded.

What with subsequent and futile appeals all the way to the Supreme Court, it took eight years finally to resolve the case. During that time Kapp supported his wife, Marcia, and son, J.J. (now a student at Cal State-Chico), by tending to his real estate ventures, which included a

totopie helmet off his desk. "That was an agonizing time for me," he says. "Just agonizing!"

When it seemed to be apparent that Theder's days at Cal were numbered, Kapp, finally free of legal encumbrances, was ready. "I talked to a lot of people—Pete Newell, Sid Gillman, friends," he says. "The only question I had was, is it in the best interests of Cal? I told Dave, hey, if you can find a better man, get him

"crowd" of maybe a couple of thousand turned out, students mostly, with a sprinkling of Old Blues, there more to see the return of the old quarterback than to get a fix on football prospects for the coming season. There were jokes in the stands about Kapp not knowing how to operate his headphones, about his quitting on the spot at the sorry spectacle of a new-breed quarterback stepping prudently out of bounds in the face of onrushing tacklers.

Actually, Kapp had a hall in every sense. As the coach in an intrasquad game he could neither win nor lose, and his expectations were low. The defense installed by Defensive Coordinator Ron Lynn, a holdover from the Theder administration, was clearly ahead of the offense, which was what the coaching staff expected. Kapp has as many playbooks in his offices as the British Museum has illuminated manuscripts. They represent knowledge accumulated from sundry sources. "Take Bart Starr," Kapp will say, thumbing through one of his dusty texts. "He's really only had one coach—Vince Lombardi. What can he have learned? I had so many coaches I can't count them." But from this vast library he selected only a slim volume of X's and O's for his offense in this spring game, so his quarterbacks fumbled no one.

One quarterback earned most of the load for both sides, anyway—a youngster named Torchio who calls himself J. His given name is Lloyd John, but from childhood on he has been simply J., not even Jay, just the initial. Torchio was described in Cal's 1981 media guide as "a tough hard-nosed competitor in the Joe Kapp mold." The author of that description couldn't then have known that hard-nosed J. would be toughing it out the very next season under instructions from the original Kapp himself.

Pacing the sideline with Kapp was Gale Gilbert, a redshirt sophomore who lasted only one quarter into the 1981 season before injuring his left knee. Then in the off-season he slipped and fell down a flight of stairs in his Berkeley apartment house and broke his right foot. He didn't play a down of spring football, but as the best pure power on the team he is expected to be Kapp's starter this season.

Kapp didn't grab a helmet and position himself under the center during the scrimmage, but he did knee onto the field from time to time, kneeling in the huddle

continued on page 175

While he was in football limbo, Kapp (11) served some time filming "The Longest Yard."

hotel in Vancouver; acting in TV and movies, working as a technical adviser on (and acting in) the Burt Reynolds film *The Longest Yard*, and serving as an associate producer to George Litton on a film about suburban teen-agers, *Over the Edge*.

Kapp was busy, but, despite what the Patriots had said about him, he wasn't doing what he wanted. Because of the trial he couldn't play, nor did he feel he should coach, although Maggard had already sounded him out about the Cal job.

"How could they say I didn't want to play?" Kapp asks now. "I was a football player, and a football player has to play. It's an addiction." Kapp bounces the pro-

I'll be rooting for him, whoever he is."

Maggard had seriously considered only one other candidate, Jack Elway, the imaginative and highly successful coach at San Jose State. "But I felt all along that Joe was the outstanding candidate, particularly for what we need now," Maggard says. "I'm willing to live with that decision." He laughs. "It's obvious, I guess, that no one besides Joe wants him to succeed more than I do."

The first "game" Kapp coached at Cal was an intrasquad scrimmage on May 15 at Memorial Stadium that concluded spring practice. In some schools, intrasquad games of this nature can be wars, at Cal they're more like family picnics. A

CAMEL
PRESENTS

**1982
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
SCHEDULE
ATA
GLANCE**

*Big Ten Conference
Big Eight Conference*

COLLEGE FOOTBALL S

SEPTEMBER

SAT. *Northwestern vs Illinois at Champaign-n

4 Colorado State vs Missouri at Columbia

11 *Michigan State vs Illinois at Champaign •
*Northwestern vs Indiana at Bloomington •
Iowa vs Nebraska at Lincoln • *Wisconsin vs
Michigan at Ann Arbor • Ohio vs Minnesota
at Minneapolis-n • Baylor vs Ohio State at
Columbus • Stanford vs Purdue at W. Lafayette

Iowa State vs Tennessee at Knoxville-n •
Kentucky vs Kansas State at Manhattan •
N. Texas State vs Oklahoma State at Stillwater •
California vs Colorado at Boulder • Wichita
State vs Kansas at Lawrence • Iowa vs Nebraska
at Lincoln • W. Virginia vs Oklahoma at Norman
• Army vs Missouri at Columbia

18 Illinois vs Syracuse at Syracuse • Indiana vs S.
Cal at Los Angeles • Iowa State vs Iowa at Iowa
City • Michigan vs Notre Dame at Notre Dame •
*Ohio State vs Michigan State at East Lansing
• *Minnesota vs Purdue at W. Lafayette • Miami
(O.) vs Northwestern at Evanston • UCLA vs
Wisconsin at Madison

Iowa State vs Iowa at Iowa City • S. Dakota vs
Kansas State at Manhattan • Oklahoma State vs
Tulsa at Tulsa-n • Colorado vs Washington State
at Pullman • Texas Christian vs Kansas at
Lawrence • New Mexico State vs Nebraska at
Lincoln • Oklahoma vs Kentucky at Lexington

25 Pittsburgh vs Illinois at Champaign • Syracuse
vs Indiana at Bloomington-n • Iowa vs Arizona
at Tucson • UCLA vs Michigan at Ann Arbor •
Michigan State vs Miami, Fla. at Miami •
Washington State vs Minnesota at Minneapolis-n
• Northern Illinois vs Northwestern at Evanston
• Stanford vs Ohio State at Columbus • Purdue
vs Notre Dame at Notre Dame • Toledo vs
Wisconsin at Madison

Drake vs Iowa State at Ames • Wichita State vs
Kansas State at Manhattan • Oklahoma State vs
Louisville at Louisville-n • Wyoming vs
Colorado at Boulder • Kansas vs Kentucky at
Lexington • Missouri vs Texas at Austin-n •
Nebraska vs Penn State at University Park •
USC vs Oklahoma at Norman

OCTOBER

SAT. *Illinois vs Minnesota at Minneapolis-n •

2 *Indiana vs Michigan at Ann Arbor •
*Northwestern vs Iowa at Iowa City • Notre
Dame vs Michigan State at E. Lansing • Florida
State vs Ohio State at Columbus • *Wisconsin
vs Purdue at W. Lafayette

*Oklahoma vs Iowa State at Ames • Kansas
State vs Arizona State at Tempe-n • UCLA vs
Colorado at Boulder • Tulsa vs Kansas at
Lawrence • E. Carolina vs Missouri at Columbia
• Nebraska vs Auburn at Auburn • *Oklahoma
vs Iowa State at Ames

9 *Purdue vs Illinois at Champaign • Iowa vs
Indiana at Bloomington • *Michigan State vs
Michigan at Ann Arbor • *Minnesota vs
Northwestern at Evanston • *Wisconsin vs
Ohio State at Columbus

Kent State vs Iowa State at Ames • *Missouri vs
Kansas State at Manhattan • *Kansas vs
Oklahoma State at Stillwater • *Nebraska vs
Colorado at Boulder • Oklahoma vs Texas at
Dallas

16 *Ohio State vs Illinois at Champaign • *Indiana
vs Minnesota at Minneapolis • *Michigan vs
Iowa at Iowa City • *Michigan State vs Wisconsin
at Madison • *Northwestern vs Purdue at W.
Lafayette

*Iowa State vs Missouri at Columbia • *Kansas
State vs Nebraska at Lincoln • *Colorado vs
Oklahoma State at Stillwater • *Oklahoma vs
Kansas at Lawrence

23 *Illinois vs Wisconsin at Madison • *Ohio State
vs Indiana at Bloomington • Iowa vs
Minnesota at Minneapolis-n • *Michigan vs
Northwestern at Evanston • *Purdue vs
Michigan State at E. Lansing

*Iowa State vs Colorado at Boulder • *Kansas vs
Kansas State at Manhattan • *Oklahoma State
vs Oklahoma at Norman • *Missouri vs
Nebraska at Lincoln

30 *Illinois vs Iowa at Iowa City • *Michigan State
vs Indiana at Bloomington • *Minnesota vs
Michigan at Ann Arbor • *Northwestern vs
Wisconsin at Madison • *Purdue vs Ohio State
at Columbus

*Kansas State vs Iowa State at Ames • *Missouri
vs Oklahoma State at Stillwater • *Oklahoma vs
Colorado at Boulder • *Nebraska vs Kansas at
Lawrence



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CAMEL

RESULTS

Big Ten Conference

	Won	Lost	Tie
Michigan	9	3	0
Ohio State	9	3	0
Iowa	8	4	0
Illinois	7	4	0
Wisconsin	7	5	0
Minnesota	6	5	0
Purdue	5	6	0
Michigan State	5	6	0
Indiana	3	8	0
Northwestern	0	11	0

Big Eight Conference

Nebraska	9	3	0
Kansas	8	4	0
Missouri	8	4	0
Oklahoma	7	4	1
Oklahoma State	7	5	0
Iowa State	5	5	1
Colorado	3	8	0
Kansas State	2	9	0

TEAM LEADERS

Big Ten Conference Co-Champions— Iowa and Ohio State

Passing Offense	Illinois
Rushing Offense	Michigan
Total Offense	Ohio State
Total Points	Ohio State
Total Defense	Iowa

Big Eight Conference Champion— Nebraska

Passing Offense	Missouri
Rushing Offense	Oklahoma
Total Offense	Nebraska
Total Points	Nebraska
Total Defense	Nebraska

*—Conference Champions are determined by the number of Conference games won

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1981 RESULTS BIG TEN & BIG EIGHT

BOWL GAMES

Big Ten Conference

Tennessee beat Wisconsin at Garden State Bowl	28-21
Ohio State beat Navy at Liberty Bowl	31-28
Michigan beat UCLA at Bluebonnet Bowl	33-14
Washington beat Iowa at Rose Bowl	28-0

Big Eight Conference

Texas A & M beat Oklahoma State at Independence Bowl	33-16
Missouri beat Southern Mississippi at Tangerine Bowl	19-17
Oklahoma beat Houston at Sun Bowl	40-14
Mississippi State beat Kansas at Hall of Fame Bowl	10-0
Clemson beat Nebraska at Orange Bowl	22-15

1981 COLLEGE POLL

1-Clemson	11-Michigan
2-Penn State	12-Brigham Young
3-Pittsburgh	13-Ohio State
4-Texas	14-Southern Cal
5-Georgia	15-Iowa
6-Southern Methodist	16-Oklahoma
7-Alabama	17-Arkansas
8-North Carolina	18-Mississippi State
9-Washington	19-West Virginia
10-Nebraska	20-Missouri

ian belongs.



per cigarette FTC Report DEC. '81
per cigarette by FTC method.

—Conference game
n—Night game
t—Television
†—Time to be announced



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Cigarettes by FTC method.

MEL

ference
conference

SCHEDULE-AT-A-GLANCE

NOVEMBER

6 SAT. *Michigan vs Illinois at Champaign • *Indiana vs Wisconsin at Madison • *Iowa vs Purdue at W. Lafayette • *Northwestern vs Michigan State at E. Lansing • *Minnesota vs Ohio State at Columbus

*Iowa State vs Kansas at Lawrence • *Kansas State vs Oklahoma at Norman • *Oklahoma State vs Nebraska at Lincoln • *Colorado vs Missouri at Columbia

13 *Illinois vs Indiana at Bloomington • *Wisconsin vs Iowa at Iowa City • *Purdue vs Michigan at Ann Arbor • *Michigan State vs Minnesota at Minneapolis-n • *Ohio State vs Northwestern at Evanston

*Nebraska vs Iowa State at Ames • *Oklahoma State vs Kansas State at Manhattan • *Kansas vs Colorado at Boulder • *Missouri vs Oklahoma at Norman

20 *Indiana vs Purdue at W. Lafayette • *Iowa vs Michigan State at E. Lansing • *Michigan vs Ohio State at Columbus • *Minnesota vs Wisconsin at Madison

*Iowa State vs Oklahoma State at Stillwater • *Colorado vs Kansas State at Manhattan • *Kansas vs Missouri at Columbia

FRI. *Oklahoma vs Nebraska at Lincoln-t

26

SAT. Oklahoma State vs San Diego State at San Diego-n

27

DECEMBER

SAT. Nebraska vs Hawaii at Hawaii

4

1982-83 BOWL GAMES

SAT. Independence Bowl — Shreveport, La.

11

FRI. Holiday Bowl — San Diego, Calif.

17

SAT. California Bowl — Fresno, Calif.

18

Tangerine Bowl — Orlando, Fla.

25 Sun Bowl — El Paso, Texas

WED. Liberty Bowl — Memphis, Tenn.

29

THURS. Aloha Bowl — Honolulu, Hawaii

30

Gator Bowl — Jacksonville, Fla.

FRI. Hall of Fame Bowl — Birmingham, Ala.

31

Peach Bowl — Atlanta, Ga.

Bluebonnet Bowl — Houston, Texas

JAN. Cotton Bowl — Dallas, Texas

SAT.

1

Flaco Bowl — Tempe, Ariz.

Rose Bowl — Pasadena, Calif.

Orange Bowl — Miami, Fla.

Sugar Bowl — New Orleans, La.

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.

A man in a light-colored shirt and trousers is crossing a rickety rope bridge made of logs and ropes. He is carrying a large log over his shoulder. The bridge spans a deep, rocky chasm. In the foreground, two packs of Camel cigarettes are shown: 'Camel Lights' and 'Camel Filters'. The 'Camel Lights' pack is white with a red camel logo and the text 'LOW TAR CAMEL TASTE'. The 'Camel Filters' pack is yellow with a red camel logo and the text 'SMOOTH TANGENT & DOMESTIC BLEND'. Several cigarettes are visible, some with orange filters. The background is a hazy, mountainous landscape.

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to discuss strategy with Torchio and his other quarterbacks. To many of the speculators, it seemed like odd times having him out there in the middle of things.

At halftime some former Cal stars—including Tight End Joe Rose of the Miami Dolphins and Wide Receiver Matt Bouza, who spent part of first season with the 49ers—played a game of flag football. One of the flag ball coaches was Rod Franz, the university's only three-time All-America (1947, '48, '49), a guard on Pappy's first two Rose Bowl teams and a member of the college football Hall of Fame. Franz's appearance on the sidelines represented a return to the tradition Kapp is laboring to restore. This is the 100th year of Cal football, and the athletic department is pulling out all the stops to make this a memorable centennial. Both a book and a film, *One Hundred Years of Blue and Gold*, are scheduled for release this fall.

Kapp's return to the campus has proved to be a spectacular piece of promotional timing. He is, of course, a featured performer in the film, the leader of a Cinderella team. And his own sense of history is so strong that he has spent an unusual amount of time communicating tradition to his players. "Coach Kapp has taught us to appreciate the past," his tiny (156 pounds) wide receiver, Marret Ford, says. "The alumni are starting to come back. They're showing up at our practices. It's a whole new atmosphere around here."

Kapp has had to work hard convincing the parents of high school recruits that Cal has a football tradition. The Wonder Teams of the '20s, the Thunder Teams of the late '30s and Pappy's Deep Freeze of the late '40s and early '50s are but distant memories to all but the most confirmed trivia huffs. What most parents remember about the university is the student revolution of the '60s. It's no secret, to be sure, that football recruiters from other institutions do little to disabuse parents of the notion that Berkeley is the seat of continuous revolution in this country. Indeed, it is felt they encourage such talk. Would you want your kid to go to the Big Red Schoolhouse?

Kapp tries the image around to suit him. There may be Reds among the Blue and Gold, says he, but there is everything else, too. There is satiric inspiration. Invaluable experience is to be gained



Kapp was on a basketball scholarship at Cal (1955-59). As a Viking, he found a few unexpected guests in the pocket.

That's what he, an All-America, found there. Would you want your kid to go to a football factory?

Take whatever you're given, and then wring everything you can out of it. That's always been Kapp's style. And if he's a novice at coaching, Kapp, armed with his experience, his playbooks and his enthusiasm, figures his critics are as far off the mark in evaluating his talents as all these NFL scouts were in the 1959 draft.

After the intrasquad game, Kapp played host at a barbecue for the spectators on an intramural field behind the stadium. It was a festive occasion. Musicians from the Cal band were on hand, belting out fight songs, of which the university has a plethora, and Kapp was everywhere, wringing hands, nibbling food. "We need some work," he said of the scrimmage. "But there was some hitting out there. We'll show up in the fall."

Kapp is speaking to Bay Area football writers in the Brock Muller Room at the stadium. Muller was the All-America end

on three of Coach Andy Smith's Wonder Teams, which went five years, from 1920 through 1924 without losing a game. Muller was so loyal to the university that he never really left it, opening a medical practice in Berkeley and working in his spare time as a team doctor for many years. Brock Muller was a Joe Kapp kind of guy. Kapp is having fun with the press in the Muller Room, ragging the ordinarily straitlaced Muggard. "I made a deal with Dave, you know," he says. "Somebody sent me a half gallon of tequila when I got this job. I told Dave I wouldn't touch it." He rests a hand on the seated Muggard's shoulder. "One glass of wine is heavy with this guy. I told him I wouldn't touch it until we in the Rose Bowl." Kapp laughs heartily. "But here's the deal. 'When I open it,' I told him, 'you gotta drink half.'" Muggard tries a smile. "Hell," says Kapp, looking down at him benignly. "Dave here doesn't know how much fun he's gonna have."





PRO FOOTBALL '82

About the only things certain in the NFL are that the Cowboys, love 'em or loathe 'em, will make the playoffs; Kellen Winslow and Dwight Clark will catch almost 100 passes each; and the road to Super Bowl XVII will be paved with sack after sack after sack.

Labor unrest, drug abuse, Congress and
raids by the new USFL ... Pete Rozelle
and the NFL owners never had it so bad

THE FOUR HORSEMEN RIDE AGAIN

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Signs of the times: Two teams meet at midfield to shake hands, and the crowd boos. Pete Rozelle, whose theme has always been "Keep the legislators out of pro football," now runs to Congress to get help to control Raider owner Al Davis. Coke doesn't come in a red and white can any more; it's in an attaché case. And a new league arrives on the scene swearing everything will be kosher and aboveboard—and then it raids NFL coaching staffs.

Outlined against a pile of legal briefs, the Four Horsemen rode into the 1982 NFL season. Labor unrest, drugs, personnel raids and Congress. As we went to press, the big questions were: Will there be a strike this season, or a lockout? Will testing for drugs be part of the game plan? Which way will Congress swing? And how about the ambitious United States Football League? How about it, Pete Rozelle? How about the USFL?

"In the old days," the commissioner says, "that would be Number One on the priority list. Now it's Number Four."

All four are connected. The threatened strike is the glue

L.A. Raider John Matuszak and the 49ers' Dwight Clark



that binds. The USFL, or the prospect of a special Players Association All-Star League, probably killed any idea of a lockout by NFL owners. If the players were locked out, they could sign with anyone they wanted to. The owners might take them to court, but they'd be hard pressed to win. How could they hold someone to a contract if they had "thrown" him out of work? But the presence of the USFL also provides the owners with a reason to fight NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey's percentage-of-the-gross and fixed-salary-scale concepts.

"If the NFL agrees to fixed-salary structures for five years," says Howard Slusher, the agent for San Diego Quarterback Dan Fouts and others, "then it gives real life to the new league. If I know what Dan Fouts is going to be worth for the next five years, and there's a new league offering significantly higher pay, where do you think I'd advise him to go? The USFL guys say they're not going to bid for high-priced talent, but if a George Allen or a John Ralston has a shot at some superstars of the NFL, do you think anyone's

demonstrate union solidarity with a pregame handshake.



going to stop him? Plus there's the publicity value. Look what happened when Allen signed an NFL third-round draft choice [Tim Waghman, tight end from UCLA]. He got more ink than Moses did when he came down with the Ten Commandments."

Proposed drug testing by urinalysis has created a rallying cry for the Players Association's invasion of privacy. In the NFLPA's attempt to mobilize a significant strike force, no symbol or gesture (e.g., the pregame handshakes) or slogan is overlooked.

Rozelle's attempt to get Congress to pass a law granting pro sports leagues an antitrust exemption, which would reverse the court decision allowing the Oakland Raiders to move to L.A., is directly linked to the contract negotiations, says Garvey. It has become another rallying point. Rozelle says that there is no connection and that Garvey's attempt to tie the two together is another propaganda move.

The league has hired a high-powered lobbying team to help push a bill through Congress—"hopefully before the end of the year," Rozelle says. The first part of the bill would exempt the NFL from antitrust restrictions if the owners banded together to prevent a franchise shift. The second would uphold the league's right to revenue sharing, particularly TV revenue. The thrust of this part is to keep maverick owners like Al Davis from making their own TV deals in the future.

Garvey sees a more insidious threat. He feels that the long-range effect of a law defining the NFL as a joint venture would be to kill off any union attempt to bring an antitrust suit. It would take the teeth out of the victory the NFLPA won in court in 1975 when the Rozelle Rule, which concerned free-agent compensation, was judged an antitrust violation, thereby opening the door for free agency. Garvey feels that passage of the bill the NFL owners want would cripple collective bargaining in the future and permit the owners virtually to dictate conditions to the players.

"Why is Rozelle worried about having to be protected in sharing TV revenues?" asks Ben Zelenko, special counsel to the NFLPA. "The league is already protected under the Sports Broadcasting Act, passed in 1961. No, what Ed's afraid of is that the current legislation is too broad. There are too many loopholes. It's the fear of the unknown."

"If this bill passes," says Garvey, "there will definitely be a strike."

"The language of the bill specifically says that it doesn't apply to collective bargaining," Rozelle says, "or to any labor-management matter. You don't have to look very far to see the Ed Garvey-Gene Upshaw-Al Davis connection. Garvey's policy is dictated by Upshaw [the president of the Players Association and a 15-year Raider veteran]. Upshaw has been on Al's payroll for 15 years. He has testified for Al in court, and he testified for Garvey before Congress."

Rozelle's primary concern right now is getting the bill through Congress. Certainly Garvey's side gets some sympathy there, especially from legislators who rely on the labor vote. The money Rozelle is spending on lobbying is only a drop in the bucket compared to what the league stands to

continued

PRO FOOTBALL '82

lose to the Raiders and the L.A. Coliseum if the bill doesn't go through. On Sept. 20 the same jurors who on May 7 ruled against the NFL in the Raiders' suit will decide on damages. Joseph Aloto, the Raiders' lawyer, estimates they could be as high as \$100 million—\$25 million to the Raiders, \$6 million to \$7 million to the Coliseum, all of that trebled.

Sources say that the NFL Management Council, the league's collective-bargaining arm, is nervous that Rozelle's emphasis on the bill might prompt him to make concessions to Garvey to get him to call off the dogs in Washington, thus weakening the Council's negotiating position.

At this writing, the negotiations were going nowhere. On June 7 the Players Association presented its demands for 55% of the NFL teams' gross revenues. The Management Council rejected them a day later. Early in July management presented a counterproposal—basically cost of living increases and a very slight relaxing of the compensation rule. Garvey didn't even wait a day before he rejected it.

"He said it was unacceptable," says Jack Donlan, the Management Council's chief negotiator. "I said, 'You just thumbed through it. You didn't read it.' He said, 'I've taken an Evelyn Wood speed-reading course.'"

Management wants to see how far the union is prepared to go, whether the players are strong enough to strike after three regular-season games, as they've threatened, or if they'll crumble. After being out 41 days in 1974, they came back to camp—and then worked without a contract for almost three years. Donlan has tried to head off anything that would make a decision to strike easy for the union. He killed the fines for the handshake demonstrations. Why make people mad? He's dead set against a lockout, which would, in effect, "be doing Ed Garvey's work for him." It's wait and see, show us what you've got.

It's tough to read the players' minds. A strike is easy to



Rozelle is attempting to one-up Davis in Congress.

call in training camp. No one likes two-a-days. But after three weeks of the season, when their football metabolism is in full swing, and maybe their team is 2-1 and challenging, well, that's another matter.

Comments like those of the Giants' player representative, Bensley Reece, don't help the union's cause. "A substantial salary increase would be seen as a good offer," he said a few weeks ago. "I'm sure the players would accept it, even if it's not 55 percent. We'd just like a raise. Money is money—the formula isn't the important thing. On the first legitimate offer the players would be telling their reps, 'Take it and let's play football.'"

If an owner made a statement like that, he'd be fined \$100,000 under the Management Council's anti-pop-off rule. Many players must have winced when they read it.

Management's flat rejection of the percentage-of-the-gross concept, with its fixed-salary scale and incentives, is a switch from its position in '75. The owners wanted a salary scale then, and the union rejected the idea. Free agency was the issue at that time, but now Garvey says it won't work. The bidding wars for Tom Cousineau and Renaldo Nehemiah would seem to indicate otherwise. Garvey says free agency is O.K. for superstars but would mean little to the men in the trenches.

Donlan says a percentage of the gross is unacceptable because it would give the players a say in running the business. This is the party line. Extent of control—or lack of it—is negotiable. The real fear is that the players would cut themselves into a share of any huge TV payoff that lies ahead if the league goes into some form of pay TV (after the current \$2 billion TV contract expires following the 1986 season). There have been hints that the league might run its own network on a subscription basis, and the anticipated payoff would make \$2 billion look like peanuts. Who wants the players cutting into that? Not the owners.

"Pay TV is still very far down the road," Rozelle says. "As



Donlan (left) and Garvey have never been this close.

far as our own network goes, there are legal ramifications. You'd be both the product itself and the marketing agent. I don't know if that would be allowed."

Prospects for a quick labor settlement seem bleak. The owners fear free agency. The players won the right to it in court, but they virtually bargained it away in their last contract. If free agency is the players' fallback position now, then it would make sense for management to bite the bullet and go for some variation of the percentage of the gross concept—with a dollar ceiling on what the players could get from future TV deals. Right now the owners aren't faced with that decision. There is no strike. If they read weakness, if the players go out and then their strike collapses, then there will be a pay raise, an increase in benefits, some easing of the compensation rule, and that's all—or possibly no contract at all, as was the case in 1974.

The drug problem is tricky. The Armed Forces have it, so does the entertainment world. "The integrity of the game" has been a league byword for years, but that image suffers if fans suspect that players would do anything to support an expensive drug habit. The league's handling of ugly matters in the past was to hope they would go away. Its investigative forces have been a joke. The inquiry into Ken Stabler's alleged gambling connections dragged on for nearly a year before he was cleared by Rozelle in August. During this past year former Viking Defensive End Carl Eller repeatedly warned the NFL that it had a big cocaine problem, but no one in the league office paid enough attention. Today there's a lot of publicity about it, and the league finally has proposed a solution.

"Right now if a player's got a drug problem and he wants help, he can go to his club and enroll in a detoxification program," Rozelle says. "The club would pay for the program, no matter how expensive it is. We've introduced a combination league drug program, with the help of Leo Zefteretti, a Congressman from Brooklyn and chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control. Clubs will either retain a chemical abuse expert in their city or work with a rehab facility. A player would be encouraged to volunteer for evaluation and possible treatment. No disciplinary action would be taken, and the club would get a roster exemption while he's undergoing treatment.

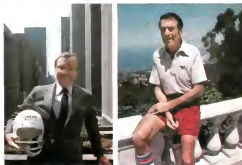
"A physical examination and urinalysis would be left up to the individual clubs, but could only be done for a reason. It would be on a spot basis, but there'd have to be a cause. Say a player's performance falls off dramatically; he'll be checked. He might have hepatitis or a blood condition. A player who's clean would welcome it."

Finally, the USFL. The two-year ABC and ESPN TV packages have guaranteed each of the USFL's 12 clubs an estimated \$1.5 million a year. This is something no new league has ever had before, a guaranteed payoff before it opened the store. But the money is still minimal, and the league is subject to the whims of TV. Right now the USFL's March-through-July schedule looks a lot better than the usual run of garbage sports, but if the ratings aren't impressive, the TV people might go back to lacrosse and refrigerator racing.

"That's why we have to shoot for a live gate right away," says USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons, who came from ESPN. "We need credibility."

Simmons admits that George Allen's freehanded ways in signing Wrightman and ex-Colt Quarterback Greg Landry without owning their USFL negotiating rights were an embarrassment. Allen, he says, will be "encouraged to conform." There will also be an overall budget for total salaries—not spelled out in so many words, more in the nature of a gentleman's agreement. He estimates that USFL salaries will average about \$40,000.

USFL teams supposedly will stock up on unproved young



Simmons wants credibility, while Allen wants players.

talent, with no raiding of NFL rosters. But right now the Steelers are steaming because the new league has snatched away some personnel who had existing contracts.

"We lost our assistant head coach, George Perles, two weeks before training camp opened," says Steeler V.P. Art Rooney Jr., "and our line coach, Rolfe Dotsch, during camp. Both were under contract. How would you feel if you were getting ready for a season? My father called Perles and told him he would never be welcome around the Steelers again. At 81, he doesn't need that kind of aggravation."

The situation has created bitterness among old friends. At the Steelers' first exhibition game, Steve Furness, a defensive tackle for them on all four Super Bowl teams and now a defensive line coach for Philadelphia of the USFL, asked for a seat in the press box. The Steelers turned him down.

"You gave one to the Canadian Football League people," Furness said.

"Yeah," said a Steeler official, "but they play by the rules. They honor contracts. They don't steal our coaches."

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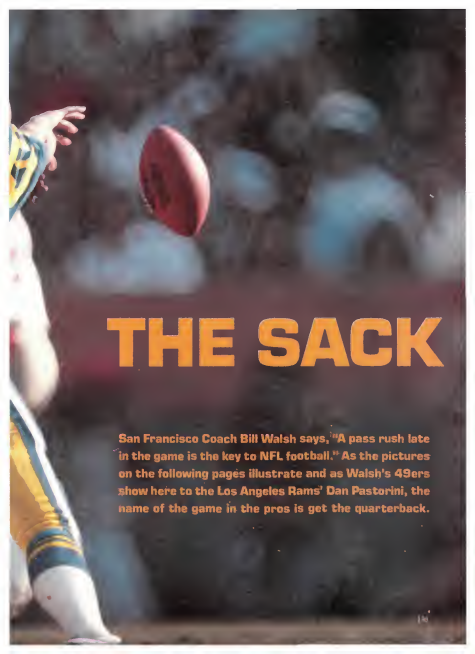
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Let's win the Games again.



A photograph of a football player in a white jersey with yellow and blue accents, reaching out with his right hand towards a red football suspended in the air. The background is a blurred crowd of spectators in a stadium.

THE SACK

San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh says, "A pass rush late in the game is the key to NFL football." As the pictures on the following pages illustrate and as Walsh's 49ers show here to the Los Angeles Rams' Dan Pastorini, the name of the game in the pros is get the quarterback.



Denver Linebacker Bob Swenson, an unblocked flying object, puts a wraparound sack on Joe Ferguson of the Bills.

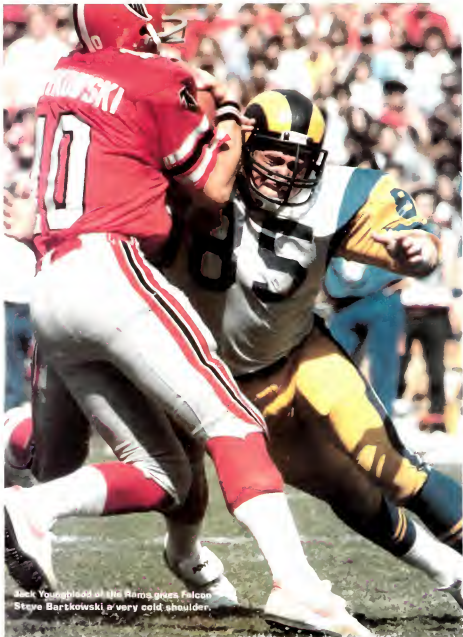
The Eagles' Ron Jaworski wishes that San Diego Tackle Big Hands Johnson would get off his back.





Buffalo's Ben Williams tries to get a leg up on Ken Johnson's sack of Bengal Ken Anderson.





Jack Youngblood of the Rams greets Falcon Steve Bartkowski a very cold shoulder.

Buc Doug Williams finds himself
in a jam, surrounded by Chargers
John Wooten and Eric Decker. Kelcher.





Rules changes have made getting to the quarterback more difficult and put a premium on pass rushers like the New York Jets' front four

THE SACKERS

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Sacks. Quarterback sacks. "The essence of the game," says Detroit Lion Defensive Tackle Doug English. "A product of uncontrolled rage," says Defensive End Lyle Alzado, whom Cleveland traded to the Raiders in April. "Absolutely the single greatest thing in the world," says Tom Keating, the right tackle on Oakland's record-setting sack crew of 1967.

Sacks? The greatest thing in the world? "Oh, sacks?" I thought you said sex," Keating says. "Sacks are the second-best thing."

"I think I cried after my first NFL sack," says Bubba Baker, the Lions' right defensive end. "It was in our first preseason game, against Buffalo. I gave the tackle a 360-degree move, a basketball move. I'd been waiting all during camp to try it out. He'd come out to block me aggressively and he never touched me, and I got to Joe Ferguson before he'd even set up. I couldn't believe it."

"I heard that roar from the 50,000 people in the stands. My God, I thought, every time I do this, are they going to do that? I've got to get me another one of those. I was crying. I got excited. I went crazy. Next play I jumped offside."

Sack. The term didn't catch on until the late 1960s. Some people think it originated in L.A., with the Rams' famous Deacon Jones-Merlin Olsen-Roxy Grier-Lamar Lundy Fearsome Foursome team. The NFL still doesn't officially recognize the term. "Opponents Tackled Attempting Pases," is the rather stuffy way the league describes sacks in its record book. But at least they're recognized now. Until

1967 there was no official record for team sacks, and for a time before that the play itself didn't show up anywhere in the stats. It was a noevent.

Sack. A graphic term for a football play. Dallas calls it a trap, but that term hasn't caught on elsewhere. The old mouse-and-cheese idea. Drops? Nope, sounds too much like medicine. Dumps? Uhuh, no, for obvious reasons. Webster's unabridged, second edition, defines sack, from the Latin *saccus*, as "the pillaging or plundering of a captured town or city by its conquerors—often in phrases as 'to put to sack, to deliver up to sack'; hence, run through despoliation." For instance, the sacking of Rome, or Carthage, or Craig Morton.

Some coaches feel that no other play in the game serves as such an exact barometer of success or failure. One doesn't have to look any further than the sack stats to understand how the New York Jets rejoined the ranks of the living last year. They had been notoriously weak pass rushers for almost a decade—their 16 sacks in 1976, when they finished 3-11, was one away from the alltime worst—but last year they erupted with a sacking frenzy, getting 66 of them. As a result, the Jets picked up their first playoff check in 12 years, and the front four of defensive ends Joe Klecko and Mark Gastineau and tackles Marty Lyons and Abdul Salaam picked up a catchy nickname, the New York Sack Exchange.

The Pittsburgh Steelers' fall from greatness came when their sack total decreased from 49 in 1979 to 18 in '80. When the Atlanta Falcons lost their sacking linebacker, Joel Williams, with an injury to his right knee last year, their sacks dropped from the 46 they had in '80 to 29, and their preseason Super Bowl

hopes ended at 7-9. Last season each of the nine double-digit winners in the NFL finished in the top half of the league in team sacks. Of the top eight sacking teams in history, six made it into the playoffs, and another, the 1976 San Francisco 49ers, third on the alltime list with 61, had their only winning season in an eight-year stretch.

Pro football statistical analyst Bud Goode says the sack is worth three points. Klecko says a sack isn't "exactly like a touchdown, but it's a big play, both materially and emotionally." The 49ers' coach, Bill Walsh, says, "A pass rush late in the game is the key to NFL football."

To the league office, sacks are very unpleasant things. Bad for the game, for the quarterbacks and for the passing stats. Bad for scoring, attendance and America. And so the rulemakers have unchained the hands of the offensive linemen. We'll let you push off, fellow, and if you don't grab too much we'll look the other way. Poor devils, those offensive linemen, it's about time they got a break. No one ever gave offensive lines catchy nicknames, such as Gold Rush or Silver Rush or Sack Pack or Purple Gang or Doomsday Defense or Steel Curtain. All those belonged to the sack artists, but now it's time to take those defensive monsters in hand. Push them hard. Squeeze the life out of them. Outlaw their head slap, the traditional weapon against an offensive lineman's clenchings.

The new rules have offensive linemen stampeding into the weight room. Pump iron, pile on walls of muscle, especially in the upper body, the arms. This spring the Redskins were boasting of a new dedication to weightlifting destined to produce an offensive line averaging 280 pounds. The Godzilla Syndrome. Nineteen-inch

A quarterback's-eye view of the Sack Exchange (clockwise from top right): Gastineau, Salaam, Lyons, Klecko.

continued

THE SACKERS *continued*

arms that a guard can use like war clubs. Quick defensive tackle, eh? Well, here's a push for you, whump!

Muscle begets muscle. Back to the weight room go the pass rushers, the sackers, all those huge but lean 4.7 sprinters who once dominated the game through speed and moves and guile.

"Pass rushers are having a terrible time now," says San Francisco Defensive Coordinator Chuck Studley. "Lots of arms out there. To beat his man, individually, a rusher must have the physical assets: he must be able to butt, to shoulder drive, to power over the top or to swing his man around. Pushing iron is a religion for pass rushers. They must have that upper body strength."

"There's no question, you have to have strength again," says Chicago Bear Defensive Tackle Jim Osborne, a 10-year veteran. "When I first came into the league I relied heavily on it. Then I looked around and saw that some of the guys who were most successful—Wally Chambers, Joe Greene, Jerry Sherk—

were using their quickness. Wally never went near the weight room. They were getting all the ink. I figured maybe what they were doing was right. I started relying more on quickness. Then, after the rule changes, that wasn't working. Now I've got to spend more time in the weight room. I need more strength."

"I hate all that weightlifting," says Klecko, the leading sacker in the NFL last year. "It's boring, it's sickening, but it has to be done. I'd like to send a directive to all the offensive and defensive linemen in the NFL. From now on, no more weight training. You'll just rely on natural strength. Put 'em on the honor system. But you know some guy would cheat and then the cycle would start all over again."

They are calling Klecko, a 6' 2½", 272-pound former ECAC heavyweight champion in boxing, the prototype of the new-style defensive end, proof that you don't have to stand 6' 5" to play the position. Of course, anyone who's successful in anything becomes a prototype until a

new one comes along, but Klecko's 20½ sacks in 1981 put him alongside the half a dozen or so players who have ever had more than 20 in a season.

"You take 10 guys and put 'em in a room," Klecko says, "and I'd be the last one you'd put outside on the end. Big offensive tackles used to see me line up and they'd bugh. What's that short, squat guy doing out there?"

Klecko's attributes include tremendous quickness off the ball, great strength and a boxer's instinct for knocking away an opponent's hands and beating him to the inside position. And, says Green Bay Coach Bart Starr, Klecko has "something within him that flames very hot."

"He does some things you just can't copy," says Minnesota Viking Defensive Tackle Doug Martin, "like grabbing his opponent by the shoulders and just walking him back to the quarterback. He's an exception."

It all came together for Klecko and the Jets last year. Their 66 sacks were 14 more than the total of the next-best team, Oakland. Defensive coaches have begun studying New York's films. Perhaps there's a way to beat the new pass-blocking rules after all.

"Lockout. The Jets were specialists in the lockout technique," says George Perles, who coached Pittsburgh's defense last year and is now head coach of the United States Football League's Philadelphia franchise. "It was the key to their pass rush. The offensive lineman is bent at the hips, in hitting position, arms extended. You get two defensive ends with enormous strength like those two, Klecko and Gastineau, and they do the identical thing the offensive linemen do, only Klecko and Gastineau beat 'em to the punch. They get their hands inside and lock the offensive guys' elbows out and then run them over, drive them right over the quarterback or on their cars. In the old days we said you couldn't use brute strength to push offensive linemen around. You needed technique; the game was played with your legs. But all this bench-pressing in the weight room has changed that. The guy who has his hands inside is winning. He's got all the leverage on his side."

The key for a coach, of course, is fitting a style to his personnel. "Big wild-and-wooly types," is how Ram Defensive End Cody Jones describes Klecko

continued



As sackers like Dean (74) know well, offenses now favor a hands-on approach.

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THE SACKERS continued



English, downing K.C.'s Bill Kenney, calls the sack "the essence of the game."

and Gastineau, and it would be silly to try to program them to use the quick, slashing moves of Jones's All Pro teammate, Jack Youngblood, or the 49ers' Fred Dean.

Gastineau, the Jets' 25-year-old left end, is blessed with a physical package seldom seen on this planet. At 6' 5", 276 pounds, he has run a 4.56 40. One summer his weight soared to 295, but he still ran a 4.6. Once, when he was playing at East Central Oklahoma State University in Ada, a scout came to get a clocking on him. Gastineau's father got into the act, peeling off his jacket and running a 4.9—in street shoes.

New York fans love Gastineau for his sack dance, a wild happy-hop that he got to perform 20 times last season, plus a few times on other people's sacks. "Against Green Bay he did it after one of mine," Lyons says. "I told him, 'If you're going to dance, do it on your own sacks.'" Other players weren't so wild about Gastineau's act.

"I reminded Mark," says Jet Quarterback Richard Todd, "that those offensive tackles lying on the ground watching him do that thing are the same ones who are

going to be voting for the Pro Bowl."

"I never do it near offensive linemen," Gastineau says. "I get away from them and do it."

They chose him to play in the Pro Bowl anyway.

Gastineau says he'll continue to dance. He tried playing one season without it, and he was "absolutely miserable," he says. "That was in 1980, my second year. I'd let other people influence my thinking. I'd seen my teammates fold their arms and walk away from me. I'd been told, 'We don't do that hot-dog stuff on the Jets.' In God's truth, what I'd been doing had been a natural reaction. So for one season I didn't do the dance. It was the most unhappy year of my life. I'd get a sack and I'd say, 'Don't jump, Mark, don't jump.' I'd want to rip my mouthpiece out and start chewing on it. In the off-season I talked to my wife and my parents about it. They told me to do what I wanted to do. I talked to our coach, Walt Michaels, and our president, Jim Kensil, and even to the owner, Leon Hess. They all said, 'Go on and do it if it makes you happy.' So last year I danced again."

Though other defensive lines resorted to a whole playbook full of stunts and twists, end-tackle crisscrosses, slants and deep loops, the Jets played it pretty much straight in '81. They'd use a few twists as a change of pace, but those were mainly to set up their straight-ahead killer rush. In the face of enormous pressure by New York's outside men, opposing quarterbacks would try to step up in the pocket, but that was no bargain either, because 1981 was the year the inside men, Lyons and Salaam, asserted themselves.

"I look at it this way," says Salaam, a six-year veteran. "The offensive linemen are trying to make a cup, we're trying to empty it. We force the quarterback out of the pocket so the guys on the end can catch him." The Jets' inside pressure killed the Packers in the regular-season finale, a game each team needed to win for a playoff spot. Nine sacks were New York's harvest that day.

"The big difference for me," says Salaam, a vicious hand-fighter who was a Cincinnati Golden Gloves champ and an outstanding high school wrestler, "was when the coaches took me out of the guard-center gap and put me head-up on the guard. I'd been in a read-and-react situation before, but now I could work on beating my man and putting pressure on the passer. Instead of survival, my game was now domination."

Lyons, a first-round draft choice in '79, had been one of the best pass-rushing tackles Bear Bryant ever had at Alabama, but in one of those strange bits of coaching inspiration, the Jets decided to try him at end as a rookie and then lift him for Gastineau on passing downs. "Lifting you on the gravy plays doesn't make you feel worth a damn," says Lyons. In 1980 they moved him back inside, and in '81, with a full year of working together under their belts, the Jets' front four exploded as a unit—and the Jets took off for the playoffs.

Sacks are clearly among the game's most important statistics, but until 19 years ago the league record keepers didn't know how to handle them. At first they weren't recognized at all. The losses were just lumped in with rushing yardage. Then in the early 1960s the yardage was recorded as "team yards lost passing," but the sack itself didn't show up anywhere on the stat sheets. "Total defensive plays" consisted of rushes, passes,

continued

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THE SACKERS continued

punts and field-goal attempts, but a sack was a nothing, a bitter memory to be erased. When Oakland set its record in 1967, no big deal was made of it. "I knew we were getting a lot of sacks," Keating says, "but no one talked of records or anything like that."

Sadly, no individual sack records have ever been kept by the NFL, so the great pass rushers of the past, like Baltimore's Gino Marchetti, Green Bay's Willie Davis and Denver's Rich Jackson, have left no statistical tracks by which they can be measured. Up until this season individual totals have been compiled informally by most teams for 15 years or so. Coy Bacon's 26 sacks for Cincinnati in 1976 is believed to be the high for a season, but who knows? The Cowboys' Harvey Martin had 23 one year. So did Baker, who came into the NFL in 1978 and whose record of 67 sacks in 58 starts with the Lions probably ranks him as the best pure sacker in the game today.

This season the league will begin keeping individual records after sending out detailed instructions to the clubs on how to determine them. Last year each team had its own system. The Jets' defensive line coach, Dan Sekanovich, had a unique method of awarding half a sack for every two "spooks," a spook being

"every time you spook the quarterback into someone else's tackle."

Some coaches give almost the same weight to a spook—or a "pressure" or a "hurry"—as they do to a sack. "Sacks are garbage stats," says former Houston Defensive Line Coach Joe Galat. "One guy does all the work and the other one gets the sack." Says Green Bay's Defensive Line Coach Doc Ulrich, "A pass rush is a pass rush, and a sack is a public relations thing."

Most players disagree. "Coaches always tell you how important hurries are," Baker says, "but the players don't believe it. There's nothing like seeing the quarterback go down with the ball. Last year our left end, Dave Purifoy, and I came up with our own statistic. We figured 500 hurries equal one sack."

In 1976, as pass rushers became leaner and quicker, NFL sacks reached a high of 9.98 per 100 passes thrown. Defense was taking over. And attendance was declining. So in 1977 the head slap was taken away from the defensive linemen. The next year the offensive linemen were allowed to shove off and generally use their hands more freely, and the one-bump rule was put in to limit the defensive backs. The year after that, 1979, the five-yard bump zone was installed. The pass-

ing lanes opened up, quarterbacks began taking a shorter drop and throwing quicker, timed patterns, and sacks decreased every season, down to a low of 7.20 per 100 passes thrown in 1981, a 28% decrease in five years. And attendance has shown a steady rise since 1977, attaining a regular-season record of 60,745 per game last year.

"For the offensive linemen," says Tampa Bay Buccaneers Coach John McKay, "the new rules have whetted a natural instinct to hold."

"The league has given the offense all the weapons now," 49er Linebacker Jack Reynolds says. "It's like Great Britain against Argentina."

"I'd have a lot of trouble playing the game under today's rules," Olsen says. "My whole thrust was to try to make some initial contact with the offensive lineman, but now he'll grab you and you'll never get away. Nowadays you need stunts and tricks and designated pass rushers like Dean. The whole idea is to avoid contact. The new rules have destroyed one of the finest parts of the game, the integrity of one-on-one battles on the line. You don't get that anymore. It's a wrestling match now, a joke. If you went back to the rules of five or six years ago, very few offensive linemen today could play the game. You can get any big strong guy off the street and teach him to pass-block, I'm sad. They've taken an art form and destroyed it. Some people are very Machiavellian. They look at the scoreboard, they look at the dollar sign. Does that mean happiness?"

Cedrick Hardman, whose 12-year career as a right defensive end for the 49ers and the Raiders spanned both eras, is equally saddened. "You're blessed with a God-given talent," he says. "You work a whole career to learn the skill to use it, to get it down. And then some rich guys who never played the game get together in Hawaii or someplace, over a cocktail, and take away what you've perfected."

"My whole game was ball anticipation, getting off on the split second. Then I could use my moves. Today some of those big old lead-foots on the offensive line can still get off a step late and get a hand on you and push you off stride."

"Joe Greene was my idol, my teammate at North Texas State. He was the Dr. J of football. No one guard could handle his quickness. Hands are what fin-

continued



As White (54) demonstrates, sack artists need to have a boxer's quick hands.

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THE SACKERS continued

ished him. He'd still be playing today, still killing people, except for hands."

Defensive linemen are now being instructed in hand-fighting techniques. Strange-looking people are showing up on the practice field: "Now listen up, fellas. This guy's going to show you all about kendo." Dallas has used a martial arts instructor. "We tried one, too, but it didn't quite take hold," says the Rams' Youngblood. "But I do work out on a speed bag every day after practice." Says Klecko, the former boxer, "I like to hit the big bag. I'd like to set one up in the house and hit it every day, but I can't because of the noise. I've got a one-year-old now. Sleeps a lot."

Some oldtimers, including Youngblood, can look at things philosophically.

"They're the rules, and we have to live with them," he says, "and what they're making me do is work harder to develop new skills, new techniques. But you sort of miss the old guys, offensive linemen like our Charlie Cowan and Rayfield Wright on the Cowboys, guys who'd take you on within the rules. They've done died and left me standing here. [St. Louis'] Dan Dierdorf, though, he's old world. He was never a big weightlifter; he never lifted anything heavier than a fork."

Youngblood sees the challenge now as "having to use my speed and quickness, or what's left of it, to the fullest." That's one theory. Trick the big weightlifters along the offensive line. Confuse them, throw feints and stunts at them, odd people popping up in odd places.

The 49ers' Studley, who last year used the 228-pound Dean as a situation player, as a weak-side pass rusher—"the idea is to get him playing in open space"—noticed that teams were loading up on Dean's side toward the end of the season. So in the Super Bowl, Studley stacked Dean as a blitzing middle linebacker. Walsh says that in 1982 opponents can expect to see more of Dean in unusual places. "You'll see him as a linebacker," he promises. "You'll see him dropping off into coverage. They won't know where to find him."

Add watch for more sophisticated blitzes this season. "When we faced the 49ers in the playoffs," says the New York Giants' 240-pound killer linebacker, Lawrence Taylor, "they picked up my

If not for the new pass-blocking rules, quarterbacks would be an endangered species.

—DAVE LAPHAM

LEFT GUARD, CINCINNATI BENGALS



"Let's face it, the pass rushers were getting to be just too good athletes. Guys are coming up now who are 6'5", 270, and they can run a 4.7 40. My clocking's on the sandal somewhere. They could just rush the passer at will if we couldn't extend our hands and lock our elbows."

"Besides, they have all the momentum. We're going backward, retreating, giving

ground—grudgingly. They're going forward. You've got to have something to equalize that."

"What these rules have done is to take a lot of pressure off the umpire, who has to call most of the holding. A lot of it was going on before anyway. Personally, I might grab a little cloth every now and then. It can't be helped, but I try to let it go."

"I've heard complaints about us clamping down on guys' arms, but say you extend your arms and the defensive lineman throws an uppercut to get your arm off him. Well, then the blocker is allowed to clamp down on the defensive guy's arm. It's strength vs. strength, and it really bothers defensive linemen a lot, but as long as you don't take 'em down it's O.K.—I mean you can't use a sumo-wrestler move where both of you hit the dirt."

"But don't think that the defensive guys don't get away with a lot of stuff, too. On end-tackle games or tackle-tackle games, where one defensive lineman penetrates into the gap and the other one loops around him, well, often the first guy will just reach in and grab enough cloth to nullify both the guard and center. That'll free his passer, the looper. It should be a five-yard penalty for defensive holding, but I've never seen it called."

"The old Baltimore Sack Pack team was great at it. The Steelers were real good at it, too. Joe Greene was great at grubbing and consuming two guys. Teams that use zone blocking, as we do, are hurt most by this. When you're blocking man-to-man you just follow your man when he loops. But a zone- or area-blocking team is shafted."

"One thing that saddened me, though, was

when they outlawed the head slap. An offensive lineman paid his dues with the bell ringers. Some of those head slappers just wanted to stand there and beat you up; they forgot about rushing the passer. It wasn't the bell ringers and bull rushers that gave me problems, it was the guys who combined speed with strength."

"But you still see head slaps. A lot of guys use the shoulder slap now, and that can be almost as effective in stunning you and getting your body weight moving one way. But sometimes they'll miss the shoulder and get your head. They'll say, 'Sorry, I was aiming for your shoulder,' but in the meantime you're getting a long distance phone call and there's nobody home to answer it."

"Jerseys are tighter now, too, so it's tough for players—offensive or defensive—to grab cloth like they used to. For a while everyone was greasing up with slick substances such as silicone and Vaseline, but the officials are watching for that now. I've seen the umpire come up and feel the jerseys of all the linemen on the field. So everyone's tightening up his jersey. They're stuffing kneepads into gaps created by their shoulder pads to smooth those areas over. Some guys are punching holes in their sleeves and putting in laces, and then lacing them up tight."

"At Cincinnati we went to a velour-type jersey last year. It's hot as hell, but it's a slicker material. They're formfitting, too—picture French-cut football jerseys. We had to go and get them fitted. It's gotten to the point where you have to put on your shoulder pads and jersey as a single unit now. And you have to be a contortionist to get the stuff off. You practically choke yourself."

END



In '81 the Sack Exchange—with an NFL high of 66 sacks—had a more bullish year than the New York Stock Exchange.

outside blitzes with a pulling guard. O.K., now we're ready for that. It leaves a gap and we'll shoot that gap with one, maybe two linebackers."

"Confusion," says the Raiders' Ted Hendricks, a free-lancing type of blitzing linebacker. "The whole idea's going to be to spread confusion among the offense. For the last two years I did a lot of things people couldn't understand. I'd get out of my position and walk right over to the other side of the defense. My teammates would yell, 'What are you doing over here?' They didn't understand that what I was doing came from a very careful film study of tendencies and formations, and a lot of times I'd hear offensive players yelling at the quarterback, 'You can't call that, he's standing right in the hole.' As far as my coaches were concerned, they didn't say anything as long as I guessed right."

For most of the defensive linemen, though, rushing the passer is still a matter of strength, and quickness off the ball. "Quickness is the key to getting to the

quarterback," says Cowboy Defensive Tackle Randy White. "None of your moves or strength are any good if you don't get off the ball and into your man before he's comfortably set up. Sometimes you'll have to resort to a straight bull rush, a head butt, just to convince him you're capable of it. Sometimes it gets you through, too, especially if he's looking to 'tackle' you."

"Sometimes just plowing right in is what it comes down to," Baker says. "Straight on, no moves, no help. You may wind up getting in on your knees, but what you're doing is destroying a man's will, evening things up for all those holds and takedowns. A lot of players don't like that approach. They want to get away from the Roman gladiator tactics. A lot of people play with a scientific attitude in mind. You just hope you get one in front of you on Sunday."

"Defensive coaches are going to have to work harder," Perles says. "So are the players. Offensive linemen are sewing their jerseys tight, they're taping them to

their pads so we can't get a grip. O.K., we have to do that, too. I tell my people, 'Take your jersey home. Have your tailor sew it. Have your wife sew it. Get involved.'"

Pass rushing, quarterback sacks, will determine the winners and losers for 1982, Walsh believes. The hunt is on for defensive linemen, not two or three but half a dozen of them per team, all ready to come in at any time. Fresh troops. Superior athletes.

"Sometimes you see a boxing match where for seven or eight rounds the underdog holds on or even gets ahead," says Walsh. "You think an upset is in the making, but then at the end the champion gets him; the champ has worn him down. The pass rush can be like that. Constant pressure by a whole group of superior athletes will wear a blocker down. He gets a little tired, and he isn't able to deal with it anymore. The odds have run out on him."

And then it will be time for some more new rules.

END



Dean (belting me at left) was always a

YOU WON'T HAVE ME TO SACK ANYMORE

So says retired Ram Quarterback Pat Haden, who remembers a lot of bumps, bruises and boos

**BY PAT HADEN
as told to E.M. SWIFT**

If I should ever get the urge to renounce my retirement and come back as quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, or any other team, I'm going to remind myself of one play. It happened against the New Orleans Saints in 1980, in the third quarter of a game we were leading 38-14. Vince Ferragamo was doing most of our quarterbacking that year—he was the darling of Los Angeles, as I had once been—and he had already thrown five touchdown passes in the game. For some reason he came out for a couple of plays, and I came in. It was third-and-eight, so I called a pass. I dropped back and was looking around when one of New Orleans' linemen hit me from the blind side—never saw him—and the ball popped into the air. Don Reese, a defensive end for New Orleans, caught it in stride and took it 34 yards for a touchdown. I was lying on the ground, a big body on top of me, watching a 260-pound man run off with my one pass of



problem, as were behemoths like the Cowboys' Larry Bethas and huge paws that seemed to come out of nowhere.

the day. You can't imagine the frustration. Had the play not been ruled a fumble, it would have been my longest completion of the year. The boos started, and you've never heard so many, in such perfect unison, in your life.

Think of that, Pat.

Sacks and boos are two very good reasons that I will be working for a law firm in Los Angeles and doing TV commentary of college games for CBS network this season. The sacks you can do something about. The boos go with the territory. I've tried to think of a position in another sport more difficult to play than quarterback, but nothing comes to mind. The simple act of throwing a ball to a receiver moving at full speed, say, 25 yards away—leading him perfectly—is difficult enough. Not many people can even do that well. Then add the other team. Start with blitzing linebackers and add a secondary with different coverages necessitating different pass routes, all of

which have to be "read" in the first moments the quarterback has the ball. Add to that four guys who are faster than you, each 6' 6", 260 pounds, who will be in your face in 3.7 seconds, and you can begin to imagine the complexities of the position. That's why the quarterback is the focus of the game; why his job is more difficult than the others; why he is compensated more and abused more.

I have heard fans boo Fran Tarkenton, Terry Bradshaw and the man I consider to be the best quarterback I've ever seen, Roger Staubach. In 1976, my rookie year, I heard Rams fans boo the hell out of James Harris and Ron Jaworski. I was the darling then, enjoying the honeymoon grace period that all new quarterbacks get. I thought: "That's not going to happen to me."

It did. Many, many times. It all hit home one night last summer when I took my wife, Cindy, out to a Dodgers game. Don Sutton was pitching for the Houston

Astros, and of course, everybody booed long and loud when he took the mound. "They're calling your name, Pat," Cindy said dryly.

I don't have a lot of patience with guys who complain that the new blocking rules have ruined the art of sacking the quarterback, because last season I didn't find myself getting hit any less or sacked any less than in previous years. If anything, I was hit more. Fred Dean of the San Francisco 49ers sacked me five times in one game. You could try to block Dean with a pickup truck and it wouldn't work. He's too good, too fast, and no rules committee is ever going to stop him.

You've probably heard of a "lookout" block. It's a standard joke in football, but it actually happened to me once. We were playing the Lions, and Defensive End Dave Purefory put such a strong move on Jackie Slater, one of our tackles, that Slater literally turned and yelled, "Look out!" It was too late. Purefory's

continued



When linemen couldn't get to me, safeties like Atlanta's Bob Glazebrook did.

PAT HADEN *continued*

helmet was already in my face. Next thing I knew, I was sprawled out; my face mask was like a birdcage—it was broken and flapping up and down, and the birds were going tweet-tweet. I was barely moving, there was dust all over the place, and Slater leaned over and said with great concern, "I told you to look out."

I've found that defensive linemen react to a sack in three basic ways. The first is to jump up and down like a lunatic, brandishing a fist in the air and slapping high fives with anyone in reach—even if somebody else has made the sack. The hot dog. The second, a particular favorite of mine, is to lie on top of the quarterback for as long as possible, until everyone else is up and you're the last guy off the bottom of the pile. The public address announcer then assumes you've made the sack, even though you may simply have been piling on. The third is to rise—not too slowly, not too quickly—then stand over your prey, the quarterback, like a lion, staring down at him. That not only gives the TV cameras a chance to focus on you, but it also lets the quarterback know that you're there and intend to be back in the near future.

No quarterback likes this sort of treatment, but we understand it. The sack is a

defensive lineman's vengeance, his dance in the end zone, his toss of the ball into the stands. The temptation for the quarterback is to tell all those sackers to do their dancing where the sun never shines. But no matter how outrageous defensive linemen acted after sacking me, I never said a word. I was always aware of one thing: They were bigger than I. They could have the last laugh. I didn't want to give those guys any more incentive than they already had.

Most of the great players who sacked me didn't indulge in histrionics; they let their ability speak for itself. Randy White, Mean Joe Greene (who was inappropriately nicknamed) and Alan Page simply rose after a tackle and returned to their positions. My teammate Merlin Olsen was like that, too. Bob Brazile would ask, "You O.K.?" And Lyle Alzado would often say, "Nice pass," if I had gotten rid of the football. They were the real professionals, in my opinion, and it was always appreciated.

Dean, who played with the San Diego Chargers before going to the 49ers last season, was always a thorn in my side. He was that third type, the lion who would give you the long stare. The Eighth Amendment guarantees that we will not

receive any cruel or unusual punishment, but in a Rams-Chargers game in 1979, Dean violated my Eighth Amendment rights so flagrantly that I should have sued. We lost 40-16 and I had to be carried off the field twice. It was by far the worst beating I ever took, and I don't imagine too many quarterbacks in the history of football have ever had a heavier toll taken on their bodies than I did that day. I say that seriously.

The best defensive lineman I ever faced was Randy White of Dallas. In fact, all the Cowboys front four played like gods—Too Tall Jones, Harvey Martin, John Dutton—and Dallas was the best team in the league at deflecting passes. It wasn't just a matter of me being a "small"—5' 11"—quarterback, either. I watched films of the Cowboys, and every time a quarterback got set to throw, they'd put their hands up. It's amazing how many teams aren't coached to do that. I'd bet my house that the Cowboys lead the league every year in tipped passes.

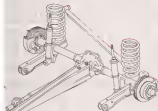
White really beat me up in one preseason game, which, at that time of year, isn't supposed to happen to your starting quarterback. During the game one of our coaches must have said something to our guard who was responsible for White, because the guard came up to me and said, "I can't block him." Just like that, "I can't block him." You don't know how frightening that was. I looked at the guy and wanted to say, "What do you want me to do? Do you want to throw the ball and have me try to block him?"

My rookie year, I recall Olsen telling another of our defensive tackles, Mike Fanning, that a defensive lineman has to be part charging buffalo, part ballet dancer. That's as good a description as any. But when talking about sacks, you aren't just talking about defensive linemen. The nickel defenses have changed the game. On second-and-eight, the Rams might send in five defensive backs and four defensive linemen, and they'd come from everywhere. Johnny Johnson, our strong safety, might lead the team in sacks one game. Or the Rams might dog a linebacker and blitz the free safety, leaving Jack Youngblood, an end, to cover Walter Payton. Youngblood cannot cover Payton, but the theory is that he won't have to do it very long. The most difficult thing facing a quarterback these days is

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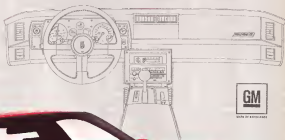
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reading the different blitzes. If I spotted one, I could check off in the middle of the count and call something like "Blitz, 56, left!" which would change the play, the lineblocking, the routes. It was a way of saying, "Buckle your chinstraps, here comes the cavalry."

I don't believe the pocket as we know it is long for this world. The Ram quarterbacks use the standard seven-step drop on most pass plays. The quarterback reads the strong safety's movements as he drops back, and that tells him what coverage to expect. He sets up nine or 10 yards behind the line of scrimmage and waits for the play to unfold. The offensive line retreats two steps to form a pocket and tries to hold its ground. If everybody does his job, the play works. If not, maybe you've got a sack and an injured quarterback or an incomplete or an interception, or some combination thereof. Pittsburgh has used the same seven-step-drop system with Terry Bradshaw with great success.

San Francisco and San Diego, on the other hand, seem to prefer a three- or five-step drop. They essentially don't care what coverage the defense is in because by flooding three or four guys into a zone, they figure somebody's going to be open. The quarterback goes One-Two-Three Boom!—it's off. The offensive linemen don't retreat, they set up at the line of scrimmage and go right for the legs of the would-be sackers. I believe that the shorter drop will be used more and more in the future. It does a number of things, including something nobody ever talks about: It enables your quarterback to take less of a beating. Joe Montana didn't miss a game last year, and Dan Fouts hasn't missed one in the past three. If you want to know how to cut down not only on sacks but also on quarterback hits, the shorter drop is the answer.

The shorter drop aside, the classic ways to slow down a pass rush are to call 1) traps, 2) draws, 3) screens. These aren't foolproof methods by any means; they require skilled execution. The most embarrassing moment in my football career

came on a screen pass when I was playing for Southern Cal. We were ranked No. 1 in the preseason polls, and we opened on the road against Arkansas. I threw four interceptions in the game, which was a lot considering USC had three plays at that time—Anthony Davis right, Anthony Davis left and Anthony Davis up the



I broke my right thumb against a Dallas helmet.

middle. We were on about our 10-yard line when I called the screen. I dropped back and was looking downfield, as every good quarterback should, faking, still dropping back, faking, dropping back, faking, dropping back—and the next thing I knew the official had whistled me for a safety. I was literally back against the fence and I still didn't realize where I was.

With the Rams, if we were facing a pass rush like San Diego's, sometimes I'd tell myself before the game that the first second-and-five situation we had, I was going to call a trap against Dean. Calling that trap early in the game would give

him something to think about for four quarters. One trap play I'll never forget. We were playing Minnesota, and one of our guards, Dennis Harrah, came up to me and asked me to call his trap. The thing was, the play wasn't in our game plan. The computer had decided it wouldn't work. Dennis kept bugging me about it, and I finally mentioned it to our coaching staff. Forget it, they said. It won't work. Well, Harrah just wouldn't shut up, so in the fourth quarter I finally called his trap just to get him off my back. I was sick of listening to him. Wendell Tyler took the ball and went 44 yards for a touchdown. That's what I've always loved about football—the human element. The computer charts an "Opposite slot left, Zoom, Fake 36, Z reverse pass left"—and the play works because the safety falls down.

Another way to slow down a pass rush is to vary your cadence. That was a particularly strong part of my game. With a voice like mine, who needed Bradshaw's arm? My second season I came to the line against Green Bay and barked out the signals. It was a cold day, and all of a sudden my voice cracked. I've got a high voice anyway, and Jim Carter, Green Bay's middle line-backer, started laughing. "What's going on, Haden?" he shouted. "Haven't you reached puberty yet?"

The best rushers are so quick off the ball, anything you can do to slow them down is a great help. The Rams always practiced non-rhythmic counts—HUT! (pause) . . . hut-hut!—and my philosophy on third downs was to go on a long count. I played in the Pro Bowl after the 1977 season, and one day at practice Harvey Martin stood nearby and listened to me call the signals. He was trying to get my cadence down. I could tell that he thought he had mastered my three-count—HUT! (pause) . . . hut-hut!—so I kept doing it that way and made a mental note of it. The next year when we played Dallas I varied my cadence and drew him offside on a third-and-two. I tried to save something like that for important situations. Unless I

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was playing the Chargers. I could draw them offside all game.

My defensive linemen in L.A. used to tell me they liked to watch a quarterback's feet because it's natural to move them just before receiving the snap. So sometimes, on third-and-short, I'd move my feet before a "hut," an illegal play that's seldom called. You talk about guys getting frustrated. They'd be yelling at the officials, at each other. Three times in one game I drew off Green Bay's Dave Roller, and you could see the other Packers face guard to face guard with him, screaming. I only got called for illegal movement once in my career, which was enough. It's awfully embarrassing to hear a man-in-motion penalty called on the quarterback.

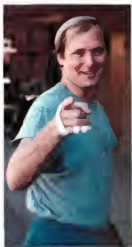
Of course, two can play that game. I remember how Chris Hanburger, Washington's All-Pro linebacker, used to try to draw our offensive linemen offside by yelling "Back-set!"—a defensive signal—in the middle of my cadence. He said it real fast, so that it sort of sounded like a "hut." It worked, too. Then we'd be the ones screaming at the officials.

It could get pretty noisy out there before a snap. If one of our linemen forgot the snap count, he'd ask, "What's the count?" as I was calling my signals. You couldn't very well say, "It's on one, Tom," so we had a code. "Able" meant the snap was one; "Baker" was two, etc. One time somebody asked, "What's the count?" and Rich Saul, our center, said, "Able." Then I heard somebody else go, "No, no, it's on Baker!" And a third guy said, "No! Cuatro!" By then I'd forgotten the count myself, so I just stood there and waited for the ball to come up.

One year, Georgia Frontiere, the Rams' owner, had an interesting idea how we would cut down on sacks, which unfortunately I never pursued. She suggested I take karate, so that as I stood in the pocket with my right arm cocked, I could defend myself with my left arm. Here comes Mean Joe... Hanku! Katcho! Sa! He's down! Haden fires the bomb! Touchdown!

Another way for the quarterback to buy more time to pass is to keep a back in to block. The Raiders do that nearly every play. I used to try to call a formation that would have the blocking back on the side of the best pass rusher. At times, however, your offensive tackle is just go-

ing to flat have to keep someone like Dean out, and he's going to have to do it all by himself—even if he's not as good as Dean—or you're not going to win the football game. It's as simple as that. I'll argue this till my deathbed: Terry Bradshaw gets the chance to show off his mar-



I hope for better breaks in the law.

velous talents only when his offensive line gives him time to show them off.

Over the years the one thing I could never escape was this question: "What's it like being a small quarterback and having all those big guys coming after you?" Well, it was my belief that I had a lot of big guys in front of me keeping the other team's big guys away. The quarterback's size is a nonissue. Bob Griese played pretty well, and he was only 6'1". Tarkenton had a little success, and he was only 6'. If you want a big quarterback, try Bobby Douglass—he was the biggest quarterback you'll ever see. There are good and bad of both sizes.

Don't get me wrong. It wasn't that I didn't want more height, it's just that I had to play with what I was dealt. I think

if I'd been taller, I could have carried more weight and perhaps avoided some injuries, but I'm not convinced of that. My injuries were all freakish. In the playoffs after the 1978 season I broke my thumb against Randy White's helmet while following through on a pass. (That's a common injury to quarterbacks; Bradshaw and the Rams' Jeff Rutledge both suffered such a mishap last year.) I caught the little finger on my right hand in a seam of the AstroTurf in Seattle and broke it in 1979. And in the opening game of 1980 I broke my right hand by catching it in one of my lineman's shoulder pads on a follow-through.

I'll never forget what happened after that. I walked off the field and the doctor bandaged my hand, and a couple of minutes later, when the news flashed on the scoreboard, PAT HADEN HAS BROKEN HIS HAND, 65,000 people, a majority of them anyway, cheered. That really blew me away. I felt like a gladiator in the Colosseum, with the fans up there giving the thumbs down gesture. I never had the courage to run off the field without my helmet on. People threw bottles. If they'd had spears, they would have thrown them, too. The Loud Minority, I call them. I wonder about them, too.

But for all the frustrations, the beatings and the booings I endured, I'd still be in football if I could be guaranteed a certain feeling just three times a game. Twice even. It's when you get into a zone or a groove—whatever nomenclature you want to use—in which everything appears to be moving in slow motion. I've heard golfers describe a similar feeling: they say they can visualize a shot going into the hole before it does. On those occasions, the 3½ seconds between the snap from center and the time you release the ball seem like a month. It's the most exhilarating feeling you could ever imagine: very pure, simple. As you stand in the pocket, even if guys are huffing and puffing and grunting and growling and hitting and growling all around you, you don't hear a thing. Complete silence. It doesn't happen every game, but when it does it's so satisfying. But it's frustrating, too, because sometimes you find yourself waiting for it to happen, and it doesn't.

I won't be waiting anymore, but I'm going to miss that blessed month in the pocket.

END



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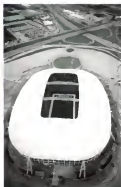
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THERE ARE NO HOLES AT THE TOP

The Dallas Cowboy Organization is the NFL's best because of the four men who have ruled over it since the team's inception in 1960: Coach Tom Landry, General Manager Tex Schramm, director of personnel Gil Brandt and owner Clint Murchison

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

It is 22 years since the Dallas Cowboys first appeared in the NFL—as sorry a bunch of football players as ever heard themselves booed in a half-empty home stadium. In that bright and innocent autumn of 1960, Y.A. Tittle was in his prime, Jack Kennedy had just beaten Richard Nixon for the presidency, the Beatles were still in their teens, and the Cowboys were 0–11–1.

However, that single tie, a 31–31 game with the Giants in New York on Dec. 4, offered some small reason for celebration, and Clint Murchison Jr., the wry, diminutive Texas Croesus whose fortune had bought, bred and fed those hapless Cowboys, recently spoke of it with fondness: “I remember well that day when we failed to lose our first game. I went

continued



out to brag about it. I went to a nightclub, El Morocco, I think, looking for someone who might be interested in talking about football. The only fellow I saw who showed the least bit of interest was an owner of the Detroit Lions. I said to him, "Let me tell you what happened to my team today." And I was left standing there with my finger in the air, because that very afternoon down in Baltimore, as he informed me in great detail, with 14 seconds left, Detroit was ahead of the Colts 13-8 when Johnny Unitas threw a touchdown pass to Lenny Moore. The crowd poured out onto the field, and it took 10 minutes to clear it. The next play after the kickoff, Detroit passed 65 yards for a touchdown as the clock ran out. He was understandably excited about this, and I never did get to tell my story about the first time the Dallas Cowboys failed to lose."

The Cowboys didn't fail to lose many more games in the next five years. By the end of the 1965 season their total record was 25-53-4. However, a 7-7 mark in 1965 was the turnaround. Not once in the last 16 seasons have they lost more than they have won. And, incredibly, today Dallas has the winningest regular-season record in the NFL for the '60s, '70s and '80s. The list of the Top 5 teams since 1960 reads: 1) Dallas (196-112-6), 2) Oakland (195-110-11), 3) Cleveland (180-127-7), 4) Los Angeles (178-125-11) and 5) Baltimore (174-135-5). And, whereas other winning clubs have experienced streaks and spurts of goodness or greatness, Dallas has been almost supernally consistent, missing the playoffs only once in those 16 years since '65 and playing in five Super Bowls—winning two of them, six years apart with two almost totally different teams.

So what does this mean? Well, for one thing, it means that an aura of myth—or miracle—has grown up around something called The Dallas Organization. People speak with awe of this thing—as if it were a cathedral or a shrine where one can go to be cured of everything from lumbago to losing poker hands. The Dallas Organization. It sounds monolithic, grandiose, like IBM, the Mafia, the Ewings or the Pentagon. Over the years, serious analysts of corporate structure have asked the Cowboys to share with them their managerial formula, the charts and diagrams that explain their administrative process. The Cowboys have had to say no.

For, in fact, The Dallas Organization is way too simple, way too small, for such an analysis. Like any other NFL organization, as a business the Cowboys are more akin to a mom-and-pop gas station than they are to General Motors. The Dallas Organization is nothing more than the tenuous chemistry that exists in the relationship of three men who share credit equally for making The Organization what it is, plus a fourth who operates at a slightly lower level of influence and responsibility.

The handful of men who occupy the minuscule peak of this tiny corporate pyramid do not operate as a palsy-walk-little commiee either. Each has his own well-defined build-up, and there is a minimum of contact among them of any nature—particularly of a social nature. This is because they are totally improbable partners or colleagues in any kind of undertaking, be it business or pleasure. The following thumbnail sketches of The Dallas Organization principals will make it plain exactly how odd this odd-couple-times-two really is:

The owner and board chairman, Clint Williams Murchison Jr., 58, is very unlike the caricature of a Texas millionaire. He's extremely articulate, humorous, curious, bright, with a masters from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—a theoretical mathematician, no less, and a damned good one. He has an almost elfin look, with horn-rimmed spectacles and a gray, clipped, flat-top haircut. He's a multimillionaire and the son of one, an oil baron who was one of the highest of high-powered Texans in the 1920s and '30s. For most of his years, Clint Jr. walked on the flamboyant side, enjoying good companions, good times, good booze. In one of the few recorded incidents of nonbusiness fraternizing among the hierarchy of The Organization, Clint married Gil Brandt's ex-wife, Anne, in 1975. Since then she has undergone a born-again Christian experience. So has Clint, and the impact of this religious commitment has pretty much undercut his penchant for fun living.

The president and general manager, Texas Ernest Schramm, 62, has decidedly not undergone a religious conversion. He is a hail-fellow type, given to Scotch, laughter, tale spinning and terrible tirades—usually directed at the of-

The Dallas Organization goes out of its way to promote itself, its team and its cheerleaders.





Dallas fans tend to become all starry-eyed over the NFL's winningest team since 1960

ficials—mixed with unbuttoned hurrahs in the press box. Schramm grew up in Los Angeles but went to the University of Texas because his stockbroker father, who had named his only son after his native state, wanted some of the Lone Star magic to rub off on him. Schramm majored in journalism, went to work as sports editor of an Austin paper, then happily returned home in 1947, when the Los Angeles Rams hired him as a public relations man. He's a born impresario, someone who loves the flash and fun of the show-biz side of the game. He invented the strutting, swiveling chorus line of the Dallas cheerleaders, among other things. He's a man of great passion, restless innovation and powerful loyalties. He's certifiably the closest friend NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle has in the league. In 1952, while Schramm was working in the Rams' front office, he hired Rozelle as publicity director and the two have been like brothers ever since. During the recent Oakland Raider-NFL trial in L.A., Schramm remained at the commissioner's side almost constantly during the five weeks the proceedings dragged on.

The head coach, Thomas Wade Landry, 57, may look like a granite effigy on the sidelines, but that's misleading, for he's a gracious, pleasant fellow in conversation. Not humorous, however, and decidedly not a backslapper and not a cussier or a drinker. Indeed, in the same undramatic, casual tone that another man will use to tell you what he does for a living, Tom will say to you "The No. 1 factor in my life is my relationship to God." He wrote in a newspaper article that he talks to God regularly. Landry is concerned about the incipient immorality in the U.S. these days, as manifested on TV and in films. He has always believed that the Dallas cheerleaders are an indisputable—if minor—reflection of that problem. He doesn't approve of their presence on his sidelines. He also didn't like the Cowboys being labeled "America's Team"—a sobriquet that was one of two titles

that NFL Films offered Schramm as the billboard for the Cowboys' 1978 highlights film. Landry says, "I think that title gave us a lot more trouble than it was worth. The other teams resented us for it."

The vice-president of personnel development, Gilbert Harvey Brandt, 49, was working as a baby photographer in Milwaukee when Schramm asked him to help out signing players for the still nonexistent Dallas team in the fall of 1959. Brandt's hobby as a University of Wisconsin physical education major was studying college game films to see why some players were better than others. Schramm had first heard of Brandt from one of his players in L.A., Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, the Wisconsin halfback who starred as an end for the Rams, and Brandt had visited Schramm in L.A. from time to time. Brandt leads the Cowboys' nine-man scouting staff. He's an odd combination of computer memory bank and traveling salesman. He pores over the intricacies of readouts, evaluating potential Cowboy draftees like a medieval monk studying a Latin text, yet in his other life he's a born glad-hander. He sees to it that Cowboy birthday cards are sent to the sons and daughters of every significant coach in America. In coaching circles, he's known for his Cowboy-style high-on-the-hog hospitality. He's always on the sidelines for Cowboy games—as much for the public relations value of being seen on TV as anything else. He has remarried and is the father of a two-year-old boy.

So these diverse, divergent personalities are The Dallas Organization, and because of them the dynamo hums, the computers whir and the Cowboys win and win and win. What's the secret? Brains? Religion? Money? Longevity? Luck? Cunning? Salesmanship?

Well, it's some of all of that, as we shall see, but mainly, The Organization is nothing more than a happy cosmic coincidence. As Marchison says, "Another year, another group of people with slightly different backgrounds, and none of this would have happened."

Nothing is more important to the Dallas success story than Tex Schramm's 10 years with the Rams. When he arrived in Los Angeles, the NFL was just emerging from its prewar Dark Ages. There were no high-powered organizations in the league. Schramm recalls, "Coaches were paid six months of the year. George Halas ran a sporting-goods store—and went to work there. The Chicago Cardinals' office was on the fifth floor of a printing company, and I had to take the freight elevator to get there. There was no TV, and barely any radio. You had to beg to get a story about the NFL in the papers. In L.A. there were five newspapers, and I had to go by each one, talk the sports editor into running a story, then sit down and write it myself. I also had to write the headline. On the road, I'd write three or four different stories—each with a different angle on the same game—and file them back to L.A."

In 1952 Schramm moved up, becoming assistant to the Rams' president, the mercurial Dan Reeves, and learned about organization. "The Rams were miles ahead of other clubs, thanks to Reeves," Schramm says. "L.A. was the first NFL club to have a paid scout. The rest of the league was like a family that relied on friends and nephews and former players to feed them information on prospects. Not Dan

continued

Reeves. He paid a few top college coaches \$500 a season to give us information on players in their areas. He also had a huge payroll of assistant college coaches at \$50 a year feeding us material. We always had twice as many free agents in training camp as other teams. We tapped small schools, too. We invented Tom Harmon's Little All America team and sent out questionnaires to dozens of small schools. That gave us invaluable stuff about hundreds of unknown players.

That sort of thoroughness is today the trademark of The Dallas Organization. In an era when every team spends

Rafael Septien's thoughts won't drift away in the sensory deprivation tank, a Cowboy first.



heavily on scouting, the Cowboys keep introducing new wrinkles. For instance, they openly court college basketball coaches and used to offer them a paid vacation in Hawaii in return for recommending a basketball player who made the Cowboys.

The Rams' operation also taught Schramm ways of not doing things. The ownership was in chaos because there was no majority owner. "Reeves was a big drinker," says Schramm, "and there was lots of buckering. One thing I learned at L.A. above all else: You've got to be strong at the top. There can be no question where the authority lies." In 1957 Tex left to go to work for CBS Sports.

In late 1959 Murchison was pretty sure that the NFL would give Dallas a franchise, and he began to look for someone to run it for him. George Halas suggested Schramm to Murchison, Schramm recalls. "When I met Clint I said to him that he really should buy the Chicago Cardinals for

\$2 million instead of risking an expansion franchise. He said, 'Why should I spend \$2 million when I can get the Dallas franchise for \$500,000?' I knew from L.A. that the losses in Dallas would be horrendous. I said, 'You're going to lose a lot more than \$2 million, believe me.'" Murchison believed him, but instead of buying the Cards, "I merely revised my loss plan a little and went ahead. I'm not only a very fervent football fan, I'm also an optimist."

In January 1960 the NFL owners voted Dallas a franchise. At that same league meeting the owners made a stunning and controversial choice to replace the late Bert Bell as NFL Commissioner—the 33-year-old general manager of the L.A. Rams, Pete Rozelle. Thus were launched two of pro football's most enduring and most ennobling entities—Rozelle and the Cowboys.

In his early meetings with Murchison Schramm demanded a contract that spelled out the philosophical foundation upon which The Dallas Organization still stands. Murchison recalls, "Because of the Rams, Tex was very sensitive to the question of who had what authority. He wanted it written in the contract that he hired the coach, and I wasn't to negotiate at all. He also insisted that the coach's contract would clearly give the coach complete authority over everything that had to do with the players. I believe in a great deal of hands-off with my managers in all my ventures. It's probably a little more pronounced in the Cowboys, however."

Schramm considered only two men to be the Cowboys' first coach. Tom Landry, the brilliant defensive coach of the New York Giants, and Sid Gillman, who had been the Rams' head coach in the mid-1950s. Landry got the offer, but he wasn't at all sure he wanted to accept it. "I really didn't want to be a head coach," Landry says. "I could have been the Giants' head coach. I suppose Vince Lombardi had already gone to Green Bay, and Jim Lee Howell was sick of it. But my wife and I had decided to move back to Dallas and go into business. I had degrees in business and industrial engineering. I was well prepared to go into industrial management. When Schramm asked me to take the job, we said, 'Well, heck, we have a house in Dallas, we might as well try it for a while.' I figured there was no way I'd survive because very few expansion coaches ever did. I never thought coaching had any future to it, anyway."

So the major pieces of The Dallas Organization were in place—each its own odd-shaped, queer-sized self, each with zigs and zags and knobs and gnarls which somehow—miraculously, magically—came to fit together. As Landry says now in wonderment, "There was no way to foresee the meshing of these three personalities. No way at all."

Brandt came on at the start, too. Schramm hired him and sent him to Dallas to open up the first Cowboy headquarters, two rooms in an insurance salesman's office. So Brandt became a fixture in The Organization, and not much later the next fixture for which the Cowboys became known was brought into the scouting empire: the computer.

Jim Finks, general manager of the Chicago Bears, has said, "I don't know if the Cowboys were actually the first to use a computer, but they were definitely the first to brag about it." The Cowboys and computers have come to be about as closely associated in the public's mind as Tom

continued

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Landry's head is with his hat. There is no doubt that the Cowboys were the first NFL team to use computers to sort out the immense mass of scouting information they collected each year. They were also the first sports organization—anywhere, anytime—whose owner went out and started his own computer company in order to give his team constant access to the newfangled contraption.

The Cowboys' original computer-scouting program was created by one Salam Qureshi, a small, shy native of Aligarh, India. Brandt recalls wryly, "Salam didn't know

Under the leadership of Suzanne Mitchell, the cheerleaders are now America's other team



whether a football was full of air or full of feathers." When first contacted by the Cowboys, Qureshi worked for IBM's Service Bureau Corporation. A computer genius, he proved to the Cowboys he could create a program for evaluating football players. Murchison hired him and eventually started his computer company, called Optimum Systems, Inc., in Palo Alto, Calif.

Despite The Organization's computer image, the Cowboys' offices in Dallas have never housed a computer. The printouts from the Cowboys' computer program, however, remain an essential factor in the Dallas operation. But the computer has never been more than an additional tool in the process of picking players.

The final authority in any Dallas draft decision is Tom Landry. Period. As Brandt says, "The computer gives us a little edge. Just an edge. Maybe a five or 10 percent advantage, no more than that."

Every team uses computers now, so the Cowboys are out to find another edge. They have developed a series of tests of

athletic skills and reflexes, utilizing 90 pounds of portable electronic devices, so would-be Cowboys can be tested on their college campuses. These tests, says Brandt, led to Dallas' signing a walk-on free agent last year, one Everson Walls, who, as a rookie, became an All-Pro defensive back. The Cowboys' world-shocking decision to spend their 1982 second-round draft choice on Jeff Roberg, a linebacker from Yale, was based in large part on these tests, too.

The Cowboys have also tried to steal a march on their rivals by creating a psychological test that will evaluate a man's emotional makeup and how it stacks up in terms of his becoming a great football player. This test has been less successful—and very expensive. "We've spent close to a million bucks trying to develop a psychological test," says Schramm. "But how do you test mental toughness? How do you find out why a man likes to hit other men? What's the difference between a sadist and a guy who loves contact? We've never gotten consistent results. We've tested our own players, and sometimes it has come out dead wrong." As Brandt says, "When a test flunks men like Lee Roy Jordan and Larry Cole for being psychologically wrong for the NFL, you know you're barking up the wrong tree."

Still, with all this fiddling with electronics and emotions, the strength and success of The Dallas Organization really shows up in one place and one place only: the football field. And here we come into the cool, distant reign of Tom Landry. Now, it's said by everyone—and Landry particularly—that the main secret to his success is that Murchison never, never, never interferes. But can this be? Never?

Well, there was a time when Murchison interfered with Landry's career—and it probably saved The Dallas Organization for posterity to admire and emulate. It came at the nadir of those dismal early losing seasons—in February 1964. There was a lot of pressure on everyone then. Murchison was losing around \$600,000 a year. Players were discouraged, angry, frustrated. Attendance was pitiful. Critics of Landry were baying like wolves, and it seemed that the only thing to do was to prescribe the age-old, conventional medicine for losing football teams: Fire the coach. Instead, after the 1963 season—a typical 4-10 hummer—Murchison up and interfered with Tom Landry by giving him a 10-year contract! This was unheard of in the NFL. No one had 10-year contracts. Not Vince Lombardi, not Pete Rozelle—and particularly not a head coach with a lifetime NFL won-lost percentage of .255!

"Frankly, I didn't really appreciate it at the time," Landry says, "because I wasn't desperate to continue as head coach of the Cowboys. I was still fully prepared for—and very pleased with—the idea of going into business." Obviously, Landry made his peace with being a lifetime football coach, and there are plenty of people who think that without Landry the Cowboys would be just another bunch of also-rans. One is Mike Ditka, for nine years a Dallas assistant and now the Bears' head coach. "The glue that holds it all together is Tom Landry," he says. "He's the reason they're a great organization." Says Dick Vermeil of the Philadelphia Eagles: "Landry's the strength of their leadership."

Everyone is quick to say—and it's true—that if the Cowboys weren't such a winning team, The Dallas Organization

continued

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wouldn't be the widely envied machine it is today. Still, there is no doubt that The Organization has developed a myriad of other flashy, fascinating and wholly original facets which dazzle the eyes of the more mundane operations in the NFL. And the dazzle of Dallas is all due to Schramm—no one else. "It's one thing to win a lot of football games," says Schramm. "It's another to win them an aura that reeks of class."

America's Team? Tex Schramm made it so before the nickname was conceived. He has hustled at every opportunity to put his team on national television. Thursday night? Sunday night? "We were among the first to play on those nights. We'll do anything to play on a national hookup," says Schramm.

Because of this exposure, Cowboy novelties, posters and bobble-head dolls marketed by NFL Properties outsell those of all other NFL teams by far. The Dallas Cowboys Official Weekly circulates in 50 states and several foreign countries and has a paid circulation of 100,000-plus at a hefty \$15.95 annual subscription. The paper was Schramm's idea, and he says proudly, "We're the largest newspaperlike sports weekly in the country except for *The Sporting News*—and if you count our Spanish-language edition, which has a circulation of more than 360,000 and is given away as a newspaper insert all over Texas and Mexico, no one else comes close." The Cowboys have a radio network of 200 stations, the NFL's largest by far.

"All of this isn't because we're on an ego trip," says Schramm. "Everything we do is for the betterment of the team on the field. Kids grow up hearing about the Cowboys and watching them on TV. That has a practical value from a competitive standpoint. First, free agents may want to play for us instead of for other teams. Second, we think new players will be more anxious to adopt our system and methods because they think of ours as the successful way. And then there's the old thing about the Yankees, that people play better when they put on pinstripes. Maybe a player will do better with us than he has before."

The glamorous Cowboy image that Schramm loves to promote is displayed nowhere so openly as it is by the Dallas cheerleaders. In their sexy, foxy way they're a mirror image of what Cowboy football represents: entertainment dealt with as very serious business. Suzanne Mitchell, 39, runs the cheerleader branch of The Organization, a full-time executive position, and if there's any doubt about the significance

of that position, note well that her office is the closest of any Cowboy executive to the corner office of Tex Schramm at Cowboy headquarters on the 11th floor of the Expressway Tower Building on North Central Expressway in Dallas.

Suzanne explains her operation: "I run it as a little football club. We have our training camp, our tryouts, our cuts. We study films, and we have three or four hours of training—rehearsals—every night. This past spring we had close to 2,000 girls audition. It's their ultimate dream. I under-

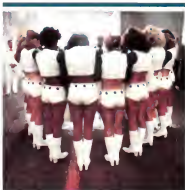
stand that where little girls used to dream of being Miss America, now they dream of becoming a cheerleader for the Cowboys instead."

Once anointed a Dallas cheerleader, a woman is paid \$15 a game. She's sent to a Dale Carnegie personality-enhancement course, and given weekly quizzes about Cowboy games. "If a girl is on a personal appearance and a kid asks why did Tony Dorsett run around left end when the right side was wide open, she has to know what it's all about," says Mitchell. "She can't look stupid about the team she supports." Dallas cheerleaders aren't allowed to fraternize with the players, on pain of expulsion. They are required to get an unlisted phone—this despite the fact that Tex Schramm himself has his phone number listed in the Dallas directory.

Each year for the past four, there also has been a Little Miss Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader contest. Last year 40,000 girls between the ages of four and 12 entered. There are other spin-offs—a line of Dallas cheerleader children's clothes, costume jewelry, coloring books, trading cards and a book called *The Decade of Dreams*, to be published to celebrate last year's 10th anniversary of the cheerleaders.

Well, it's all nothing if not impressive—and successful. *The Dallas Cowboy Organization?* Even in the eyes of its peers and competitors, it's most remarkable. Jack Steadman, president of the Kansas City Chiefs, says, "I see more and more successful organizations structured the way the Cowboys are. Based on their consistent record, they are the best." Vermeil chimes in, "I'm not embarrassed to say that my criteria all year are based on what we do to find a way to beat Dallas."

How much longer can it last? What happens when the magical chemistry is dissolved? Who knows? Murchison says, "Maybe the momentum will continue for a few years. Maybe not. But we'll find out fairly soon. Tom is 57, Tex is 62 and I'm 58. Though we keep searching, none of us has found the Fountain of Youth."



Here's one thing about the cheerleaders Landry would approve: a pregame prayer.

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DALLAS CAN HAVE 'EM

The Cowboys may be hot stuff in Big D, but in the rest of the country America's Team seems to have attracted a multitude of haters turned off by its attitude, image and success

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Who's the most hated team in the NFL? Raider owner Al Davis asks, "The Raiders," you answer. "Wrong," says Davis. "We're the second-most. We'll never catch Dallas."

Dallas Cowboy haters, like New York Yankee haters, flourish in every corner of the U.S. "Don't get me started on the

Cowboys; we have to play 'em," says Pittsburgh Steeler Linebacker Jack Lambert. "Talk to anyone around the league and they'll tell you, 'We don't care who wins, as long as it isn't the Cowboys.'"

"There's an old saying that pro football fans root for two teams: their own and the one that's playing Dallas," says CBS Director of Sports Information Jay

Rosenstein. Last Oct. 11, when the Cowboys were getting crushed 45-14 by San Francisco in a game that was seen throughout most of the U.S., nobody switched away. In fact, the ratings steadily increased after the half. No wonder the Cowboys are the darlings of CBS. The network's slogan is, "When in doubt, give 'em Dallas."

Many fans of other NFL teams thirst for Dallas to destruct, which helps the Cowboys get the league's highest TV ratings



You can't escape the Cowboys even when you turn the TV off. Twenty-four percent of all NFL-authorized products bear the Dallas trademark; Pittsburgh is next, with about 16%. You see them everywhere, those little silver-and-blue trinkets. "God, I hate those colors," says an L.A. newspaperman. "Pittsburgh's colors look like a steel mill. Dallas' colors remind you of a jewelry store."

A jewelry store run by a computer. Anybody who has ever had his phone bill fouled up by computers hates the things. "My favorite moment in sports," says Lump Jones, a Pittsburgh fireman and diehard Steeler fan, "was when Rocky Bleier leaped high in the air to catch a pass for the go-ahead touchdown in the '79 Super Bowl against the Cowboys in Miami. I loved it because

it was done by an overachiever, and that's one thing the Dallas system doesn't have, overachievers. People there either achieve what's expected of them, or they fail."

Part of Cowboy phobia is the Texas image. Who wants to root for an oil well? "I was at the 1979 Super Bowl when the Cowboys played the Steelers," says one AFC general manager. "I didn't know who to root for. The Steelers had won enough. I thought, I decided to pull for Dallas. But when the Cowboys came out, somebody unfurled a 90-foot Texas flag. I hated it, I switched to Pittsburgh."

Cowboy hatred pops up in the most unexpected places—like *Instrument & Apparatus News*, a publication put out by the Chilton Company of Radnor, Pa. In his regular column in the February

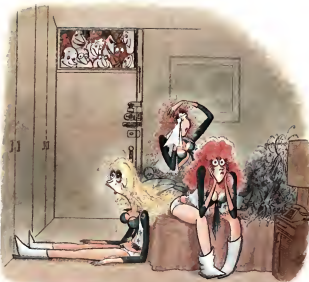
1982 issue, the editor, Terrence Gallagher, had this to say:

"There are three types of people in the civilized world. There are those who love the Dallas Cowboys, those who hate the Dallas Cowboys and those who don't know who or what the Dallas Cowboys are. I call these people Group A, B and C, respectively. I have never met a Group C person, but reliable sources have informed me they do exist—they live mostly along the west bank of the Amazon."

"Group B people are paragons of mankind. They are superior in every way to Group A and Group C.... Group A men (except those living in or near Dallas, who have been brainwashed since

continued





Do the cheerleaders mope if their fans don't break down the doors to get at them?

birth and have long ago lost all ability to make rational decisions) should be shunned at all costs. They are not to be trusted . . .

"Let me profile the typical Group A man for you. He is a front-runner. In other sports his allegiance is pledged to the Boston Celtics, New York Yankees, etc. He will be your friend as long as you are doing well and don't need him. But when the chips are down, he'll leave you faster than the city of New York abandoned the Giants for the Jets in the glory days of Broadway Joe. A Group A man will lie about the past. He will, for example, claim to always have been a supporter of whoever is on top at the moment. A Group A man will never take a chance: He is a coward. He will never tell you on Friday what he thinks will happen on Sunday; but he'll always tell you on Monday that he knew. . . .

"Knowing whether a person falls into Group A, B or C is valuable information. If you are interviewing someone for a

job, you are not permitted to ask questions relating to sex, religion or politics. But there is no law against asking them their favorite football team. If they are Cowboy fans, don't hire them. Who needs a front-running, cowardly liar?

"Actually, I think all Group A people should be required to identify themselves so that we can more easily avoid them. Nathaniel Hawthorne proposed much the same thing back in 1850. They should wear a scarlet A."

Or a silver-and-blue one. "It's all part of the Cowboy hype," says George Perles, who was Pittsburgh's assistant head coach until he resigned in July to become head coach of the USFL's Philadelphia team. "They want people to hate them. Hey, when people start liking you, buckle up. That means they're beating you consistently."

"George Allen worked on that hatred," says John Wilbur, four years a Cowboy guard, one year a Ram, three years a Redskin. "He cultivated it. It got

to you. I mean he never referred to the Dallas Cowboys without calling them the goddamn Dallas Cowboys. I can't think of them as anything else now. My 9-year-old son, Nathan, even calls them that."

A few years back, the Cowboys modestly began calling themselves America's Team. "If they're America's Team," says Raider Safety Mike Davis, "what does that make the rest of us? Guatemalans?" When the designation brought the Cowboys too much ridicule, they backed off and admitted that perhaps they had been a little overambitious, but here they come again, entitling their 1981 highlight film *Star Spangled Cowboys*. "Star Spangled Organization would be a better name for it," Wilbur says.

The Organization . . . ah, The Organization. The Dallas Cowboys will never let you forget that no one man stands higher than The Organization or that it's The Organization that has produced 16 playoff seasons out of the last 17 and the No. 1 record in pro football since they entered the league in 1960. When he was a CBS publicist Beano Cook once told Cowboy President Tex Schramm, "You're one of the two most efficient organizations in the 20th century."

"What's the other?" asked Schramm.

"The Third Reich."

But to Al Davis, the whole Cowboy corporate operation is a great hypocrisy. He doesn't laugh when Pete Rozelle's former Los Angeles Ram employer, Schramm, is referred to as the Unofficial Commissioner.

"The Cowboys are wired to the league office, everyone knows that," says Davis. "And you can bet every game official knows that, too. If there's one team that's going to get a break, it's Dallas—on the calls, on the scheduling, on the Competition Committee, on everything else relating to league matters. When the leagues were realigned in 1970, how come the Cowboys got to host the Thanksgiving game 11 out of 13 years, including the last five, counting this season coming up? Do you know what a tremendous advantage that is, having 10 days off going into December? How many times have the Cowboys lost the game a week and a half following Thanksgiving? [Dallas is 10-0. However, in those same 10 years the Detroit Lions, who play at home every Thanksgiving Day, have a 3-7 record for the following games.] When Tex says

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that the league couldn't get a fair shot because our trial was in L.A., that was the utmost in hypocrisy. Who has more of a competitive edge than him? I don't begrudge it; God bless him. It's to their credit that they're working for the competitive edge all the time. We're always fighting the mainstream."

"The only thing I want to say about Dallas," says ex-Raider Tom Keating, "is what kind of place has a domed stadium with a hole in the roof that's only over the field? When it rains, the players get wet, everyone else stays dry. The first time I ever played there, it was raining. I turned to Ben Davidson and said, 'Do you know what's happening here?' He said, 'Yeah, it's raining.' I said, 'But only on the players, Ben, only on us.'"

"I hated the Cowboys because it was impossible to watch a game from the sidelines with those cheerleaders behind you," says NBC announcer and former NFL Halfback Mike Adamle. "I played there when I was with the Bears. I borrowed Roger Staubach's helmet on the sidelines. Biggest hat on the team, size eight. I took out the cheek pads so it

would swivel freely on my head, and I turned it around so the face bar was facing the field, and I turned my head and watched the cheerleaders through the earhole."

"Nobody ever beats the Cowboys," says NBC's John Brodie. "They always do something to beat themselves. They never give anyone credit. Whenever someone beats them, all you hear is 'Well, those weren't the real Dallas Cowboys they beat.' How many guys do they carry on their roster, anyway? They invalidate the thing they promote the most and the thing they have the least of, and that's class."

"They've changed," says Mike Manuche, the New York restaurateur and legendary Giants fan. "In the old days they had stand-up guys, Lilly, Renfro, Garrison. Now it seems like they're all a bunch of moaners."

"Roger Staubach's a terrific guy," Terry Bradshaw says, "and I really like working with him on CBS, but I can always get him excited just by reminding him of the '79 Super Bowl and the tripping call on Benny Barnes. I love it. I'm kidding,

but he's deadly serious. He always says, 'You know we'd have beaten you, Terry, if not for [Field Judge Fred] Swearingin's call.'"

Rob Bayley, a former Cowboy season-ticket holder now living in Orlando, Fla., says: "Not only are the Cowboys whiners, but so are their fans. Texas Stadium is amazing. The folks in my section used to complain if the Cowboys didn't score at least two touchdowns at our end of the field every game. They'd all whine, go home, and then let someone else use their tickets at the next game."

"Even their cheerleaders became whiners last season. They came to Orlando and looked upset that there weren't 5,000 people to meet them at the airport. They locked themselves up in their hotel rooms so fans couldn't get to them and then they probably complained that there weren't enough people hassling them. The whole organization is a bunch of whiners."

"Dallas fans never feel the Cowboys have lost a game," says CBS announcer Tom Brookshier. "It's always that the referees screwed 'em or the Good Lord looked the other way or something. It's the toughest place to broadcast a game. Sagebrush, U.S.A. Their fans don't know football, they just know something's wrong if the Cowboys aren't winning by two TDs. A few years ago their highlight film was called *Like a Mighty River*. Boy, that's Texas all right. And John Wayne is the quarterback. You do a game in Detroit, say, the people there have seen a little football. You can't BS 'em. But try to tell the truth in Dallas, and you'll find some frozen hemlock in your nachos."

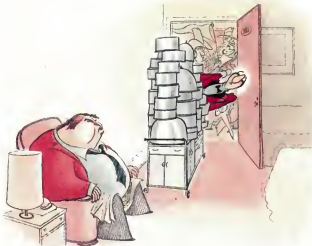
"Last year I did a tongue-in-cheek column before the first Philly game," says *Dallas Times Herald* columnist Skip Bayless. "I said the Eagles were much better because Dick Vermeil worked so many more hours. All I got the next week were death threats and Yankee-go-home letters. Hey, I'm from Oklahoma City."

"The thing I hate about doing one of their games," says John Madden of CBS, "is that they lead the league in lobbies. Normally, there'll be 30 or 40 people milling around the lobby where a team's staying. When the Cowboys are in a hotel, it'll be more like 500. You can't even get in the damn dining room. You have to call room service."

But now here does Cowboy hatred run

continued

Fans fill hotels housing the Cowboys, forcing Madden to resort to room service



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IT'S WORTH IT.

as deep as it does in some ex-Cowboys. "I didn't really hate the Cowboys until I got with George Allen," says Wilbur. "When I was with Dallas, well there were some things I didn't like, but I wouldn't call it hatred. The organization was a monolithic computer; there was a real antihuman spirit there, the corporate mentality, total conformity. But we always had a little group of flower children—me, Pete Gent, Craig Morton, Calvin Hill. We got along.

pulled a groin muscle," he said. "At the end of the season they said, 'By the way, you have to have an operation.'"

Septien is apparently willing to let bygones be bygones but some former Cowboys are not. Currently under litigation is a suit in which Pettis Norman charges two Cowboy doctors, Marvin Knight and John Gunn, with an intentional tort, a failure to disclose medical information. In the same suit that charge is also made against the Cowboys by Mike Gaechter,

"I can assure you that I was never informed about my knee condition," Norman says. "But that's life in the NFL for you. They survive by hidden facts. Do I hate the Cowboys? No, I don't. I have four season tickets on the 30-yard line. I root for them, for the players. The organization? Well, that's business. The last time they had an alumni reunion, I wasn't invited—me and Pete Gent and John Wilbur."

Like a mighty river, the Dallas organization rolls on. "When you reach stardom with the Cowboys," says Calvin Hill, the All-Pro halfback who finished his career in Cleveland and now works part-time as a personnel consultant in the Browns' front office, "that's when you get the feeling you're stepping on a banana peel. That's when you start looking over your shoulder at your eventual replacement. And in that way the corporation remains efficient—and impersonal. Cleveland is a team that cares about people. Its success under Sam Rutigliano showed that there is another way of doing things. Personally, I've got nothing against the Cowboys—except the knowledge that I was always underpaid. But everyone else was, too."

"My dislike for the Cowboy organization has become a revulsion," says ex-Dallas Defensive End Pat Toomay. "I remember once in training camp, following our first Super Bowl victory, Coach Landry was giving us his summing-up-and-pushing-on speech. He said, 'I can now walk down the street in New York and I'm recognized.' I looked at Blaine Nye, our right guard, and he looked at me, and he said, 'What are we shooting for next year, Europe?'"

"In Dallas," Gent says, "you saw the future. Corporate America. That's bad enough in the real world, but in sports, well, it's downright depressing."

Epilogue: I dialed the number of the Dallas Cowboys' p.r. department. I told them I was writing a piece about why the world hates Dallas. There was a pause. "Wait a minute," I was told. Another pause. "Here it is. Bill Gildea of *The Washington Post* did a story in *D Magazine* on why the Redskins hate the Cowboys. John Crittenden did a similar-type column in the *Miami News*. I'll air-express them to you." Next day they arrived, postmarked Dallas. Why they hate us. Why we love it.



When the Cowboys are the opposing team, fans adopt a dog-eat-dog mentality.

"They always were a cheap team on salaries. They'd pay one or two guys and keep a lid on everybody else. I know they're still that way, because I helped a kid named Jerry Scanlan get a free-agent contract with Washington a couple of years ago and when we were listening to offers, the Cowboys were 40 percent below everyone else. The way I feel now? Well, just the sight of that silver-and-blue uniform inspires rage. One of the proudest moments I ever had was when I got a favorable settlement in a workmen's compensation case about an injury I suffered while playing for the Cowboys."

Workmen's comp . . . failure to disclose injuries . . . that's a subject to raise the anger of present as well as past Cowboys. Last May, Rafael Septien, the placekicker, said that during the 1981 season the Cowboys never told him he had a hernia. "They just told me, 'You

and against the Cowboys and Knight by Leon Donohue and Willie Townes. Norman played tight end for the Cowboys for nine years, then was traded to San Diego, where he played another three. When a deteriorating condition was found in his left knee, he sued the Chargers' doctor for malpractice and lost—largely through the testimony of Dr. Gunn, who said that the knee had shown a 25% disability in Norman's first year with the Cowboys and had been slowly deteriorating ever since that time. He said he had twice informed Schramm.

"Was that communicated to Mr. Norman?" Gunn was asked on the stand.

"I don't think so," he said.

Gunn, who no longer works for the Cowboys, won't comment on the subject. Schramm says, "Norman knew about it the whole time. Hell, we've got tons of records."

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NEED A LINEBACKER WHO HAS BLUE FEET? CALL MIKE

Superscout Mike Giddings uses a unique color-coding system to rate every pro under the rainbow for eight NFL teams

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

I have blue feet and green hands and my head is an orange ascending. Who am I? What am I?

"Sounds like a defensive back who moves well, drops the ball and is getting smarter," says Mike Giddings, the superscout who rates, dissects and analyzes every facet of every player in the NFL, and a lot of players who aren't, and then translates those ratings into living color in what he calls "The Book," a publication that then becomes the property of eight select subscribers throughout the league.

"The world's most expensive coloring book," is the way Giddings' work is described by Jim Murray, general manag-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER

er of the Philadelphia Eagles, a charter subscriber to Giddings' service, which is called Pro Scout, Inc. "An eye-opener," adds Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil.

The Book, which is presented to clients annually at the NFL owners meeting in March, is an evaluation of the personnel of every NFL team by a man who probably sees more football than anyone else. Giddings also turns out two other publications. Two weeks before the draft, his eight clients get what Giddings likes to call his R & D book. Research and Development. Trends, analyses, statistical breakdowns and the kind of statistics you don't get from the league office.

"Positions but no names," says Giddings. And then, starting shortly after training camp opens and continuing on a weekly basis throughout the season, they get his Disaster List, which some of Giddings' clients say is worth the price of admission alone.

Say your tight end goes down with a knee injury a week before the regular season begins. What to do? First stop, Giddings' Disaster List, with up-to-date ratings of the OTs (Out There) and UEs (Unemployed). The OTs have been cut in training camp. They're out there, waiting for the phone to ring. If no one picks up an OT by the end of the season, he becomes a UE.

Giddings' Disaster List supplied the Kansas City Chiefs, another original client, with three players who made the Pro Bowl during the last three years—Kicker Nick Lowery, Wide Receiver and Punt Returner J.T. Smith and Punter Bob Grupp—plus starting Quarterback Bill Kenney. When the Eagles needed a right guard for their 1978 training camp, they called Giddings to inquire about Woody Peoples, just released by the San Francisco 49ers.

"Grab him," said Giddings, who'd been on the 49ers' coaching staff during Peoples' first six years in San Francisco. Peoples became an Eagle and a three-year starter and got a Super Bowl ring in 1981.

The Book, though, is Giddings' showpiece. The colors, which were originally used to thwart the making of photocopies of the ratings ("They all show up gray on a copy," he says), turned out to be an inspired idea. Who could forget someone with blue feet? A blue player is a star or superstar, and any part of his anatomy or his technique so colored is likewise outstanding. A red is a solid starter. A gray means, "Don't quit on him now, but he doesn't match up with a red." An orange is a corner; he does some things that would make him a starter, others that don't match up. A green is a "forever backup," and a yellow is a C.P. or Can't Play. There may be a plus or a minus attached to a color, or an arrow indicating "ascending" or "descending," meaning the player is on the rise or the wane. An orange ascending, for instance, means a young player getting better. An orange descending? Forget it.

Some people are so taken with Giddings' color scheme that they have incorporated it into their vocabularies. Murray describes himself as "just another orange, trying to get by." He'll come up to you and say, "Buddy, I just saw that wife of yours and she's a blue." Or in a restaurant he might say, "Lay off the steak. It's a green descending."

Giddings first pinched his proposal of a private pro personnel service to people he knew around the NFL in February 1977. He spent four hours at the blackboard detailing the scheme to Vermeil and his Eagles staff. Murray came up to him afterward with hand extended, "Mike," he said, "that was a blue performance all the way."

It was a tough period in Giddings' life. He had spent 20 years coaching football at nearly every level—high school, junior college, college—plus seven years as an NFL assistant and two as head coach of the Hawaiians of the WFL. He was tired of moving so much, and so was his wife, Donna.

continued



"Twenty-three moves during our married life," she says. "Four in one 18-month stretch." They were back in their house in Newport Beach, Calif., a home they had bought in 1961, when he was a USC assistant, but had seldom lived in. It was time to make a stand.

He had seen the need for a pro player evaluation and location service. Most NFL clubs were well staffed for scouting college players, but not for rating or finding pros. "One year when I was coaching with the 49ers," Giddings says, "our tight end, Bob Windsor, went down, and no one knew where

Philadelphia, Kansas City, Atlanta, Cleveland, the New York Jets and Denver Miami, Cincinnati and Houston have replaced the Browns, Jets and Broncos, and Minnesota has come in as an added starter.

There's nothing very mysterious about Giddings' modus operandi. He gets films of every NFL team in games he specifies. "If it's a turf team, I want at least one game on natural grass," he says. "If it's a warm-weather team, I want to see it in cold weather. And of course I want to see how it plays in the money games." He keeps four projectors at home: "In case two break down I'll have a ready one and a backup." During the preseason, when instant decisions must be made and he must constantly update his Disaster List, the whir of a projector can be heard 16 hours a day in his house. His reliance on film is total. Viewing football on TV simply confirms what he already knows. Actual attendance at a game is distracting. "I'm so film-oriented," he says, "that I'll go to a game and I'll see a play and I'll be thinking, 'Run that again,' and my finger will reach for the button."

You might think a pro club, with its resources, could probably do more than Giddings does. It could program every player in the NFL on every play and come up with numbers, but that's where the idea breaks down, because it's the interpretation and evaluation that Giddings' eight clients are buying. Competitors spring up from time to time. Tom Fears tried it once. Joe Thomas was thinking of it, and a computer programmer tried to get into the business, using the expertise of Sid Gillman. But only Giddings remains.

"He's just so damn bright," says Jim Finks, the Bears' general manager, "and he's almost always on the money. If I'm on the phone talking trade, you'd better believe I'm going to have Mike's list alongside me."

General Manager Ladd Herzog of Houston, a new client, says Giddings' reports, if available a few years ago, might have kept the Oilers from making two trades, the one for Oakland Safetyman Jack Tatum ("Mike had the safetyman we let go, Bill Currier, rated higher") and the one in which Dan Pastorini was swapped for Ken Stabler ("A red descending," says Herzog).

"You're buying Mike's expertise as much as the service," Vermeil says. "Some people use it as a backup. With us, his opinion gets tremendous weight in squad decisions. And sometimes I'll see a statistic in his R & D book that'll just pop my eyes open. Like his draft stats. I remember one of his observations, that if you don't get a receiver in the first two rounds, you're just as likely to get one in the last two who'll make your club as in the middle rounds."

So who is Mike Giddings? Some 30 years ago he played guard and tackle for Pappy Waldorf at Cal. He's 48, and fit from his daily swim in the Pacific. He still has a hand in coaching, he takes a two-hour break every day in the fall to coach the Newport Harbor High School team, but his approach isn't what it once was. "I was a bit of a wild man," he admits. Calvin Hill, who played for Giddings on the Hawaiians, remembers him getting so emotional at halftime of a game with Philadelphia that he stormed out yelling. "Dammit, I'll go out and play 'em myself!"

"For a while there, I thought he'd be the only guy on the field," Hall says.

So Mike (far left), wife Donna (white sweater) and friends help add a touch of color to Giddings' work.

to find another one." With the Hawaiians in 1974 he followed a 2-8 first half of the season with a 7-3 second half and a playoff berth by replacing more than half of the team with NFL cuts—the right ones. John Ralston hired him at Denver in '76 as a combination line coach-pro personnel director primarily to pick his brains as to the cream of the WFL, plus any assorted OTs and UEs he could come up with. He found half a dozen, including Norris Weese, who became a starting quarterback.

In '77 he formed his own company, loaded his movie projector with game films, spread out his charts and marker pens on the pool table, and after six weeks of 18-hour days had his first book. The seven original clients were Chicago,



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THE NO-ALL-PRO TEAM

Mike Giddings' All-Underrated team, made up of players no longer active (only clients get his current player ratings)

OFFENSE

WR—Jack Dolbin, Denver, and Frank Grant, Washington. Dolbin was a real factor for years, a little guy who could run and rarely dropped the ball. Grant played in the shadow of Roy Jefferson and Charley Taylor.

T—Joe Kolb, Pittsburgh, and Greg Sampson, Houston. Kolb never made the Pro Bowl. Incredible. A consistent blue, Sampson was just coming into his own when he had a career-ending head injury.

G—Gerry Mullins, Pittsburgh, and Woody Peoples, San Francisco and Philadelphia, closely followed by Blaine Nye, Dallas. Mullins was consistently productive. Peoples had to play against Merlin Olsen for almost a decade.

C—Tie between John Fitzgerald, Dallas, and Ken Mendenhall, Baltimore. Both were highly productive and very underrated.

QB—Billy Kilmer, San Francisco, New Orleans and Washington. He was never a pretty player, but he was always very efficient.

RB—Lydell Mitchell, Baltimore and San Diego, and Rocky Bleier, Pittsburgh. People forget how good Mitchell was because he went down in a hurry. Bleier was extremely productive.

TE—Bob Klein, L.A. and San Diego. Great blocker, great hands. Somehow he always got open.

DEFENSE

E—Coy Bacon, Cincinnati, San Diego, L.A., Washington, and Tommy Hart, San Francisco, Chicago and New Orleans. Both were great pass rushers, both could play the run better than people thought.

T—Dave Pear, Baltimore, Tampa Bay and Oakland, and John Mendenhall, N.Y. Giants and Detroit. Pear was an all-time enigma—a star, and then, poof. Mendenhall was a factor for years.

MLB—Tie between Joe Rizzo, Denver, and Rusty Chambers, New Orleans and Miami. Rizzo played so hard that he went quickly by the time he hit 30. Chambers had a great career in front of him, but it was cut short by a fatal auto accident.

DLB—Charlie Hall, Cleveland, and Steve Zabel, Philadelphia and New England. Hall is my ultimate underrated player. Zabel was excellent for a couple of years.

CB—Willie Alexander, Houston, and Cornell Webster, Seattle. Alexander had more good years, but Webster, briefly, was as good as any of them.

SS—Tommy Casanova, Cincinnati. He achieved some recognition, but not as much as he deserved.

WS—Mike Wagner, Pittsburgh. Ditto.

SPECIAL TEAMS

K—Garo Yepremian, Detroit, Miami, New Orleans, Tampa Bay.

P—Tom Wiatum, San Francisco.

Returns—Eddie Brown, Cleveland, Washington and L.A.

Coverage—Ernie Pough, Pittsburgh and N.Y. Giants, Godwin Turk, N.Y. Jets and Denver, and Warren Bankston, Pittsburgh and Oakland.

Giddings' detractors, and there are a few spread around the league, snicker at his back-of-the-house operation and the fact that his wife and family (20-year-old Mike and daughters Jacqui, 24, and Vicki, 26) occasionally pinch in. "What I want to know," one critic says, "is who does the rest of the film breakdown for him? It's too much for anyone to handle alone."

"No one looks at films but me," Giddings says. "My wife and two other women will help with the taping, sometimes the girls. Everyone helps color the boxes. I remember when Mike was an eighth grader, he came to a player he liked, Cleveland Elam of the 49ers, and he snuck an extra plus on his rating. He came out a red-plus-plus. Monte Clark happened to see the book, and he said, 'I don't know if I'd have given him two pluses.' I was as surprised as he was. I didn't even have a double-plus rating."

All information in *The Book* except the color guides is coded into a set of abbreviations. A key is sent out separately, so if someone steals the book he won't know what he's reading. "One I like," Giddings says, "is AANI. That means, 'All Around It But Not In It.' That's usually the lineman who recovers a fumble 20 yards downfield." Another is LFPTFD, a running back designation—Looking For A Place To Fall Down. MMF is an ultimate plus—Mismatch For. Conversely, too many MMAs, Mismatches Against, mean a 4-12 year. "Mike used to fight with Jacqui all the time," Giddings says. "Then one day he just got to the age where the four-year difference didn't matter anymore. That was their last fight. I told him, 'You've just turned an MMA into an MMF.'"

Giddings is scrupulous about not dropping free information around where a nonclient can pick it up. But a customer can call at any hour of the day or night and Giddings will be available. "That's part of the service," he says. "I'm not going to be out on the golf course somewhere. And I'm not going to be fading into the sunset down in Hawaii, either." Giddings isn't looking for new customers. One per division is plenty, he says, and Minnesota and Houston came in only after a vote by the other clients. Price per client is another secret, but obviously Giddings isn't starving.

He will share a few general observations. Quarterback is the one position he feels is indispensable to the chemistry of a club. "It affects everything," he says, "from the type of linemen you draft, to the type of receivers, to the defense. A quarterback problem can disrupt a team's defense. It'll try to overcompensate."

Practically all rookies, he says, go through a cycle. They're fast out of the blocks, then comes a lull, usually after six to eight regular-season games. "They've already played their college season," he says, "and they look ahead and see eight or 10 games left and they say, 'Oh, God!' Then there's a pickup at the end."

A wide receiver's most important attributes, he feels, are getting open and going for the ball; and at those, the Packers' John Jefferson is "maybe the best there ever was."

There are no secrets in football, the oldtimers will tell you. Well, perhaps not, but there's always an extra edge to be had. Like Mike Giddings and his Disaster List, his OTs and UEs, his blues and reds and orange ascenders.

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SCOUTING REPORTS

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Miami Dolphins

Three cheers for a name you seldom hear mentioned in the Dolphins' organization—Chuck Connor, the team's player personnel director since 1978. The strength of the Dolphins of late has been the steady influx of young talent supplied by Connor, plus, of course, the direction Don Shula gives these newcomers. It's to Shula's credit that he gives Connor almost a free hand in running the draft. At the start of camp this year 27 players from Connor's first four drafts were still around—and half a dozen or so from the class of '82 could make the club. That youthful talent makes this edition of the Dolphins a vibrant team on the rise, a team that should remain at championship level for a while.

There are two problems: injuries and quarterbacking. Injuries seem to be almost contagious. One leads to another. Before you know it, you're in a battle for survival, and every week the p.r. man is playing the numbers game in his release. "The club has now placed 25 players on injured reserve this season, representing 50.2% quarters of missed action."

Shula has been through it. His 1976 season, for instance, wound up on the sidelines on crutches. The Dolphins had their share of misery in this year's camp. Right Cornerback Gerald Small and Flanker Nat Moore were slow to recover from knee injuries, and a rookie whom Shula has been dying to try at Moore's spot, 4.28 Nazer Mark Dupry, was bobbling on a sprained ankle. Left Cornerback Don McNeal broke a rib in practice. Center Mark Dennard broke his left arm. Kicker Uwe von Schamann was being treated for colitis that had caused him to lose 25 pounds.

The second problem should be resolved by opening day. David Woodley, a gifted young quarterback, did fine last year—11-3 in games he started—right up until the marionette playoff game against San Diego. When Woodley faltered that day, 31-year-old Don Strock came off the bench in the second quarter and threw four touchdown passes. Six of his first seven drives put points on the board. So what does Shula do? Send Strock, who's

always been more effective in relief than as a starter, back to the bench, or bench Woodley and thus lower the kid's confidence? The guess is that Woodley will be the starter, with Strock warming up.

If everybody gets healthy (Dennard and McNeal are expected back early in the season), the Dolphins should be in the postseason tournament. Two eye-catching rookies are outside linebackers Charles Bowser and Ron Hester, both 4.5 sprinters. Roy Foster, the No. 1 pick, could win a job on the offensive line by late season. "He's not an Anthony Munoz," one coach said, "but he's not the Pillsbury Doughboy, either."

New York Jets

The New York Sack Exchange deserved all the ink it got. What it did was turn a 4-12 club into a 10-5-1 playoff team. When a team that hadn't had a pass rush for a decade suddenly comes within one sack of the all-time record it's like a muscle relaxer for the whole body.

So let's hear it for the front four—from left to right, Mark Gastineau, Abdul Salaam, Marty Lyons and Joe Klecko. Salaam and Lyons would get deep penetration up the middle, and when the quarterback tried to escape Klecko and Gastineau would be there waiting for him. The result: 66 sacks.

The defensive backs could play bump-and-run, they could play combination zones, they could play anything they wanted, because the passer simply wasn't going to have that much time. The linebackers could play tighter coverages, the offense got better field position... the whole equation worked.

Richard Todd, the quarterback, had the best season of his career, adding almost 20 points to his ratings and chopping his interceptions from a league-high 30 to a near low of 13. The offensive line was deemed so sound that old pro Left Guard Randy Rasmussen was eased into retirement, giving way to 270-pound Stan Waldemore. The ranks thinned a bit when Center Joe Fields, a Pro Bowl choice last year, was lost for this season's first two games with a torn tendon in his right ring finger, and his backup, Guy Bingham, sprained a knee, but Right Tackle Marvin Powell is an All-Pro, and Right Guard Don Alexander is close to it.

The flip side? Well, the Jets have never

found the topflight runner they've lacked since John Riggins slipped away to Washington six years ago. The long-ball-receiving tandem of Wesley Walker and Lam Jones has shown flashes at times, but never terrorized enemy secondaries as predicted. Quick-drop quarterbacks who throw short, timed patterns have always hurt the Jets, and if the New York rush ever falters, the pass defense becomes vulnerable. Still, the Jets look a lot better than they did last year at this time.

Buffalo Bills

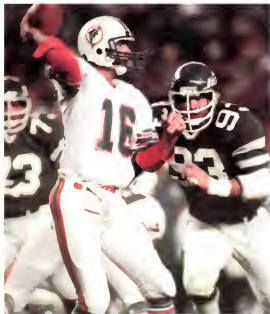
Chuck Knox bres down hard on his cigar and tries to control his growing rage. What he really thinks about the Buffalo organization will come out in two years, when his contract is up and Green Bay (or somebody is announcing him as the new head coach. Frankly, he's had it with this club that won't pay the money to keep people in camp.

Early in April Knox had this to say about Linebacker Tom Cousineau, whom he had lost to Montreal in '79 and wasn't about to lose a second time. "I've said it all along and I'll say it now. If Tom Cousineau plays in the NFL this year, it'll be with the Buffalo Bills. A trade isn't even a consideration."

Three weeks later Cousineau was traded to Cleveland because Buffalo owner Ralph Wilson wouldn't pay the price. And then Joe Cribbs, the Bills' do-everything runner, and Jerry Butler, their brilliant young receiver, became holdouts in camp. Cribbs, on the third year of a four-year contract, was to make \$115,000 this year, a figure he said he simply wouldn't play for. "It's clear to everyone but the Bills that Joe has outperformed his contract," said his agent, Jerry Aronitz.

"This club won't spend the money to be a winner," said Quarterback Joe Ferguson.

But you haven't heard the best one. That came in the off-season, when Wilson cut the regular front-office bonuses, including those of the coaches, in half. "Business wasn't as good this year," he said. He must have meant his insurance or car-leasing businesses in Detroit, because his football business is boom-



ing—two straight playoff years, the second-highest home attendance in the NFL last year (Knox's teams have almost doubled Buffalo's attendance in his four seasons), the new TV contract around the corner, etc.

The loss of Cousineau was a particularly bitter blow to Knox, because he saw what happened when a top inside linebacker was hurt last year. It took Shane Nelson's knee injury for people really to appreciate how much the six-year veteran means to Knox's famed Bermuda Triangle defense. With Nelson, the Bills were almost impossible to run against. Without him, very possible. Nelson's knee still is a question mark, and a Cousineau would be nice to have around.

Having Cribbs around is a necessity, especially because three of his prospective replacements—Roland Hooks (broken elbow), Robb Riddick (torn knee cartilage) and fourth-round pick Van Williams (stretched knee ligaments)—are on the shelf. The Bills bravely talked about using No. 1 choice Perry Tuttle as a replacement for Butler, if he shouldn't report, or for 35-year-old Frank Lewis on the other side. Oh well, in two more years Chuck Knox won't have all of Buffalo's problems to worry about.

New England Patriots

The first thing new Coach Ron Meyer did was look at last season's films. "There could be a lot of new players here this year," he said. The veterans nodded. Yep, that figured. Then Meyer looked at their performance charts, particularly at weightlifting. "Believe it or not, at SMU I had two running backs who lifted more than most of the linemen here," he said. A specialized weight-training program was instituted, and who could argue with that? Better off strong in this game.

Next he met with his players. "Hard work and discipline," he said, and yes, a few of the vets agreed that a 2-14 team might well need a bit of discipline. Sixteen draft choices arrived in camp, a dozen of whom figured to make the club, and leading the parade was 279-pound Defensive Tackle

Woodley (top) should start for Miami on opening day against the Jets, who need consistent running from Freeman McNeil (24).

AFC EAST

Kenneth Sims, the No. 1 pick overall. By August, 10 vets had been traded, chopped or retired, with more to follow. Team discipline had been enforced. No ice cream at team meetings. No cigarettes on the team plane. No one to leave the hotel complex the night before a road game, an unheard-of rule in the NFL. "This is the NFL being played by NCAA rules," one veteran grumbled.

And Sims? His original nickname was Moneybags. He skipped a few practices—sore back, eye inflammation. Meyer had a heart-to-heart with him. "I'll be there on game day," he assured the coach. "I always am." So the players nicknamed him Gameday. In the first exhibition he had no tackles, no assists, and no quarterback pressures. "He wasn't all that bad," Meyer said. "If that kid were a free agent he'd be on the first bus home," one scout in the press box said.

Well, a lot of things can happen between now and the frosts of autumn. Sims won't start, but Middle Guard Lester Williams, the

Patriots' other pick in the first round, could. So could Halfback Robert Weather, a second-rounder. There are a lot of rookies. The quarterback job still bounces back and forth between Matt Cavanaugh and Steve Grogan.

As for Meyer and his discipline—well, maybe it'll work out, and maybe it won't. This is a team that has been seething with unrest for quite a while, and perhaps, if things really turn sour, one dark night a gong might strike, a trumpet sound, and the team might rise up and stone him. It's never dull in Foxboro.

Baltimore Colts

At Frank Kush's daily press conference at camp, someone asked the usual question: "Well, Frank, any new faces in camp today?"

The coach removed his Colts cap, rubbed his head and exhaled. "Ahhh yes," he said. He's not good with names. "What's his name?" he asked the p.r. staff. Blank stares.

"I don't know," Kush said. "Name's Harris or Harrison, something like that. Linebacker, right?" He paused. "It doesn't matter," he said. "There'll be a lot more like him. He's gonna be a zoo around here. But we gotta find people."

The rust is being scraped, the hull repainted, but it'll be a while before the ship will float. No one knows that better than Kush. He saw the films of last year's 2-14 team, which gave up 533 points, an NFL record.

"We were even worse than I thought," he said. "Defensively we were worse than the scores indicated. A lot of teams called off the dogs after they scored 35 points."

The starting lineup may change hourly. No veterans' jobs are safe, except those of running backs Randy McMillan and Curtis Dickey and Wide Receiver Ray Butler. Instant starters could come from the waiver wires, the free agent lists, anywhere. Kush was one of the few coaches to go on record as being opposed to the increased roster size—118 more players he can't get a crack at.

He ran a tough camp. The big emphasis, he said, would be on teaching. Right back to the beginning, left foot here, right foot there. His nine-man coaching staff is made up of teachers, seven of whom have never coached in the NFL before. But they've been around. Four of them were college head coaches. They know about fundamentals.

The logical place to start was at quarterback, where the wobbly passes of No. 1 draft choice Art Schlichter are a parody of the tight spirals Bert Jones threw. Schlichter, who admits his mechanics were fouled up at Ohio State, is a long-range project. Much more impressive, and the likely starter, is the fourth-round choice, Mike Pagel, who played for Kush at Arizona State.

Many faces from 1981 will be gone before opening day. There are enough athletes and high drafts on this roster to produce some surprises early, but Kush, and everyone else, knows it's going to be a long road back. Still, somehow you get the feeling they're headed in the right direction.

Buffalo's attack relies heavily on Cribbs, who gained 1,700 yards rushing and receiving in '81.

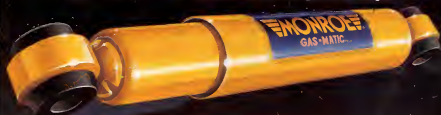


PREDICTED FINISH

Miami 11-5
New York Jets 10-6
Buffalo 9-7
New England 4-12
Baltimore 4-12



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Pittsburgh Steelers

There are still a dozen veterans on the Steelers who know what it's like to win four Super Bowls. There are lots of youngsters running around. There isn't a lot in the middle.

It has just worked out that way. Those great drafts of the early 1970s produced the nucleus of Super Bowl talent; now those players are showing some mileage, but they remain the stars of the team. The new crop of youngsters still hasn't come of age, and the middle group represents medium talent.

The formula could work this year if injuries are minimal, but it's iffy. The Steelers are a tightly wired mechanism, and in the last two years some of those wires snapped at exactly the wrong time. Lynn Swann and John Stallworth are gifted receivers, but every time they run more than 20 yards downfield, you wonder if they're going to pull something. Terry Bradshaw got the club moving last year, crushing people, homing in on a playoff spot, but then he broke his hand in a Monday nighter against Oakland. His backup, Cliff Stoudt, had already gone on injured reserve after losing a bout with a test-your-strength punching bag, so the fate of the Steelers was left to young Mark Malone, hobbling on a gimpy knee. Still, the Steelers didn't go down without a struggle. They lost their last three games by a total of 11 points.

The Super Bowl gang is breaking up. Joe Greene and Jon Kolb retired, J.T. Thomas and Dirt Winston were traded, and L.C. Greenwood is now a part-timer. George Perles, the assistant coach who created the great Steel Curtain defensive lines, went to the USFL and took the 4-3 defense with him. Chuck Noll will bite the bullet and go 3-4, for a while anyway.

A few stars still twinkle in the Steeler defense, but it's far from the theater marquee lineup it used to be. The three defensive Steelers who made the last Pro Bowl—Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, Strong Safety Donnie Shell and Cornerback Mel Blount—are 30, 30 and 34, respectively. Jack Ham, the left linebacker, missed his first Pro Bowl in nine years. Robin Cole, on the right side, is an upcoming superstar, they say, but they've been predicting great things for him for five years. Gary Dunn graded out highest of all the

defensive linemen last season, but now he's at a new position, middle guard. The liveliest rookie defender is Edmund Nelson, an end, but he's still learning. The Steelers' defense is ordinary at best, and last year it finished 22nd in the NFL, its worst ranking since Noll's first season—the 1-13 horror show of 1969. It should be improved, but the offense will have to carry it, at least part of the time.

The thing that could brighten the whole picture, and put some new verve and dash into the offense, is a rookie—a special one, the kind the Steelers haven't had since Franco Harris came prancing out of Penn State 10 years ago. Walter Abercrombie, the No. 1 draft pick out of Baylor, was the star of training camp until he twisted his left knee in the second exhibition game. He still might start in the opener, or his spot might go to steady, unspectacular Frank Pollard. Abercrombie runs like a dream, he catches passes . . . he blocks? Well, uh, not really. He's not called on to do that much blocking, and that's where the picture gets complicated.

The Steelers have a great offensive line that returns intact, a line on a par with the Super Bowl units. Noll still feels there's room for a high-level running game in this era, but the only time the equation really worked was when Rocky Bleier was out there blocking for Franco. No other combination has done it. The last runner the Steelers drafted as the first round, Greg Hawthorne, is now fighting to make the club as a backup wide receiver. So who blocks for whom in a Franco Harris-Walter Abercrombie backfield? Or will that be only a "situation" unit? Stay tuned.

Cincinnati Bengals

For years the Bengals have been a bomb ready to explode. All the ingredients were there, all those high drafts, stockpiled from season after season of trading away veterans. All they needed was somebody to light the fuse, and last year Forrest Gregg was the perfect man for the job.

It was a story that flashed with inspirational touches. Quarterback Ken Anderson was an emotional wreck when the bell sounded for Round 1. He was booed and benched in the opener, and on the verge of being benched for the second game—until Gregg had a change of heart, mainly because the game was on the road against the Jets, and Jet fans don't have any boos to waste on visitors. When the first-round draft choice, Wide Receiver Da-

vid Verser, was a bust, the position was saved by No. 2 pick Chris Collinsworth, the darling of the talk shows. The Bengals were 3-2 and shaky, but all of a sudden they went wild, winning seven of their next eight, averaging better than 32 points a game.

Then there was a sag—nothing really serious, but noticeable to a man like Gregg, who comes from the Lombardi School of Psychological Research. Could it be that his Bengals had peaked a bit early? They had blown out the Steelers (34-7), the Chargers (40-17) and the Broncos (38-21), but they were flat in the Super Bowl. Who knows, if the Bengals had played that game with their midseason intensity, maybe they would have run the 49ers off the field before Bill Walsh had a chance to work his playbook magic. Thoughts for off-season afternoons.

Maybe this is mere nit-picking. Maybe the Bengals squeaked all they could out of the '81 season. Maybe now, with a year of championship-level play under their belts, they're ready to take it all. There's a stand-pat quality to the club; the improvements basically will come from within. Bobby Kemp and Bryan Hicks, the young safeties who played surprisingly well last year, can only get better. Verser, they say, is now ready to make a definite contribution to a passing game that already has all the ingredients. Anderson, at 33, has an arm that's still as strong as any in the game, and now, after many years of scrambling, he's finally operating behind a line that knows how to protect him. He can still motor when he has to, though. Wide Receiver Isaac Curtis perhaps has lost a step or two, but he'll still make the circus catch on third-and-eight, and Tight End Dan Ross is coming off a 71-catch season and a record-breaking 11-reception performance in the Super Bowl. Gregg is still looking for a speed buck as a change of pace to the big thumpers. Pete Johnson and Charles Alexander, but who isn't?

The pass rush was O.K., but Gregg would have liked more pressure on Joe Montana in the Super Bowl. So he devoted the first two draft picks to defensive linemen, Glen Collins and Emanuel Weaver. Various knee and ankle ailments limited their effectiveness in camp, and as the season begins they figure to be backups.

Some people are wondering whether An-

derson can repeat his MVP season of '81, but there were a lot of years in which he performed at a level close to the best in the NFL and never got credit for it. Now he's got that Super Bowl hunger.

Cleveland Browns

The 1981 season ended a dismal 5-11. The Kardiac Kids of '80 were only a dim memory, and rumors started that Sam Ruessano, who had been such a gust of fresh air in the grim business of coaching, had better produce in '82 or else. As Quarterback Brian Sipe cleared out his locker after the final Sunday, he did a very uncharacteristic thing. He sounded off.

He talked about players falling asleep at meetings, about complacency. "Instead of looking around the front office for a scapegoat, the fans should look around the bus where the players were enjoying their 1980 prestige," he said.

At the time it seemed like nothing more than gloomy December talk, but the implications became a lot clearer later on, when a story came out that Charles White, a starting halfback, had entered a drug treatment center in California—and that Ruessano had hired his old Brooklyn buddy Ted Chappell to fill the newly created post of security officer, presumably to monitor drug-abuse problems. Not that the Browns had more problems than anyone else, but in these highly sensitive times, a quick decline in a team's fortunes sets the gossips to work.

On the field the explanation seemed easier to understand. For two years the Browns had been a high-wire act. Games that could go either way ended as W's. Last year they were L's. Sipe had been the NFL's leading passer in '80, but he dropped to 22nd in '81. Gone was the quarterback coach, Jim Shofner ("The only real quarterback coach I ever had"), who had moved to Houston. The new man, Paul Hackett, bright and talented as he was, was a virgin in the NFL. Sipe took a tremendous physical beating. No longer could the offense carry a defense that had no rush, that got confused on its pass coverages.

To tidy up the shambles of '81, the Browns began with defense. Gone are Defensive End Lyle Alzado, defensive backs Thom Darden



While Pittsburgh's Harris (top) likes to dart to daylight, Clacy's Johnson (46) simply runs over anyone who gets in his way.

AFC CENTRAL

and Autrey Beamon and linebackers Robert L. Jackson and Don Goode. Newly arrived are linebackers Tom Cousineau, from Canada via Buffalo, and Chap Banks. Art Modell convinced his fellow owners that free agency could be a painful prospect when he shelled out a reported \$3.5 million and a few draft choices, including a first-rounder, to obtain Cousineau's services for five years. Banks arrived as the third pick in the entire draft, and so terrified was Rufigiano that someone would trade upward to get Banks ahead of him that he told everyone who would listen that Fullback Gerald Riggs was definitely Cleveland's main man in the draft.

What there is of a pass rush will come from the linebackers. Banks was immediately installed in Goode's spot on the left side, and on passing downs he'll line up as an end. Cousineau got Jackson's inside spot. The safety-men have been juggled: Clarence Scott moves to free and Clinton Burrell to strong.

They say Banks looked great in camp. Ditto

Cousineau. Ditto Sipe, who's now on the same page with Hackett. But his fire has to protect him and the defense has to get its sacks before there will be a significant turnaround.

Houston Oilers

Kenny (The Snake) Stabler opened a new nightclub in Houston. None of the Oilers' front-office staff was invited to the opening. When last heard from, Dan Pastorini was at a West Coast TV studio playing *Spartacus*—and losing, two sets to one. What remains are the men with the brooms, to sweep away the remnants of the Great Quarterback Trade of 1980.

The war in the sky will now be in the hands of 27-year-old Gifford Nielsen, whose five years in the NFL have produced four starts, and second-round draft choice Oliver Luck, whose four years at West Virginia resulted in

a 3.96 grade-point average (a B in freshman calculus cost him his perfect).

And now, for an evaluation of the Oilers' passing game, we turn to Tight End Dave Casper. Dave, tell us what the Houston attack is like.

"It's not what you'd call refined. It's like drawing pictures with numbers ... or connecting the dots."

Cut! Rewind the tape. O.K., let's forget about passing. Anyway, passing in Houston is just something the Oilers do to let Earl Campbell catch his breath. And besides, Wide Receiver Ken Burroughs is recovering from a broken fibula. Let's examine Campbell, who has averaged more carries per game (22.7) than any runner in NFL history. Last year's attack was going to be diversified—Campbell and Rob Carpenter. No more one-man stuff. That lasted through the fourth game, after which Carpenter was traded to the Giants. Earl was still a dominating force, but his body was beginning to show signs of wear. For the first time in his career he didn't lead the entire NFL in rushing. For the first time his per-carry average dropped below four yards. And he fumbled more than ever before. Looks like Campbell's only human, fellas.

The offense shows three significant changes—the additions of ex-Packer Tackle Mark Koncar and No. 1 draft pick Mike Munchak, green but mean and probably the starter at left guard; and the shift of Tim Wilson, Campbell's personal escort in the backfield, to a blocking tight-end spot.

On defense, Safety Vernon Perry will miss a month or so with a broken shoulder blade. No other changes, although the deck has been shuffled up front. The three-man line now reads, left to right: Jesse Baker, Mike Stensrud and Ken Kennard, with Andy Dorris or Elvin Bethea coming in as a fourth rusher.

You say you're looking for some positives? Try these: The ancient practice facility has now reverted to weeds, thanks to a brand-new complex near the Astrodome. Coach Eddie Biles got a contract extension in the off-season. And the Oilers have put in a computer system. All they have to do now is find people who know how to operate it.

Sipe and Cleveland flopped together in 1981 and must do a 180 in '82—or bye-bye Browns



PREDICTED FINISH

Pittsburgh 10-6
Cincinnati 10-6
Cleveland 7-9
Houston 6-10

The new Fuego Turbo from Renault. Slippery and simmering. Exciting. A heritage earned on the tracks of the world by the first turbos ever to race Grand Prix and win.

Fuego Turbo. Five forward speeds powered by a 1.6 litre intercooled turbo that creates 11.6 psi maximum boost. Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection. Performance that's responsive yet civilized enough for a highway estimate of 39 MPG and EPA estimate MPG of 28*.

Fuego Turbo. Front-wheel drive with independent front suspension. Renault's "A" frame-mounted trailing arm rear axle. Stabilizer bars, standard, front and rear. Michelin TRX radials on cast

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Fuego Turbo. New from Renault. Civilized performance at a civilized price, less than \$11,000**.

*1.6 litre 1082 cc turbo estimated with standard 4800 cc turbo. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. **MSRP (Manufacturer's suggested retail price). Price does not include destination charge, taxes, title and other optional or required equipment.

Fuego

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RENAULT
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Los Angeles Raiders

The Raiders' bodies are in Los Angeles, but where are their minds? What's happening to the kids in school back in Hayward and Alameda? How about the nice little house in Marin County that's now up for sale? Or the pieces of real estate in Southern California? You say Allied Van Lines wants how much to move us? Hey, don't bother me with that stuff. I've got a game to get ready for.

Don't forget, there are still two slender threads that bind the Raiders to Oakland—the city's eminent domain suit and a possible act of Congress that would yank them back north, if not this year, then next.

Nobody has figured out how the won-lost ratio is influenced by mental stress off the field. One clue: Three years ago, when the Raiders experienced a rare fall from playoff contention, the puny line was that they lost their concentration because their boss, Al Davis, wasn't available on a regular basis to give them their daily ration of inspiration. This year Al monitored them closely in their Sama Rosa training camp—when he wasn't flying off to L.A. to check on the ticket situation. And the Raiders are coming off their first losing season since 1964.

The quarterback once again is Jim Plunkett, who lost his job to young Marc Wilson after the three-shoutout debacle early in '81. Davis prefers Plunkett's get-it-done-quickly, attacking style to that of Wilson, who's still feeling his way. Plunkett's failings of '81 are now attributed to groin pull and thumb troubles he didn't tell anyone about. He also has shed the banquet poundage that resulted from the Super Bowl season of '80.

The Raiders' No. 1 draft of USC Tailback Marcus Allen was viewed by the cynical as a ticket pull, but Davis says just wait, the kid will open eyes. Running backs Billy Taylor and Greg Pruitt join Davis' 1982 list of imports, along with Lyle Alzado, who's expected to fill Cedrick Hardman's spot as designated rightside sacker.

Flanker Bob Chandler suffered a preseason knee injury. He should be O.K., but he's 33, and durability is imperative in his all-important role of possession receiver—to keep the bounds off deep threat Cliff Branch.

The Raiders' swarming defense got consist-

tent All-Pro-level play from outside linebackers Ted Hendricks and Rod Marin but still slipped to 24th against the pass in '81. Why? Left Cornerback Lester Hayes played at 220 or thereabouts. Strong Safety Mike Davis broke his leg—and the whole operation came unglued. Hayes is now trim and mean again, and Davis is back. The Raiders' 1981 record of 7-9 could have been worse. They won three games by six points, total.

San Diego Chargers

Here's the thing I can't understand about the Chargers. Why stiffen your back and pound the table when loyal and proven veterans such as John Jefferson and Fred Dean want more money, and then open the vault to bring in older talent from around the league? The Chargers wrecked their defense and weakened their offense (yeah, we know, they got Wes Chandler from New Orleans, but there's only one Jefferson) by letting Dean and J.J. go, and instead of a draft this year they got veterans, none of whom is in the minimum salary range—linebackers Dewey Selmon and David Lewis and Tailback Ricky Bell from Tampa Bay; Safety Tim Fox and Wide Receiver Harold Jackson from New England; and Safety Bruce Lard from Baltimore.

Grained, these guys might help—especially Lewis, who had a couple of devastating years with the Bucs—but the basic defect in the Charger defense that gave up the most passing yards in NFL history was a lack of speed. They just couldn't catch anybody. Unless they strap rockets to their players' shoes, that won't change.

What they have done, however, is change the concept. Gone is Jack Pardee and his 4-3. Newly arrived is Tampa Bay's Tom Biss and his 3-4, which had never even been heard of in San Diego. Defensive Tackle Louie Kelcher decided to retire when the needle wouldn't stop at 300 pounds, but he came back. The Chargers say they'll combine 3-4 and 4-3 concepts. Whatever that means.

San Diego should play the highest scoring games in the NFL, and as TV ratings will be way up there, Don Coryell's superstar offense will see to that—Dan Fouts throwing to the most prolific tight end in history, Kellen Winslow (202 catches in his first three seasons) or to Chandler or Jackson or the ageless Charlie Joiner or Chuck Muncie or little Jimmy Brooks, all of them popping out of an endless array of formations. Muncie, who's com-

ing off an extensive drug rehab program, rushed for 19 touchdowns last year, tying an NFL record, and if his head isn't messed up, the sky's the limit.

Doomsayers point to the fact that three of Fouts's staunchest protectors, guards Doug Wilkerson and Ed White and Right Tackle Russ Washington, have all passed their 35th birthdays, but Coryell says that's no problem. They can still block with the best of them. Too bad they can't play defense, too.

Denver Broncos

Craig Morton arrived with the class of '65, which included Joe Namath, Dick Butkus and Gale Sayers. He was there while pro football changed from a passing game to a running game and back to a passing game. He saw, from the inside, the highs and lows of the Dallas organization. He went down with the sinking ship that was the Goulets. He made it to one of the lifeboats and was hauled ashore in Denver, vowing that things would get better. Two weeks before his 35th birthday he quarterbacked the Broncos in Super Bowl XII, only to go under in a mass of interceptions. Poor old Craig. Had a great career. Too bad. Put a nose on his coffin.

Then Craig made a pact with the Devil. "Take life from my legs," he said, "and put it in my arm, and we've got a bargain." The results were amazing. The arm has never died. Year after year in training camp Morton has thrown the ball through walls. The Bronco coaches, Red Miller and now Dan Reeves, scratched their heads. Yep, he's our quarterback, all right. Where else are you going to find an arm like that?

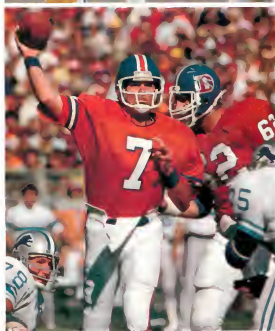
Oops, the sacks. Morton was tackled 92 times from 1978 to 1980. In '81 he went down 54 times, the most in the NFL. The Broncos needed only a final victory over Chicago to win the AFC West last year, but the Bears blitzed their uncles, cousins and in-laws at Craig, and he went down five times and threw three interceptions. The title, the playoffs and everything were gone.

Now it's '82. The Broncos are talking playoffs. They've got a Pro Bowl wide receiver in Steve Watson, who came from nowhere (actually from Wilmington, Del.) a nifty little



first-round draft choice. Halfback Gerald Wilhite, who can scoot; and a line that's on the verge of a nervous breakdown ("Hey, Craig, how long do we have to hold our blocks?"). And there are no challengers to the 39-year-old Morton. Not Steve DeBerg, who isn't good enough. Not Mark Herrmann, who isn't experienced enough.

Denver has a defense with all the parts in place, but it will suffer greatly if there are any injuries. The defense led the league during the first half of '81, but it sagged badly when Left Cornerback Louis Wright was hurt at midseason. Linebackers Randy Gradishar, Tommy Jackson and Bob Swenson (an extended contract holdout in camp) are proud names, and the Broncos say that last year's No. 1 draft pick, Dennis Smith, will dazzle people as a strong safety this season. But the offensive line will see more blitzes than General Patton ever dreamed up. Reeves is hoping that come December, Craig Morton will still be vertical.



Kansas City Chiefs

The two most famous detached retnes of the year belonged to Sugar Ray Leonard and Joe Delaney. Sugar Ray hasn't come back yet, but Joe D. has, and Kansas City has a running game again. But for how long?

Delaney is 5' 10", 184 pounds. A running back of Delaney's size used to be thrown back into the computer . . . to reenter as a wide receiver or safety. But this is the era of speed, of artificial carpets, of indoor football, of running to arc light. Last year little Joe rushed for 1,121 yards and carried the ball 21 times or more in four separate games, and the Chiefs were able to improve their ground game by 760 yards and end up with a winning record for the first time since 1973.

The problem is, they run Delaney inside and out, they swing him out of the backfield on screens, and they asked him to dart between the tackles. His lived injuries included knee, ankle and back—and finally the detached retnes. It's a risky way to travel.

Ted McKnight and Delaney shared the load through five games last year, until McKnight came up with a knee injury. The Chiefs hope McKnight will be back sometime this year, but if not, Delaney's running mates

If San Diego's Muncie (top) can beat his drug problem, he might really bust loose. Denver's Morton (7) improves with age.

will be James Hadnot, Billy Jackson and last season's late addition, Clark Gaines, all big guys but none an Earl Campbell.

Coach Marv Levy is of the old run, run and run school, but he finally admitted that his offense must be aired out this year. So he upgraded his drafting position in the first round to land Tennessee Wide Receiver Anthony Hancock. It was a nice try. Until Hancock gets the hang of the pro style, the best he can hope for is a role as the third receiver. The quarterback situation remains a toss-up between the runner, Steve Fuller, and the thrower, Bill Kenney.

The Chiefs' defense was a reflection of their offense—sturdy against the run (it usually happens with teams that face a high-powered running game every day in practice) but only so-so against the pass, despite having one of the NFL's best deep fours in Gary Green, Eric Harris, Gary Barbaro and Lloyd Burruss. The Chiefs have the raw material to mount a pass rush—ends Art Stull and Mike Bell—but

their sack total was anemic in '81. Point the finger of guilt at the linebackers. Since last season the Chiefs have waived or traded four linebackers who were regulars at one time or another in 1981. Only Gary Spinn was immune from an onslaught of rookies. If ever a team's personnel seemed to dictate a switch back to the good old 4-3, it's K.C.'s.

Seattle Seahawks

Did you know that Seattle has won four more games than Tampa Bay since they both came into the league in 1976? Did you know that for the past five years the Seahawks have devoted their first pick in the draft to defense and that last year they gave up more yards than ever before? Did you know that the Seahawks have a new man in charge?

No one else does, either. The new man is Elmer Nordstrom, whose family owns most of the club. He isn't described as dynamic, astute

or inspired in the Seahawks' press guide. He isn't described as anything. He isn't in it at all, except on one line, among the cast of characters. He's a modest chap, but he isn't happy.

"We're not content with a losing team, and if we don't win we're going to make changes," he says.

An expensive proposition. After the Hawks' 4-12 finish in 1980, Coach Jack Patera got a new five-year contract. When the '81 season ended at 6-10, Nordstrom came charging out of his department store, swept Herman Sarkowsky aside as managing general partner and vowed eternal vigilance.

Unless the defense does a complete volte-face from the last six years, the offense will have to carry it again. Usually the offense shows a bungled-up running corps, a creaky line and a frantic, throw-on-the-run passing game. Now the runners are fairly healthy, but the line is still searching for deliverance, and Quarterback Jim Zorn will be doing his scrambling on a left ankle containing a metal plate and six screws and encased in a white high-top shoe. A broken ankle in Game No. 13 created that.

The party line is that the defense will be "vastly improved" in 1982, but we've heard that before. The Seahawks insist that No. 1 draft choice Jeff Bryant, out of Clemson, wasn't as silly a pick as everyone thought, that he's the starting defensive right end and will remain so for many a season. Even Patera, whose permanent legacy will be that sideline image—massive forearms folded across a swelling chest, eyes blazing, jaw clenched in anger—seems to be softening.

For the first time players can wear beads (neat and well trimmed, please). They got a day off after an intrasquad scrimmage, and Patera allowed drinking water on the practice field—always a no-no in the past. Then the whole thing went kapoof when Patera imposed a half-a-game-check fine for Seattle's pregame handshake demonstrations before the opening exhibition. That tariff was vetoed by the NFL management council, but the players will remember.

K.C.'s Dalaney is back after suffering a detached retina, but he's too small to do it all.



PREDICTED FINISH

L.A. Raiders 10-6
San Diego 10-6
Denver 9-7
Kansas City 9-7
Seattle 3-13

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Tough on your beard,
not on your face.'**

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#99



Mark Gastineau, defensive left end for the N.Y. Jets, likes to play rough. But he draws the line when it comes to his face. That's why he has a Norelco Rotattract™ razor. It shaves him clean, quick and close as a blade... without so much as a nick or a cut.

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Norelco

Dallas Cowboys

Gloom is something that isn't allowed in Dallas. It isn't in the computer, it isn't in the game plan. Yet it hung heavy after the 49ers' last-minute drive in the NFC championship game stopped the favored Cowboys short of the Super Bowl—the third straight year Dallas had suffered such an indignity.

The next day one of Cowboy General Manager Tex Schramm's friends walked into Schramm's office and noticed him smoking a cigarette for the first time in 12 years.

"As bad as that, huh?" the guy said.
"Yeah, as bad as that," Schramm said, "and if you've got anything stronger I'll take it."

On the flight home from San Francisco Tom Landry was asked about his defensive alignment when the 49ers had scored their winning touchdown, a six-yard, third-down pass play. Why had the Cowboys been in their regular defense instead of the nickel, the pass defense? "I don't know why Ernie had that defense in there," Landry said, reminding people that it was Defensive Coordinator Ernie Stautner who called the defenses.

But the truth remains that the 49ers traveled 89 yards to claw their way into the Super Bowl that when the Cowboys had their run defense on the field, San Francisco passed on it; that when the nickel appeared, the 49ers ran against it—and this was a defense that contained six people who had played in the Pro Bowl at one time or another.

Something was basically wrong. The last two years, the Cowboy defense has finished in the bottom half of the NFL ratings, the last three, it has been carried by the offense. In the off-season one of Landry's veterans had some suggestions. He told the coach that perhaps the Cowboys' flex was outmoded; that it was a waste of God-given talent to put a Randy White in a frog stance half the time and have him play the run; that Landry ought to think about turning White and Ed Jones loose for a while; and that maybe he ought to think about getting out of the 4-3 while he was at it.

"All of a sudden I got a look at Tom's face and I stopped cold," the guy said. "He just froze where I sat."

But Landry did some thinking in the off-season. He saw what his all-out pass rush did

to Tampa Bay in the divisional playoff game, turning the Bucs upside down 38-0. He knows that stopping the run is no longer the name of the game in the NFL, and perhaps if he makes his flex more flexible and lets his magnificent front four go full bore some of the time it might offset some of the deficiencies at the back seven.

The company line is: So what if our defense gave up a lot of yards? It still didn't give up many points or touchdowns, and it led the NFL in interceptions. And the answer to that is that Dallas kept opponents from scoring by going into a nickel defense earlier than other teams would—and the opposition has been successful running against that nickel for three years. The Cowboys' flex always had been close to the top at stopping the run, but in the last three years their rushing defense finished 11th, 18th and 16th. Yep, there's something basically wrong there.

The draft produced five defenders in the first five picks, none of them a lineman. No starters are imminent, although the No. 1 selection, Cornerback Rod Hill, might be the return man. Two vets, Safety Charlie Waters and Linebacker D.D. Lewis, retired, but they will be replaced from within, by Benny Barnes and Guy Brown.

The offense is still pretty. Quarterback Danny White and Running Back Tony Dorsett are poised for their greatest years, the big league receiving corps—Drew Pearson, Tony Hill, Butch Johnson—will be aided by an emerging star at tight end, Doug Cosbie, and the offensive line remains intact. Vegas had the Cowboys as the winter-book Super Bowl favorite, at 4-1, and they're a logical choice to reach the playoffs for the 16th time in the last 17 years. After that, who knows?

Philadelphia Eagles

Late November 1981: Weather turns chilly in Philadelphia. So does the Eagles' offense. Four straight games, four straight losses. Goodbye, division title. Second halves were a problem. The Eagles scored three points—total—on those four second halves. The passing was a problem. Ron Jaworski threw nine interceptions in the four games, and in no contest in that stretch did he complete more than 50% of his passes.

There was a brief moment of glory in the final game against St. Louis, but then a quick exit against the Giants in the wild card game. Goodbye, 1981.

"The only thing I can do is win the Super Bowl," a bitter Coach Dick Vermeil said after that last loss. "Anything less, then I'm an idiot. Either my program isn't good enough or my quarterback isn't good enough or I should change my receivers."

The program remains the same. Some observers thought they noticed a slight easing of the work load in summer camp, but not all the vets agreed, and one of them, three-time Pro Bowl Middle Guard Charlie Johnson, announced his departure—he ultimately moved to the Vikings—while he was still able to get more mileage out of his legs.

Vermeil did change his receivers, replacing Tight End Keith Krepfle and Wide Receiver Charlie Smith with his first three draft choices, Mike Quick, Lawrence Sampleson and Vynor Kab. And for his quarterback, Vermeil brought in a 70-year-old security blanket named Sid Gillman. According to 49er Coach Bill Walsh, Gillman has done more to revolutionize the passing game than any man alive.

Gillman, who returns after a one-year retirement, molded Jaworski into a Pro Bowl performer and the NFL's second-rated passer in 1980, the Eagles' Super Bowl year. Now the talk is of a different passing concept—shorter routes, quicker patterns—but insiders are wondering if Gillman will run the pass offense or if it'll be a group effort.

Philadelphia performs the basics very well. Owner Leonard Tose isn't afraid to spend money. The Eagles can bring in all the free agents they want. They spend freely on equipment, the latest rehabilitation gadgets, extra coaches, etc. There has been only one contract dispute in the Vermeil era. Their offensive line is sound, and so is their running game, with Fullback Hubert Oliver blocking for their fine little halfback, Wilbert Montgomery. The defense has been good ever since Philly became a playoff team four years ago. The new middle guard, Ken Clark, isn't as sturdy as Johnson was, but he's quicker. An active Ohio State rookie named Anthony Griggs will give Al Chesley a run at inside linebacker.

Beating Dallas has been the Eagles' goal for the past few years, but now there's New York and an emerging nation in Washington to worry about. The NFL East has turned into the NFL's toughest division.



New York Giants

Back come the Giants, back from never-never land, from 16 years of despair. Gotham smiled last year. The Giants were a living, breathing playoff team. There was a new fiber of toughness. They won four of their last five games, including an overtime victory against Dallas in the finale. They beat Philadelphia in the playoffs by running the ball, something people said couldn't be done against the Eagles. The next week they pierced the 49er defense with long passes and had San Francisco teetering on the brink late in the third quarter, until their luck ran out.

An unseen hand gets an assist here—Pete Rozelle. It was Rozelle who dropped the name of George Young on the feuding Marav—Wellington and Tim—when they couldn't agree on a candidate for general manager three years ago. Young then brought in Ray Perkins to coach the team. Now, sanity has replaced the chaos of the past.

The No. 1 pick of the first three drafts under Young and Perkins produced two All-Pro, Linebacker Lawrence Taylor and Cornerback Mark Haynes, and a starting quarterback, Phil Simms. The Giants traded for a running game last season, sending a third-round choice to Houston for Rob Carpenter, the steal of the year. They picked an ex-49er guard named Ernie Hughes off the trash heap and turned him into a highly productive center. When Brad Van Pelt, their All-Pro linebacker, went down with a groin pull late in the season, they came up with a terrific replacement in rookie Byron Hunt. When Simms went down, they plugged in tall, gangly Scott Brunner and didn't miss a beat. The '81 draft gave them an impressive middle guard in Bill Neill.

Now the flip side: The offense was 28th in the NFL. An unrelenting defense bailed it out. The operation will still stutter in '82. One day good, one day not so good. Carpenter was an extended contract holdout in camp, and to prepare for his possible absence Perkins experimented with a running-back tandem of Butch Woolfolk and Joe Morris, the top two drafts, replacing muscle with flash. Hughes, who had an operation on his left knee in 1981, twisted his right knee in the exhibition season. Fingers are crossed.

The Cowboys' Randy White (54) will concentrate on sacking quarterbacks like Philly's Jaworski (7), who has a new Quick receiver

Washington Redskins

Joe Gibbs came to Washington from San Diego last year with his head full of Don Coryell's playbook and his camp full of rookies, and after five games the Redskins were 0-5 and Gibbs was wondering why those little X's and O's didn't connect on the field the way they did on paper and in San Diego.

Injuries had forced the rookies into combat early. Four running backs went down, and two wound up on injured reserve. The line was a juggling act. A 295-pound free agent named Joe Jacoby beat out the No. 1 draft, Mark May, at left tackle. And then all of a sudden things started coming together. Gibbs switched to a four-receiver offense, and Joe Theismann's passes started to find open hands: Joe Washington, the brilliant little halfback who came over from Baltimore via a trade, went wild, finishing with 916 yards rushing and 558 more on 70 receptions. Thirty players went on injured reserve at some

time during the season, but the team was 8-3 over the last 11 games. Now, with a healthy corps of second-year vets who have been to hell and back, there's great optimism along the Potomac.

An intensified weightlifting program has bulked up the offensive line to a 273-pound average, tackle to tackle. Theismann is coming off the most productive year of his career; he also signed a new four-year contract for a reported \$1.5 million—"more money than he asked for," said owner Jack Kent Cooke. Only two problems remain: 1) the schedule, rated the toughest in the NFL, and 2) the defense, which was soft against the run.

Under George Allen the defense sort of took care of itself. The theory was simple—bring in old warhorses, pay them more money than they were used to, squeeze another year or two out of their aching legs. When they go down, bring in more of the same. Most of George's boys are memories now, but Defensive Tackle Dave Butz, who was picked up in

one of Allen's blockbuster deals, has come into his own and is the Skins' best lineman.

The draft was thin, although the top pick, second-round Cornerback Vernon Dean, isn't afraid to hit people.

St. Louis Cardinals

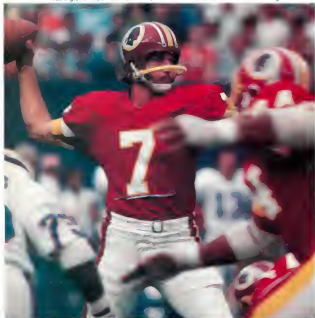
Look at what St. Louis did to get ready for 1982. Gone from the front office is Joe Sullivan, owner Billy Bidwell's haughty man, and replacing him is an amiable chap named Bing Devine. Players' salaries have been upgraded. A little red birdie has appeared on the sleeves of the team jerseys, and—catch this, gals—the cheerleading group now features eight gorgeous male gymnasts.

But we haven't mentioned the big one yet. The big one is Floyd Peters, the new coach of the defense, who has homed in on the defensive line. He's the pass rusher's best friend. "His philosophy," says Cedrick Hardman, the now-retired former 49er who was Peters' protégé, "is rush the passer first, and worry about the running game along the way." Where Peters goes, sacks follow. He built the famed Gold Rush at San Francisco and the Silver Rush at Detroit. Goodness knows the Cards could use a pass rush. Their defense gave up the most points in the NFC last year.

The offense? Well, it's rebuilding. A pair of rookies, No. 1 draft Luis Sharpe and Toote Robbins, will man the tackles. Roy Green, a marvelously gifted two-way athlete who played both wide receiver and defensive back in '81, will only be catching passes, and second-year Quarterback Neil Lomax will be throwing them out of an occasional shotgun. The new center is former All-Pro Tackle Dan Dierdorf, who will try to get still another year out of his 33-year-old knees. Otis Anderson has enough giddypops to keep the running game sound.

In another division the Cards would have a chance, but in the murderous NFC East they'll take a few more lumps while they're growing.

Washington's Theismann has a nifty four-receiver offense and a new seven-figure contract.



PREDICTED FINISH

Dallas 11-5
Philadelphia 11-5
New York Giants 10-6
Washington 8-8
St. Louis 6-10



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Detroit Lions

Most teams spend their training camp putting in an offense, working on a defense, practicing the kicking game, finding a rookie. The Lions found... well, Dr. J. Dr. Jerry. Dr. Jerry Argovitz, as in "I'm here to represent Billy Sims." And in the other corner, the blue corner, representing the Detroit Lions—General Manager Russ Thomas, owner William Clay Ford and the lawyers, as in "We've turned it over to the lawyers." And so, on sunny August days they were choosing their partners for the Contract Polka.

It went like this: "The guy's nuts, he's trying to negotiate a contract he himself got for Billy two years ago."

"Now wait just one minute, podnash, all of us agreed that if Billy performed like the best in the NFL he'd get paid accordingly in his fourth year, his option year. We agreed, all of us, we even shook hands on it."

"See that, the guy's nuts, he's trying to negotiate a fourth year before the kid's even played his third, and besides, verbal agreements aren't allowed."

"But we agreed, dammit, shook hands, high-fived."

"Tell him to come to camp."

"I doubt he'll ever wear a Lions uniform again."

"See you."

"Yeah, sez me, and we can turn it over to our lawyers, too."

Etc., etc.

No Billy, the Detroit offense goes poof. Eric Hipple? Nice little quarterback, that. Not as much fun without Billy to throw so, though. Offensive line? Good sturdy bunch, but it's more enjoyable blocking for Billy. Nice defense, fine defensive line—Bill Gay, Dave Parefory, Doug English, Bubba Baker—as good as they come. But it's more fun playing defense when your offense keeps you off the field. Billy keeps you off the field. Stats say the Lions' defense spent less time on the field than any other team in the NFL last year. Sure is nice having Billy around.

The Lions, with Billy, have enough cards in their deck to win the division. They would have won it last year, except for some last-minute errors that are too painful to go into now. Bubba Baker has a very nasty groin pull

that extends into the muscles of his stomach; they're hoping he comes out for Round I. The defensive linemen must get over the shock of losing their much-respected coach, Floyd Peters. They should. Grows men don't cry. Rookies? No big help right away, but file this name under "sleepers": Rick Porter, 12th-round running back from Slippery Rock. Not another Billy Sims, but then who is?

Chicago Bears

Why do we figure the Chicago Bears for a second-place finish? Schedule. End up one through four in a division, and the next year's schedule is pretty much a push. But finish fifth, ah, fifth, and does the NFL ever throw you some cupcakes. I can hear the Bears' new coach, Mike Ditka, now. "Doesn't that damn fool know that they're all tough in the NFL?" But honestly, Mike, would you rather face the toughest four teams in the AFC East, as the rest of your division must, or Seattle and New England, as Chicago does? Two of the three NFC East's heavies, or St. Louis on a home-and-home? That's what finishing fifth last year did for the Bears. Only two 1981 playoff teams, the 49ers and Bucs, are on the '82 slate.

This is cop-out talk, and the Bears must still beat people on the field, but look for them to get out of the blocks fast. Ditka's diet of full contact work in camp will have them mean and tough in September. The complicated offense he imported from Dallas has some people scratching their heads at first, but they caught on. No longer will Walter Payton find himself running into grinning linebackers. Wide Receiver Jimmy Scott is back from Canada to add distance to the passing game. If Quarterback Vince Evans can learn to control his high, hard one, or if No. 1 draft Jim McMahon makes a real run at the position, the Bears' offense could join the '80s.

McMahon gimped around camp for a while on a sore knee, and he rested a sore arm, but in his first exhibition game—instant action. One quarter of work, two significant TD drives. He could be the real thing.

Holes in the line, though. Left Tackle Dennis Lick—postoperative in the line. Guard Noah Jackson—sensational against the Randy Whites and Doug Englishes, but his attention wanders when he faces the so-so, Center Dan Neal—solid but aging. Right Guard Revie Sorey—out for some early games with a partially torn taryns. Right Tackle Keith Van Horn—green and inconsistent.

On defense, the whole has been greater than the sum of its parts, although there are some very talented parts (Right Tackle Dan Hampton, switched from left end, Left End Mike Hartenstein, Strong Safety Gary Fencik, Left Cornerback Terry Schmidt) and some projected superparts (Middle Linebacker Mike Singletary, Right End Al Harris).

An interesting new face is tiny (5' 8", 173 pounds) rookie Dennis Gentry, either darting out of the backfield or returning punts. Scouts have come up with an interesting term for these Joe Delaney-Bruce Harper types. They call them "instant impact" players.

Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Not meeting to make any trouble, but there are a few things about the Tampa Bay Buccaneers that puzzle me. Why has Coach John McKay's picture been on the cover of four of the last five Buc media guides? Why did Tom Bass, the only defensive coordinator the Bucs had ever had, the man who built all those fine units and whose pass defense gave up fewer touchdowns than anyone last year, jump to San Diego? Writers have selected six yearly MVPs since the club was formed, and half of them have been traded away. Why? Why do superstars seem to go sour after a few years there?

Lee Roy Selmon, the great defensive end, is certainly not in that category. No sire, The players around the league all know how good he is, even though he has been outnumbered by the blockers in the Bucs' three-man-rush scheme. Just look what he did as part of a four-man line in the Pro Bowl. Four sacks, that's all. The upcoming season should be a bit brighter for him. Wayne Fontes, the new defensive boss, says Right Linebacker Hugh Green will be doing a lot more blitzing, taking some of the pressure off Selmon, helping to break up the double team. Under Bass the linebackers would take fairly deep drops, give up the underneath stuff and knock hell out of the pass receiver. It was part of a give-up-yards-but-not-points philosophy. Fontes says the Bucs now will shorten things up and cover quicker.

McKay strongly defends his quarterback, Doug Williams, against critics who say his

tem has too much scatter in it. Anyone who has faced Williams knows he can do it to you quicker than anyone in the game. The Raiders found out last year. After almost three quarters of ho-hum, Williams started throwing rockets—325 yards' worth in the last 22 minutes. He's coming off his best year, the only one of his four NFL seasons in which he completed more than 50% of his passes.

Dallas got to him in the playoffs, though, overrunning the Buc line with a furious all-out rush. That made people a bit nervous about Tampa Bay's offensive-line prospects for 1982, but in the first round the Bucs grabbed Penn State's all-everything guard, Sean Farrell, who's gradually working his way into the lineup. The Bucs caused some stir on draft day when they traded a 1983 No. 1 to get a second-round pick in order to take Defensive End Booker Reese, and then a story broke that they had submitted the wrong name on the first round—it should have been Reese, not Farrell, all along—but the Bucs staunchly deny this. They also add that Reese is closing in on a starting position. He'll help shore up a pass rush that has declined in the last two years.



Minnesota Vikings

Quick now, who holds the record for most passes attempted in a season? San Diego, you say. Forget it. The Minnesota Vikings threw 80 more than the Chargers last year. Complicated more, too. Both all-time records. The running game? Well, last year I saw a Viking play that looked like this: three wide receivers left, tailback goes in motion right, one of the wide receivers runs a reverse right, with the left tackle, the off-tackle, pulling and leading the interference. Picked up a first down, too.

All this fancy stuff comes from the brain of Offensive Coordinator Jerry Burns, whose attack once upon a time was Bill Brown and Dave Osborne snorting off tackle, with Joe Kapp leading the blocking, a concept as punishing as the horns on the Viking helmet. "We had to change with the times," Burns said. "We had to open things up."

The Vikes' new stadium, the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome, is built for that—they'll be playing under glass and on a carpet.



Detroit's hopes for the playoffs depend on one man—Billy Sims, the Bucs' Williams (12) is too close to pulling everything together.

Just right to showcase their No. 1 draft, flashy Running Back Darran Nelson, who'll put even more whoosh into the offense. The idea is to get Nelson playing in space, to shift him out of the backfield into the slot as a third wide receiver for Quarterback Tommy Kramer, to keep the defense guessing. It's a backfield loaded with pass receivers—Tony Galbreath, Sam Harrell, Ricky Young—and one designated runner, Teddy Brown. Last year Brown earned the ball more than twice as many times as the rest of the team combined.

It's all very pretty, but the Vikings stopped being a dominant force in the NFC when their old Purple Gang defense broke up. It has been five years since their defense finished in the top half of the NFC, six years since they had any kind of formidable pass rush. Ex-Eagle Defensive Tackle Charlie Johnson firms them up against the run but he won't get to the passers. For the second straight year they drafted for offense, but only Nelson figures to make any kind of impact there.

Green Bay Packers

The Packers like to play a little shell game on draft day. In 1981 their player personnel director, Dick Cornick, said Green Bay had no interest in Rich Campbell, the Cal quarterback. Too immobile, too banged up. Nupe, USC Tackle Keith Van Horne was the man. Then the Packers drafted Campbell, not Van Horne, with their first choice.

This year they let it be known that Michigan Tackle Bubba Paris would be their pick in the first round. No question about it. So they selected Iowa Guard Ron Hallstrom. Got a million of 'em, fellas. Want to know our first-round pick next year? Well, the University of Chicago has this 180-pound linebacker. . . .

But here comes the accounting: Campbell is still the Packers' third-string quarterback behind Lynn Dickey and David Whitehurst, neither of whom has ever finished very high in the Pro Bowl balloting. Van Horne is a starter at Chicago. Hallstrom hasn't emerged

as a serious challenger on an offensive line that gave up nine sacks to the Jets in the 1981 finale, a game that cost the Pack a playoff spot. Paris is the starting left tackle for the Super Bowl champion 49ers. The last two Packers drafts haven't yielded a single offensive or defensive starter, and Green Bay couldn't sign its top choice in '80, Defensive End Bruce Clark. Time to get serious, fellas.

Not everything the Packers have done has been silly, though. They got there firstest with the mostest when San Diego was ready to trade away J.J. Jefferson, thus supplying James Lofton with the only man who can jump high enough for his high five. Best wide-out combo in football. Even better if 4.35 sprinter Phil Epps bounces back from his knee injury and continues to dazzle everyone, as he did in camp, and better yet if Dickey or Whitehurst gets the time to deliver the ball. There are some high-powered names in that offensive unit. Paul Coffman is the perfect tight end to complement Jefferson and Lofton. Fullback Gerry Ellis and Halfback Eddie Lee Ivey caught 115 passes between them—albeit a year apart: Ellis caught his 65 last year, Ivey his 50 the year before. That was Ivey's only healthy season. In the last two odd years, 1981 and '79, Ivey was totaled for the season, each time with a knee injury and each time in the opening game against the Bears. The odds are with him this time. It's an even year, and the Packers open against the Rams.

The offensive line has some sturdy battlers, such as Center Larry McCarren and Left Guard Durrell Goforth, but it has lacked continuity for years, and not even the dazzle of a Jefferson and a Lofton can cover up a weak underpinning. It wasn't dazzle, though, but defense that made the Pack a playoff contender last year, a relentless, fly-to-the-ball defense that led the NFL in takeaways, led by a terrific outside linebacker, Mike Douglass.

Finally, the ongoing saga of Bart Starr's contract. He has a new two-year deal, but the new Packer president, Judge Robert Parns, says that could turn into a one-year-and-out if things don't get better. So what else is new?

Kramer directs a razzle-dazzle offense that isn't a throwback to the Viking attack of yore.



PREDICTED FINISH

Detroit 9-7
Chicago 8-8
Tampa Bay 7-9
Minnesota 6-10
Green Bay 5-11

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San Francisco 49ers

By now we all know that Bill Walsh's white sweater is on its way to Canton, Ohio and his 1981 playbook has been preserved in a time capsule and sunk deep into the earth, and a firm of his life story is underway, with Robert Redford in the title role and George C. Scott playing Joe Thomas.

We know that Walsh did it all last year with the intricate swoops and swerves of his pass offense and the tricky strategy that kept him one sober thrust away from the opposition at all times—plus some mighty good studs on defense. What we don't know is what the 49ers will do for an encore. But you know something? Right now a lot of Niner fans don't care. It's too early for that kind of talk. They're still preserving the memory of Super Bowl XVI, taking it out of the closet every day and polishing it like a piece of fine crystal.

The Super Bowl season was one of those magical times when everything went right. There were a few injuries, but none to the defense, a magnificent unit that finished second in the NFL and, yes, carried the offense when things didn't exactly go as planned. All the pieces fell into place. Inside Linebacker Jack Reynolds and undersized Defensive End Fred Dean weren't burned out by January. They'd been used just right, as situation players. Five rookie defensive backs, led by Ronnie Lott, didn't suffer from the mental dizziness. They played like terrorists. The offense, patchwork in spots, lacking a keynote running back, was saved because Joe Montana chose exactly the right time to come of age.

And now the '82 draft has provided some benefits, and that's not supposed to happen when you choose lost. Two picks went to New England for Tight End Russ Francis, who joins the champs after a year's retirement. The Niners' first selection, at the second round, produced an instant starter at left tackle, 290-pound Bubba Paris. The 49ers also won the bidding war for hurdle champ Renaldo Nehemiah, showing the league that if Walsh wanted a guy, then owner Eddie DeBartolo Jr. would spend anything to get him.

All 49er fans want now is for everything to be as it was a year ago, but change is ever present. Gone are two defensive stalwarts from '81, Middle Guard Archie Reese, who

ate his way out of a job, and Inside Linebacker Craig Puka, who went through a drug rehab program. Gone temporarily is the starting right guard, All-Pro Randy Cross, who broke his left leg and tore ligaments in his left ankle in the off-season. He could be back in late September. The search for a halfback to team with Earl Cooper may well produce little Amos Lawrence, who never got a long look in the position in '81. Nehemiah, who's learning, seems a natural for the four-man taxi squad, and Francis, who suffered from back trouble in camp, has spurred the incumbent tight end, Charlie Young. Don't forget that in 1981 Young had his most productive year since 1975, when he was a Pro Bowl choice with the Eagles.

Montana signed a new four-year contract that begins at \$125,000 and ends at \$425,000. Everyone's raving about a 6' 3", 210-pound second-year man, Mike Wilson, as a budding star at wide receiver. Walsh will rescue Dean from the wear and tear of double-team blocking with occasional stunts as a stand-up linebacker, and in general the defense should be as good as, if not better than, last year's.

The 49ers are now everyone's target. The schedule is tougher than in '81. But euphoria reigns.

Atlanta Falcons

The smart money had Atlanta as a Super Bowl team last year. The Falcons finished at 7-9. The year before, everyone had Atlanta battling San Francisco for last place in the division (that was the year New Orleans was going to make its move, remember?). So the Falcons won nine straight, finished 12-4 and almost beat Dallas in the playoffs.

It has been that way for the last four seasons: up one year, down the next. A mystery. An enigma. Who can figure them? Take their '82 draft, for instance. Everyone agreed defense was the need—a rusher, a linebacker, a pass defender, take your choice. Offense hadn't been a trouble spot in '81. Seven Falcons went to the Pro Bowl, all of them on offense. The club scored the most points in its history: Steve Bartkowski led the NFC in touchdown throws for the second year in a row. Wide Receiver Alfred Jenkins and Fullback William Andrews each had a terrific year. It had to be a defensive draft.

So the Falcons chose Gerald Riggs, a 230-pound fullback from Arizona State, as No. 1. Seems they never figured he'd be there when

they picked (no one else did, either). Seems he was too good an athlete to pass up. Maybe they knew that Andrews would become a salary holdout in camp, and there's nothing as effective as a flashy rookie to soften a veteran's thinking. Riggs has shown flash. In his first exhibition game he ran with thunder. He also caught the only two passes thrown his way, and on one of them he went into a spin move, dipped to a knee, allowed a tackler to fly over him and rumbled for 15 more yards.

Jenkins was another camp holdout, so down from Canada came Box Office Billy Johnson, a/k/a Billy White Shoes, with a bit more mileage on him but the same old verve. Jenkins came to terms after Atlanta's second exhibition game.

On draft day the Falcons used the second round for defense—End Doug Rogers—but the line isn't where the problem really lies. In the Falcons' scheme of things the pressure comes from blitzing linebackers, so when their No. 1 blitzer, Jed Williams, injured a knee last year, the sack total shrank from 46 to 29. And the deep four, which prefers a gambling, frenetic style of pass defense anyway, gave up the most touchdown passes in the NFC. In spite of all this, the Falcons still lost seven games by a total of just 19 points. They could have been there.

Right now Rogers doesn't figure as a starter, Williams is still the designated sacking linebacker but says he's not sure whether his postoperative right knee can give him the same burst he had two years ago. Third-year man Al Richardson, the other outside linebacker and the leading sacker after Williams got hurt, had a gimpy knee in college, but it has held up in the pros—so far.

It's an iffy proposition, this team, but then again, it has always been that way.

Los Angeles Rams

The hit squad got Don Klouterman, the last executive holdover from the Carroll Rosenbloom regime, while he was vacationing in Italy this spring with his wife. They were away for almost six weeks, and the Duke should have known that you don't turn your back on the Rams that long. Yep, they finally got him, and when he came back home he found out



that he had been moved out of his office, had no real job, no nothing—just a contract with a year and a half to run. “If you wanna collect that dough,” a guy with a turned-up collar told him. “You don’t say nuttin’, see. You say, ‘I’m under contract.’ Got that, Duke? Now repeat it.”

“I’m under contract,” said the Duke, who used to be general manager and was one of the few execs to remain loyal to Madone Ram. Georgia Frontiere. Let’s look at what happened to the executive power structure that was in place in 1979, Georgia’s first year at the top, and the year the Rams went to the Super Bowl. Sieson and Vice-President Steve Rosenbloom: gone before the season started, amid bitter recriminations. Harold Guver, the operations VP: gone, pursued by rumors that he and Georgia scalped tickets. Jack Teale, administrative VP and a 21-year vet with Ram blood in his veins: gone. He couldn’t take it anymore, and he quietly slid to San Diego. And finally the Duke, who was VP and general manager in those days.

Now the power structure is Georgia, surrounded by a small circle of accountants and MBAs. She is shielded from the press by the new marketing director, Les Marshall, who came to pro football direct from Playboy Enterprises, Inc. On the football side, it’s Jack Faulkner, once a backfield coach for Ray Malavasi and now the front-office chief, and Malavasi, who canned five of his assistants from last season but managed to save his own skin.

“I’ll never talk to the s.o.b. again,” said Bud Carson, who had been Malavasi’s defensive coordinator until he became one of the purged five. “I just can’t believe a head coach can allow so many of his assistants to be tossed away like pieces of garbage.”

The word is that Malavasi acted on orders from Georgia or husband Dominic. As a result, his image as a regular guy, just one of the boys, has turned a quick 180 degrees. “House man” and “survivor” are the expressions you hear when Malavasi’s name comes up nowadays. Whatever he is, Malavasi will now coordinate the defense himself, a defense that never adequately replaced End Fred Dryer or Middle Linebacker Jack Reynolds. Elsewhere, the jobs aren’t as clearly defined.

Late last season a story broke that the Rams owed Orange County back taxes of about

San Francisco rewarded Montana (top) with a rich new contract, but Atlanta didn’t rush to satisfy the demands of Andrews (left)

\$600,000 and that the tax collector would begin to seize equipment, including footballs, uniforms and, yes, even tape, until the bill was paid. The Rams paid—right on the deadline. At the end of the '81 season the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner ran a survey to find out who the fans thought was most responsible for the Rams' worst record in 16 years. The winner: Georgia. By a wide margin.

There's no focus to this organization, no direction. "This is the year the Rams self-destruct," says one NFL executive. And to help them along is the new force in town, the Black and Silver Gang from the north, the Pride and Poise boys. It should take about a month and a half until L. A. is Rutherford, not Rutherford.

You have to feel sorry for the proud veterans on this club, who have seen so much turmoil and long for just one season of peace—guys like defensive linemen Jack Youngblood, Larry Brooks and Cody Jones. The resounding clunk of 1981's 6-10 record was a group effort—crippled offensive line, an unresolved quarterbacking situation, a defense that surrendered the most points in the club's history. Bert Jones has arrived from Baltimore to straighten out the quarterbacking. Vince Ferragamo is back from Montreal, supposedly for a quick showcase job before a trade. The offensive line is still shaky. Fullback Barry Riddin, the No. 1 draft pick, slightly sore a ligament in his right knee on Day 1 of practice and missed a month of training camp. Brooks is out indefinitely with a bad knee, and the de-



The Saints hope Rogers has his head in place

fensive line is aging and unsettled. The linebackers still miss Jack Reynolds' direction, and the secondary, though first-rate, is overworked. It all adds up to a season—and an organization—that's going nowhere.

New Orleans Saints

A drug scandal—just what the Saints needed after 15 years without a winning season. But if you really want to see something scandalous, take a look at the Saints' front-office operation. It takes real talent to screw things up so consistently for so many years.

Now look at George Rogers. The NFL's leading rusher last season, Rogers has admitted he was a recreational user of coke in 1981.

In locker rooms around the league you hear, "Hey, find out what Rogers was on and get some of it for us."

Burn Phillips can handle the drug situation. But can the Saints' coach handle the loss of Dave Wilson, the heir apparent to Quarterback Archie Manning, with torn knee ligaments?

O.K., let's be positive about this thing. A terrific rookie crop last year, particularly on defense, made the Saints highly active and quite respectable when they didn't have the ball. At least four newcomers could start this year—rookie wide receivers Lindsay Scott (No. 1 pick) and Kenny Duckett, Defensive End Bruce Clark, from Canada via Green Bay, and Inside Linebacker Dennis Winston from the Steelers. When New Orleans does have the ball, Manning, honed to a fine edge by his expected competition with Wilson, should have a decent year, if his line holds up. Rogers will still get the bulk of his yardage on strongside pitches behind Tackle Stan Brock and tight ends Larry Hardy and Hoby Brenner. Now if only that front office shapes up...

PREDICTED FINISH

San Francisco 11-5

Atlanta 9-7

L.A. Rams 8-8

New Orleans 3-13

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James A. Sugar

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NOT AS SIMPLE AS ABC

Baseball playoffs in Kansas City. Yom Kippur in Miami. Conventions in Chicago. Those are just a few of the factors the NFL must consider in making up its 224-game television schedule

This fall, let there be an understanding in the land. Let the word go forth from sea to shining sea that Pete Rozelle and his minions make up the NFL schedule with one thought uppermost: the league's reported \$2.2 billion, five-year contract with the three networks.

Although both the NFL and the networks insist that television plays no direct role in deciding the schedule—"We give it to them the same way we give it to the clubs," says Val Pinchbeck, the league's director of broadcasting—any armchair quarterback is likely to have questions. Chief among them: Does Howard You-Know-Who help decide the Monday night schedule? If not, whom do we blame? Hal the Computer? Astonishing in this day and age, three NFL officials put the schedule together by hand. We'll call them PRW: Pinchbeck; Joe Rhein, assistant to the president of the NFC; and Al Ward, assistant to the president of the AFC.

Deep within the inner sanctum of NFL headquarters in New York City is a 4'-by-5' wooden schedule board displaying all 28 teams and the 16 weeks of the regular season. A visitor gets the feeling that if he were to touch one of the buttons representing a certain team at a certain stadium at a certain date, some great hand would pluck him out of the room and plop him into the East River. No one lays a finger on the schedule once it's completed—neither team owner, network executive nor mortal fan.

Match-ups and game sites are predetermined by how the teams finished the previous season. PRW's job is to establish game dates. Sound simple? Because of the great number of variables, the process takes 500 man-hours between February and April.

The biggest complaint PRW hears involves the prime-time games it schedules on ABC (this year 16 Monday nights, three Thursdays, two Sundays). "How

come my team isn't on more?" half of America wants to know. "Doesn't Howard like my Packers?" or, "my Cardinals?" To be sure, the Cardinals haven't appeared on Monday Night Football since 1977, and Green Bay will be on this season for the first time in three years. But feeble play, not ill will, is the reason. Because its games are prime-time, ABC pays more per game than does CBS or NBC, so PRW tries to give ABC the best match-ups. Rule of thumb: If your team made the playoffs or broke even last year, it stands a good chance of being on the same marquee as the Gaffer, Howard and Danderoo.

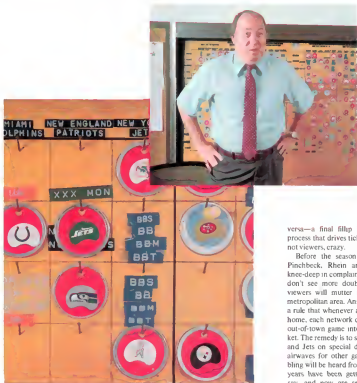
Indeed, the first game PRW schedules each year is the final Monday night game of the season. PRW must know what it's doing—the concluding Monday game has determined playoff berths in each of the last four years. After that final Monday is disposed of, PRW works back through the season, taking plum games away from CBS and NBC and awarding them to ABC for Monday nights. (CBS has rights to NFC games, and NBC has the AFC. Interconference games are televised by the "visiting" network.) Something has to be left in CBS's and NBC's cupboards, though, so PRW doesn't give all premier match-ups to ABC. For example, CBS got to keep Dallas at San Francisco on Nov. 14 this year, a decision that no doubt annoyed ABC.

Now about those buttons. Before scheduling the 181 regional Sunday TV match-ups, PRW places buttons on its board to indicate all national games. This year there are 43: the 21 prime-time games on ABC; eight Sunday games each for CBS and NBC, which constitute the second half of TV "doubleheaders"; two Saturday games apiece for CBS and NBC; one Thanksgiving game each for CBS and NBC. By the time all the national games are tentatively scheduled, it's nightmare time. Let's say NBC com-



Once Pinchbeck's buttons are in place

plained last year that it lost more games to ABC than did CBS. Let's also say Green Bay doesn't want to play at home in December because it's cold outside, which is fine with the NFL because too many *hrrrrrrs* equal too many fumbles equal low-quality games equal low ratings. Now, let's say seven clubs can't play at home the second and third weeks of October because post-season baseball games may be held in their parks. Assume that CBS doesn't want a double-



on the sacred board, no one—not even Howard—can make a change.

header game the second Sunday of September because it's carrying tennis' U.S. Open at 4 p.m. and that NBC would rather not have one during the World Series. Add to the equation the fact that CBS and NBC do want doubleheader games on alternating Sundays in November, which is a "sweeps" month. That's when local stations use ratings to set their advertising rates.

Finally, for sheer devilment, consider a list of special requests PRW must study.

"We don't want to schedule a home game in a heavily Jewish area like Miami during Yom Kippur," Pinchbeck says. "We got a lot of calls about that one year." This year, PRW had to avoid scheduling three particular Sunday games in Chicago because conventions at nearby McCormick Place are expected to attract a total of 110,000 people and fill up the Soldier Field parking lot. Then there are requests from the networks to move 1 p.m. games to 4 p.m. or vice

versa—a final filip in the scheduling process that drives ticket-holding fans, if not viewers, crazy.

Before the season is a month old, Pinchbeck, Rhein and Ward will be knee-deep in complaints. "How come we don't see more doubleheader games?" viewers will mutter in the New York metropolitan area. Answer: The NFL has a rule that whenever a club is playing at home, each network can bring only one out-of-town game into that team's market. The remedy is to schedule the Giants and Jets on special dates, freeing local airwaves for other games. More grumbling will be heard from viewers who for years have been getting the Redskins, say, and now are seeing the Falcons. "How dare you gerrymander me?" folks in the Carolinas might scream. PRW's answer: "Call the network or your local affiliate. CBS and NBC can air their regional games wherever they please."

Which is another way of saying, "We're all in this mess together." So here's a sane suggestion. Just flick on the tube and take what the one-eyed monster gives you. Over amber waves of grain, let there be agreement among viewers, schedulers and teams alike. As Pinchbeck says, "What television wants and what our teams want is pretty much the same thing: We're both in the business of entertainment."

END

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don't get along.**



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THE



DOGGONE BEST

San Diego's Kellen Winslow (left) and San Francisco's Dwight Clark, the NFL's top two receivers in 1980 and '81, proved they are a breed apart during last season's playoffs

BY RICK TELANDER

WINSLOW & CLARK

Perhaps the toughest question San Diego's Kellen Winslow and San Francisco's Dwight Clark raise for NFL observers is this: Which would you rather be, an "All-Universer" receiver or a receiver whose girlfriend is Miss Universe?

The question, of course, isn't entirely fair. Winslow, the Chargers' 6' 5½", 242-pound "All-Universer" tight end—as decreed by ABC's *Monday Night Football* announcers—lives with a very pretty woman, too, his bride of eight months, Katrina McKnight Winslow. And Clark, who keeps company with Shawn Weatherly, Miss Universe 1980—as decreed by a panel of international judges in Seoul, South Korea—is something of a receiver himself.

Indeed, last year Clark and Winslow became the second and third pros ever to catch 80 or more passes in two consecutive seasons. Clark had 82 in 1980 and 85

in '81; Winslow had 89 and 88 in those years. Only the Denver Broncos' Lionel Taylor, with 92 receptions in 1960 and 100 in '61, caught more in a two-year stretch, and his record was set in the infancy of the AFL, when that league was an aerial circus.

At least as important as the number of passes Winslow and Clark catch—excluding running backs, they were one-two in receptions in the NFL the past two seasons—is the manner in which they are deployed in the league's two most intriguing passing attacks. Winslow is called a tight end, but that's misleading. Lining up much of the time as a wingback, fullback or wide receiver instead of as a tight end, and then, as often as not, going into motion before the snap, Winslow has created a hybrid football position. "If you have to label what I am, just call it receiver," he says.

Clark, too, moves freely about in the 49ers' offense. At 6' 4" and 210 pounds, he's bigger than almost any other NFL wide receiver and rugged enough to play tight end and block on the goal line. He's quick enough to run the end-around and skilled enough to throw a pass off that play, which he did once last year. Most important, he performs for an offensive wizard of a coach, Bill Walsh. "It would be difficult to misuse Kellen Winslow's talents," says Chicago Bear All-Pro Safety Gary Fencik. "But Dwight Clark doesn't have the assets of a first-round pick. He's an overachiever, and he happens to be in the right place at the right time. When we play the 49ers, my computer inside goes berserk because their offense is so unpredictable."

Both Clark and Winslow were born in 1957, drive Mercedes and are entering their fourth year in the NFL. They both

Winslow's playoff-record 13 catches and his crucial block of a Miami field goal left him drained at game's end.



have sung in pop bands and own huge TVs, and when they met at this year's Pro Bowl, they found they liked each other. One day not long ago Clark sat with Weatherly at a seafood restaurant on San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. After a few minutes he looked up from his menu and declared, "Clam chowder. Journey fa rock group! and Kellen Winslow—that's what I love."

Winslow admires Clark's soft hands, aggressiveness and total concentration on the field. "As players, Dwight and I are a lot alike," says Winslow. "We may not be great in any one area, but we're not lousy in any either. What we have to offer is the total package."

It was during the playoffs last season that the two total packages burst open and showed national TV audiences what makes them pro football's top two receivers. Winslow's and Clark's transcendent

moments are now referred to, simply and rather banally, as *The Game* and *The Catch*, respectively. On consecutive weekends, Winslow and then Clark displayed character, skill and the sort of unthinking, physical adaptiveness we like to call grace. In the process they thrilled us as no one else in the NFL did last season.

THE GAME

The air in the Orange Bowl at the start of the Miami-San Diego AFC divisional playoff game last January was 79°, still and humid. Winslow is a heavy perspirer under normal conditions, but on the floor of the Orange Bowl he was excreting fluids like a fountain. By the second quarter he was spending all of his time between offensive series drinking water, and by the third quarter he was sucking oxygen from a tank behind the bench. At half-time he considered changing into a dry

T shirt and jersey, but didn't. "I was too tired," he says.

The Chargers raced to a 24-0 first-quarter lead, and it looked as though a rout was on. But in the third quarter the Dolphins tied the score 24-24, and it became clear that the game was turning into a classic and that Winslow was going to be its centerpiece.

In the first half, Winslow had caught five passes for 55 yards, despite blanket coverage. He was getting battered at the line on every play and gang-tackled each time he touched the ball. On one play Miami Safety Glenn Blackwood wrung Winslow's right leg as if it were a drumstick; he was trying to rip off a chicken. Another time three defenders pounded Winslow into the ground while a fourth wrenched his face mask, drawing a penalty. The beating was taking its toll. Winslow's forehead was bruised, his

continued

Clark eluded Cowboy Everson Walls to make the NFC title-clinching catch, then spiked the ball as 49er fans erupted.





Winslow gives Jefferson a nine-foot facial; Clark lays in a 10-foot basket.

right shoulder kept going numb, his lip had a cut that would require four stitches to close. But more than anything, he was exhausted.

"You've got to remember that Kellen's a big man and that we send him in motion a lot of the time," says San Diego Receiver Coach Ernie Zampese. "Against Miami he was often running 30 or 40 yards before the ball was even snapped."

After one block in the third quarter Winslow's shoulder again went dead, and he came to the sideline for assistance. He had already broken two sets of shoulder pads and now was wearing a set belonging to teammate Hank Bauer. Bauer's hairline is rapidly receding, and Winslow recalls thinking through his pain, "My shoulder will go bald."

Winslow had to be helped to the side-

line three times during the game, but each time he returned immediately to catch another pass. "I didn't hesitate to throw to Kellen," says San Diego Quarterback Dan Fouts. "We were all tired, but I have to assume that anybody who's in the huddle with me is ready to go."

In the third quarter Winslow caught a 25-yard touchdown pass to give the Chargers a 31-24 lead. Always exuberant after a score, Winslow this time tried to spike the ball over the goalpost crossbar. He missed and fell down. Soon after, his legs began cramping.

"Mentally I was pretty alert, but physically I was gone," he says. "I thought I was moving at a good speed when I went in motion, but when I saw the films, I realized I was walking."

The Dolphins eventually tied the game at 38-38, and with only seconds left in

regulation time they lined up for what should have been the winning field goal. In desperation Charger Coach Don Coryell sent Winslow into the game. Winslow blocked the kick.

In overtime Winslow searched for the oxygen behind the Chargers' bench. It was gone, removed for unknown reasons by maintenance men. The television audience was treated to closeups of the gasping, grass-stained, soaking wet tight end, and later some viewers would feel they had been given theatrics. "Maybe on TV I looked worse than I really was," says Winslow. "But if I was faking it, I deserve an Academy Award."

When Rolf Benirschke finally kicked the winning field goal for San Diego, Winslow was blocking and didn't see it. He dropped face down on the sod, cramping from neck to calf, "ready to cry." He assumed the Chargers had won only because of the silence in the stadium. A Dolphin asked Winslow if he wanted a hand getting up. Winslow said no thanks and stayed where he was. Eventually, two Chargers helped him off the field. In the locker room, trainers covered him with cold towels to bring down his temperature, which was more than 100°, and Winslow fell asleep for a while. Despite drinking constantly throughout the game, he had lost 12 pounds.

Winslow caught 13 passes—a playoff record—in the four-hour, three-minute game for 166 yards and a touchdown. He blocked superbly. On a Miami interception he tackled interceptor Lyle Blackwood, who as he fell interlarded to teammate Gerald Small. Winslow quickly righted himself and tackled Small, too. After the game, Miami Coach Don Shula, normally a man of restraint, told reporters, "When you think about Winslow, you think Superman."

THE CATCH

Even though San Francisco had whipped Dallas 45-14 earlier in the year, the Cowboys seemed confident that they would win the rematch with the 49ers for the NFC Championship. After all, how seriously could they take an opponent that had finished 7-14 just two years before? But, then, how could the Dallas braintrust underestimate Clark? In the previous Cowboy-49er game Clark had

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WINSLOW & CLARK continued

caught four passes for 135 yards and a touchdown. In the playoff game he caught eight passes for 120 yards and two touchdowns, including The Catch.

Clark, who was drafted in the 10th round out of Clemson, had fooled the experts before. "He's a big, tall white kid," says 49er Quarterback Coach Sam Wyche. "So people figure he can't be fast or that tough." But Clark has run the 40

in 4.6; in the first Dallas game he turned a 10-yard out pattern into a 78-yard touchdown by outracing two defensive backs across "the swamp," as he calls the center of the Candlestick Park gridiron, and into the far corner of the end zone. And as for toughness, Clark enrages opponents because of his kamikaze downfield blocking. "He just infuriates defensive backs," says 49er Running Back Coach

Billie Matthews. "He'll get into a little something with one of them about every game."

One thing that makes Clark hard to appraise is his running style. His nickname on the 49ers is Herk, which comes from herky-jerky, which describes the way he stutters his way through pass patterns. "Dwight's routes aren't fluid," says Wyche. "They're abrupt, with a lot of starts and stops and sudden changes in direction and body leans and shoulder fakes. All the action looks awkward to a defensive back, but the back reacts to it. He can't help himself."

In the first half of the NFC Championship game Clark gave a demonstration of what being herky-jerky can do to a defender. He ran a three-move, double-post pattern on Cornerback Dennis Thurman that sent Thurman spinning off toward Sausalito by way of Oakland. "They were blitzing and I threw the ball low, but Dwight was alone in the end zone and he cradled it for a touchdown," says Quarterback Joe Montana. "Later we watched the game film and it was amazing because Thurman never even appeared on the screen."

In a seesaw game, Dallas took a 27-21 lead early in the fourth period. With 58 seconds to play, San Francisco had the ball on the Dallas six-yard line, third-and-three. Walsh called Montana to the sideline and told him to run the Sprint Right Option.

The Sprint Right Option, as everyone in the free world now surely knows, is the play in which Montana rolls right with the option to run or pass. Flanker Freddie Solomon, lined up on the left side of the formation, cuts right to the flag, and Clark, on the right side, drives downfield, turns sharp left and then slides from left to right in the end zone should Solomon, the primary receiver, be covered. The Dallas end zone was ringed with cameras as this Sprint Right Option unfolded, and all were clicking as Clark leaped high and stretched to snare a pass that everyone in Candlestick Park thought was being thrown away.

Clark remembers only fragments of The Catch—the fear he'd jumped too soon; the way the ball bounced off his fingertips, obliging him to reach it; the thought that maybe Montana was heaving the ball out of bounds. "Dwight used

continued

Clark and houseguest Renaldo Nehemiah go for video games in a big way.



Before football and Katrina came along, chess was Winslow's main passion.

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WINSLOW & CLARK continued

all his ability on that play," says Walsh.

The Catch propelled San Francisco into the Super Bowl and has made a famous and much-photographed man of the dashing, white-toothed Clark. He still can't quite get a handle on what happened that day, on how a midair 10th of a second could mean so much to so many. But whenever the crush of the autograph hounds and the praise of the writers and the flacks threaten to inflate Clark's opinion of himself, he knows enough to ask himself one question: "I just say, 'Dwight, what if you'd dropped that thing?'"

BASKETBALL

At a pickup game in a San Diego gym, Winslow rises above his defender and lofts a 15-foot jumper that drops softly through the net. Winslow has made a few thundering slams earlier in the game, but this is nicer than the jams, this touch coming from such a big man.

Winslow is a specimen—not only big, but also amazingly talented. "I've never seen anybody with his athletic ability," says Fouts. "I think he may be the best football player in the game, at any position. And I'm not saying that to cause controversy, just as a description. He can throw a football 80 or 100 yards." Chargers owner Gene Klein was so convinced of Winslow's skills and the role he could play in the then budding Air Coryell Show that when the Chargers worked a last-second deal with Cleveland for the draft choice used to pick Winslow in the first round in 1979, Klein took most of the Chargers' scouting staff out to celebrate.

San Diego Sargol Safety Pete Shaw complains, as all players who must cover Winslow do, that it's unfair to have to guard a man who can outjump, outmuscle, outrun and outline you for the ball. "In practice one day Kellen got mad at me for grabbing his arms on overthrown balls," says Shaw, "but I told him, 'Kellen, how do I know what you can't catch?'" Mismatches, of course, are one of the most crucial aspects of pro football. "I don't feel any remorse for lin-

ing up out wide," says Winslow. "I know I'm resented for it. Defensive backs call me a sissy and say, 'Get back in there where you belong.' But it's like telling Earl Campbell he can't run because he's too big."

There are, after all, tight ends in the league who are heavier and taller and stronger and faster than Winslow. New England's Don Hasselbeck is 6' 7", for instance; Pittsburgh's Benny Cunn-

ingham is 6' 10" and can run around a man or run over him."

So does Air Coryell. This most potent of NFL offenses—it led the league last year in first downs, scoring, third-down efficiency, average yards per play and total offense—lives by two dicta: The ball travels faster by air than land, and the ball travels further in your best players' hands. Thus, the ball is often in Winslow's hands. His 88 receptions in '81

were one fewer than the NFL record for tight ends, a mark Winslow had set the year before. And among all receivers, only the Rams' Tom Fears, with 212 in 1948, '49 and '50, caught more passes in his first three pro seasons than Winslow, who had 202 receptions despite catching only 25 passes in his rookie year when he broke a leg in the seventh game.

"He probably would have had 60 that season," says Coryell. "I'm sure he could catch 100 passes in a year—that's less than one more a game than last season. But we don't want somebody to catch 200 passes and average four yards a catch. We think yardage per pass play is the important figure."

Well, last year San Diego led the NFL in that category, too. Winslow went for 12.2 yards per reception, a big number for a tight end. The other San Diego receivers have hardly suffered because of Winslow's presence. Last season Wes Chandler (1,142 yards), Charlie Joiner (1,188) and Winslow (1,075) became only the second trio of teammates to catch passes for more than 1,000 yards apiece in a season. Winslow, Joiner and then Charger John Jefferson were the first, in 1980.

All the San Diego receivers abet one another, but it's Winslow who gives Air Coryell its special punch, its scariness. "All teams have tendencies from certain formations," says Zampese. "But by moving Kellen around we're able to eliminate a defense's pre-snap thought. I mean, when he's out wide he's a wide receiver, but when he's in tight he's something else." In tight he's a fearsome, if un-

continued



Off the field, Winslow hauls in business for an S & L.

ham weighs 260. But what none of them has is Winslow's gracefulness. "He has this softness that's like a wide receiver or a basketball player," says Shaw. "He doesn't think like a tight end. He thinks, 'I'm going to catch the ball and run,' while most tight ends are looking for a place to fall down."

And how Winslow loves to run. "One of my most satisfying feelings is to have the ball and suddenly be in the open," he says. "Then it's like pinball, bouncing along from one man to another. I love that challenge. And I thrive on the fact



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derrated, blocker. "He's overlooked as a blocker only because he's so good at everything else," says Fouts. "But that's really the key to our whole offense: Kellen's ability to block."

The skills Winslow brings to the game seem to overwhelm the football lexicon and therefore are described most often in the terminology of another sport, basketball. As Zampese puts it, "What he's most like is a power forward in the NBA."

As a freshman at Clemson in 1975, Clark, a high school quarterback, suddenly became a strong safety. He hated the position and decided to transfer to another school. In the spring of '76, however, the Clemson coaches allowed Clark to play receiver. If they hadn't, Clark would have gone off to Appalachian State—on a basketball scholarship.

At a charity hoops game between the 49ers and the Stanford football team in May, Clark showed that he hasn't lost his skills on court. He threw in bombs from the corners and pulled in bombs from Montana and turned them into breakaway buckets. One thing Clark didn't do was crash the boards when the Stanford defensive line entered the game.

"I take enough pounding during the season," Clark said later. He then recalled last year's Green Bay game when he caught a pass and took one shot after another before going down. "The announcers said on TV, 'See how it takes four or five men to tackle Dwight Clark,'" he says. "But that was because I didn't know what was happening. When I got to our bench, the doctor said, 'You're O.K. because you know where you are.' I said, 'Right.' But I had no idea where I was. I saw all these people around, but what did that mean? Finally I saw the scoreboard and realized I must be at a football game."

It's because of Clark's toughness and his basketball player's agility that he is used the way he is in the 49er offense. "We call on him in clutch situations," says Wyche. "He makes those critical third-down catches, the ones against

tight man or double coverage, when everybody in the park knows it's going to Dwight Clark. And because of that he probably takes more hits than any receiver we've got, and from bigger players, too, because so many of his patterns are run underneath."

Tenths, even 100ths of a second count these days in NFL passing schemes. Zone



You can bag the notion that Clark is a gourmet.

defenses and the quick reactions of the men playing them have made such things as gentle throws and flat-footed receptions obsolete. Basketball moves, evolved in a more frantic game, are now the receivers' stock in trade—picks, body screens, reading on the fly, rebounding in a crowd. And everybody goes and gets the ball. Arm catching is out. Among the best receivers, it is hand catching. Fingertip catching, as practiced by men like

Clark, is where it's at. "He's got good, soft hands, really big hands," says Montana. "And the way he comes back and reaches for the ball means he can catch almost anything."

Montana is still in awe of The Catch. "I was on the ground and I thought at first everybody was cheering just for the touchdown," he says. "Later, I saw the replay and realized they were cheering for Dwight's catch. God, did he get up there. Did you know he can dunk a basketball two-handed from a standing start?"

GETTING THERE

Kellen Winslow was raised in East St. Louis, Ill., a dreary town once filled with industry that was rated dead last in economic and social conditions among American cities in a 1978 Brookings Institution study. The third of Homer (a transit supervisor) and Odell Winslow's seven children, Kellen was able to stay aloft as a youth by keeping to himself and his family. "I wasn't into the things I saw going on around me," he says. "I was shy and insecure, and I felt best with my little clique or at home."

Against Kansas City last year Winslow tried to show his appreciation for his parents' stern, protective upbringing. He found out where his mom and dad were seated in the Chiefs' Arrowhead Stadium, and after catching a touchdown pass, he wound up and threw the ball halfway up the stands, missing his parents by only two rows.

Winslow detests the dumb jock image that goes with his size and profession, mainly because it clashes with the egghead image he pursued at East St. Louis High. A

star member of the chess club, he played no sports until his senior year (except for baseball as a sophomore), carried his teachers' favor, lived for geography and history classes, and cut a social swath so narrow that "nobody even knew I existed." At the University of Missouri, where he was a consensus All-America, he kept up the bookwork by majoring in counseling psychology, a field in which he plans to earn his doctorate after football.

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WINSLOW & CLARK

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But if Winslow was, in his own words, "a nice quiet kid, a nerd" in high school, with his CHISS NUTS T shirt and after-school job at United Parcel Service, he was also a classic late bloomer. Cornelius Perry, Winslow's phys ed teacher and the East St. Louis football coach, made it his project to get Winslow into pads. "He was a natural athlete, that was easy to see," says Perry, now a counselor at the school, "but he lacked confidence. I had to make him see that there were better things ahead." What Perry did was scratch Winslow's then well-hidden pride. "He generated in me the feeling that I wanted to be known as more than just Donna Winslow's little brother, which was all I was then," says Winslow.

The 1974 East St. Louis football team, with Winslow as its novice senior tight end, went undefeated in the regular season and finished second in the state, losing the championship game in overtime to Glenbrook North, a suburban Chicago school. East St. Louis had a chance to win in regulation time, but Winslow dropped two last-second passes. As new to pressure as he was to defeat, Winslow cried bitterly in the locker room.

In the state outdoor track meet in 1975, Winslow, again participating in a new sport, was a favorite to win the discus, but he failed even to make the finals. "I saw all the people along the boundaries and I choked," he says. The day after the track meet, he was in a car accident in which he sustained several facial injuries and nearly lost his left eye. The eye healed. Had it not, Winslow's athletic and emotional development would have been arrested at an especially untimely point. Even now Winslow is still coming out of the shell that nearly had him "going to a junior college in St. Louis and throwing my life into UPS."

"I honestly didn't expect him to be this good so quickly," says Perry, noting that Winslow has played only eight years of football, the same amount as some high school seniors. Winslow isn't exactly cocky these days, but the pride is more up front and the resolution firm. He'll say such things as, "I absolutely refuse to be pushed around on the field," or "I think I can be as good as I want to be," and mean them. Every great performance he has—such as the NFL record-tying five touchdowns he caught against

Oakland last November—puts his psyche more in sync with his talents and the responsibilities that go with them.

"He's bright, competitive and just egotistical enough to want to be the best," says Fouts. "And he's just blossoming."

One of the luckiest things that ever happened to Clark was to have Quarterback Steve Fuller as his college teammate and friend. Fuller, a 1979 first-round draft pick of the Kansas City Chiefs, didn't throw Clark a lot of passes at Clemson. The 49ers' 1981 press guide shows Clark with 55 collegiate receptions for 845 yards, figures Clark contests, saying, "I know I caught fewer than 40." He's right. He actually caught 33 passes for 571 yards. But Fuller did shed some light on his good buddy. When NFL scouts came to assess Fuller's arm in tryouts, Clark always chose Clark as his target.

Walsh showed up in the spring of 1979

looking for a quarterback (he would end up taking Notre Dame's Montana in the third round) and, if any were about, a receiver "in the Chip Myers style." Walsh, then an assistant to Paul Brown, had coached the tall, sturdy, sure-handed Myers in Cincinnati in the early '70s. "We needed a man like Chip because a lot of plays I use had been designed for him," says Walsh. "It didn't have to be a huge man, but it had to be somebody who was very smart, had stamina, could adjust patterns, deal with linemen and concentrate in traffic."

Enter Clark, direct from an 11-catch senior season and subsequent surgery on his left shoulder. He caught all of Fuller's passes that day, and Walsh went away thinking he'd found a sleeper.

The 49ers took Clark in the 10th round and used his rookie season to sand off rough edges. He was awkward—"He'd attack the ball and make an easy catch

look hard," says Wyche—but determined and tough. Indeed, Clark's harassment of defenders has become one of his greatest assets. "Suppose there's a play-action fake in our backfield, and on the previous running play this big guy had knocked the crap out of the defensive back," says Wyche. "That back gives a bigger cushion now, which gives Dwight more room to maneuver."

Walsh unleashed Clark two years ago, and since then he has caught passes in 34 straight games, a 49er record. Critics say Clark doesn't catch the ball upfield enough, but he has gained 2,096 yards the past two seasons and has a career average of 12.6 yards per catch. Mostly there's skepticism that a slowish white wide receiver belongs at all in a game dominated by black burners. Trust Walsh, the man all coaches, pro and college, imitate sooner or later. Clark, he says, is the kind of receiver "most teams

continued

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WINSLOW & CLARK continued

don't have and don't realize they need."

Raised in Charlotte, N.C., the son of a bank vice-president and the grandson of a Baptist minister, Clark grew up listening to his grandmother, mother and aunt sing gospel harmony so sweet it made him cry. Clark sang in his own band in high school, doing "Jimi Hendrix and that kind of stuff," but gave it up to concentrate on athletics. A multi-sports star

to exotic eating it can open, Clark wrote in his 49ers' publicity questionnaire that his favorite restaurant is "Wendy's, everywhere," which is true. At the Super Bowl Clark and Montana skipped a team meal in order to dine at a Wendy's in suburban Detroit, after which Clark described the meal in great detail in a diary that he was writing for the San Francisco Chronicle.



There are some passes that Winslow is able to catch between his teeth.

at Giminger High, Clark didn't amount to much at Clemson. He was prepared to pursue a career in coaching, and he'll be the first to tell you his life has had a charmed quality these last few years. "It isn't luck," he says, "but more like fate. I might have had the ability all along, but I didn't know it. Bill Walsh just showed me what to do. I did exactly what he said and it worked."

A cheerful young man with the gustatorial leanings of a Cub Scout, Clark recently went on Bay Area TV and showed viewers how to make banana and mayonnaise sandwiches (good old-fashioned spongy white bread, mayo and sliced bananas). Unfazed by success and the doors

"I've eaten a hamburger a day for 10 years," Clark says. "That should tell you something about me."

OFF-SEASON

At a Mexican restaurant in San Diego, Winslow addresses the board members of the recently formed Kellen Winslow Flag Football League. "I saw some really cute socks today that maybe the kids could wear," he tells the board. "They have these little tassels on the sides." The nine members of the San Diego business community are silent. "Hm. Well, how about a big patch of blood on everybody's jersey, some red paint to scare parents to death?" Smiles and silence.

"Hey, the tassels are detachable," he says. "We are entertainers, you know."

The socks proposal is temporarily shelved, but Winslow, rolling with the punches, stays in control. He's the founder and commissioner of this city-wide league for 7- through 13-year-old boys and girls, and he's good at leading. Authoritative, witty, seldom at a loss for words, he understands that other people will help you if you treat them right. Like teachers, they must be played up to. During the off-season Winslow works as a business officer at the Sun Savings and Loan Association in San Diego, "bringing in moneys, showing businesses the advantages of using our bank." Everyone agrees that Winslow will be very wealthy someday. But his flag football is non-profit and emphasizes low-pressure competition, teamwork and fun. "It's something I've been wanting to do for a long time," Winslow says. It's the kind of league he would have played in as a boy.

At an afternoon practice Winslow runs some 9-year-olds through a few simple plays. Periodically he pats one player or another on the head, his hand engulfing the skull as if it were a bean. His voice, so high and soft and unexpected, keeps the boys from being afraid. It's a voice that enabled Winslow to sing the falsetto parts on a rhythm-and-blues album he cut last year with some of his teammates. The group called itself The High Five and was disbanded last May, partly because members John Jefferson and Fred Dean had been traded. Those deals opened Winslow's eyes, made him see the very things he would like to protect his youthful players from. He discovered that the NFL isn't "a big barrel of fun. It's a business that exists to make money, and the players are stock to be bought, sold and traded, the same as on the New York Stock Exchange."

He also discovered that the Super Bowl is about the only thing worth striving for, because it stays with you. The Chargers' 1981 season ended a week after the Miami game, in Cincinnati, on the coldest day recorded there in this century. Counting wind chill, the temperature swing the Chargers experienced between Miami and Cincy was 138°, the greatest one-week disparity for a team in NFL history. Winslow scored San Diego's only touchdown while wearing two pairs

continued

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of gloves. But the conditions were no consolation for a talented team that many observers feel should have been in the Super Bowl the last three years.

Winslow's development as a pro has also brought him the realization that a team can be no more or less than the sum of its parts. "Even if I catch 20 passes a game," he says, "I can't go to the Super Bowl by myself."

Weatherly and Clark make a stunning couple, tall, athletic, full of youth and teeth—perfect Californians, it seems. But they discovered each other back at Clemson when neither was particularly famous, just attractive. "Dwight was kind of a football star at Clemson, not because he was so good but because he was so handsome," says Weatherly. "They called him The Heartthrob Kid in the

body knows they're together. Everybody likes to see people in love."

Macy's also signed Montana for this outdoor gig in Union Square. He looks a little ill. This isn't his metier. Clark, too, is nervous at first but soon loosens up and begins to enjoy himself. Weatherly, of course, is the poised trouper, a smiling veteran of hundreds of these things, and she keeps the act together.

After the show the three sign posters of themselves for fans. Montana's picture is a standard football shot, but Clark's and Weatherly's are beefcake and cheesecake, respectively. Clark's shows him in gym shorts and ragged half T shirt, his body sprayed with oil and water, a girl-slaying grin on his face.

"I mean that has got to be the sexiest poster of a man I've ever seen," gushes Firestone. "Sexier than Burt Reynolds, Tom Selleck, anybody!"

Clark is characteristically naive about what is going on. "I don't know why my shirt is all ripped," he says. "The photographer did that."

It's pretty clear now what's happening. The Super Bowl is being sold here, as are sex and innocence and real love and fame and . . . And the price is right. During the off-season Clark nearly doubled his close-to-\$100,000 income from the 49ers by doing ads and appearances like the Macy's gig. And Weatherly got a big boost in her modeling career. It has been suggested to Clark that financially he and Weatherly couldn't break up now even if they wanted to, and Clark says with a laugh that it's probably true.

It seems as if nothing can stop the good rolls Clark has been getting lately. He envies Winslow's skills and grace and what Clark feels is "a truly great football name, right up there with Joe Montana." But he knows he has something Winslow would trade all those things for. Call it timing. In the Super Bowl the Bengals, behind 26-21, tried an onside kick with 16 seconds left in the game. If Cincinnati had recovered the ball, it could have won on a long pass. But as the kick skipped down the carpet it seemed to search out Dwight Clark and then, like an obedient dog, hopped toward Clark's chest. Clark grabbed the ball and fell down. A few seconds later the clock ran out, and the Super Bowl came to a fitting end in his lucky hands.



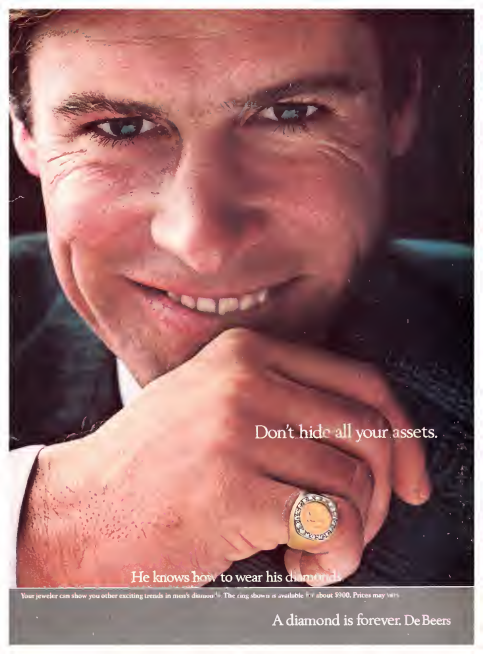
Montana, Weatherly and Clark were ace as Macy's models for tennis togs.

Here comes Miss Universe, in a slow jog, 5' 8", 35-25-35, little shorts, ready to go 10 miles. "Do you want to run, Dwight?" she asks, and Clark, who is in his car, says no, as he always does because he hates to run. Miss Universe kisses him and disappears up the road, leaving in her absence the afterimage of legs.

Weatherly is a jock. She and Clark have been going together for four years, and in that time she has worked out at least as much as he has. She has even gone under the knife, having had a cartilage operation on each knee. The scars, it should be noted, affect her appearance about as much as two specks of dust on a Ferrari.

program. I'd seen him walking on campus with five girls on his arms, and I thought, 'How sickening.'" But before long they were dating steadily. They have been tight ever since—although for business reasons Weatherly now spends a lot of time in L.A.—and therein lies a lot of their current appeal on the fashion-show circuit.

"Shawn attracts people who aren't football fans, and Dwight is like a movie star," says Karen Firestone, the public relations manager for Macy's California, on a cool May day. Macy's hired the pair to model sportswear at a series of Bay Area fashion shows beginning this day. "But it's more than looks. I think every-



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